

MARCH, 1946

Esquire



COLLECTOR OF
INTERNAL REVENUE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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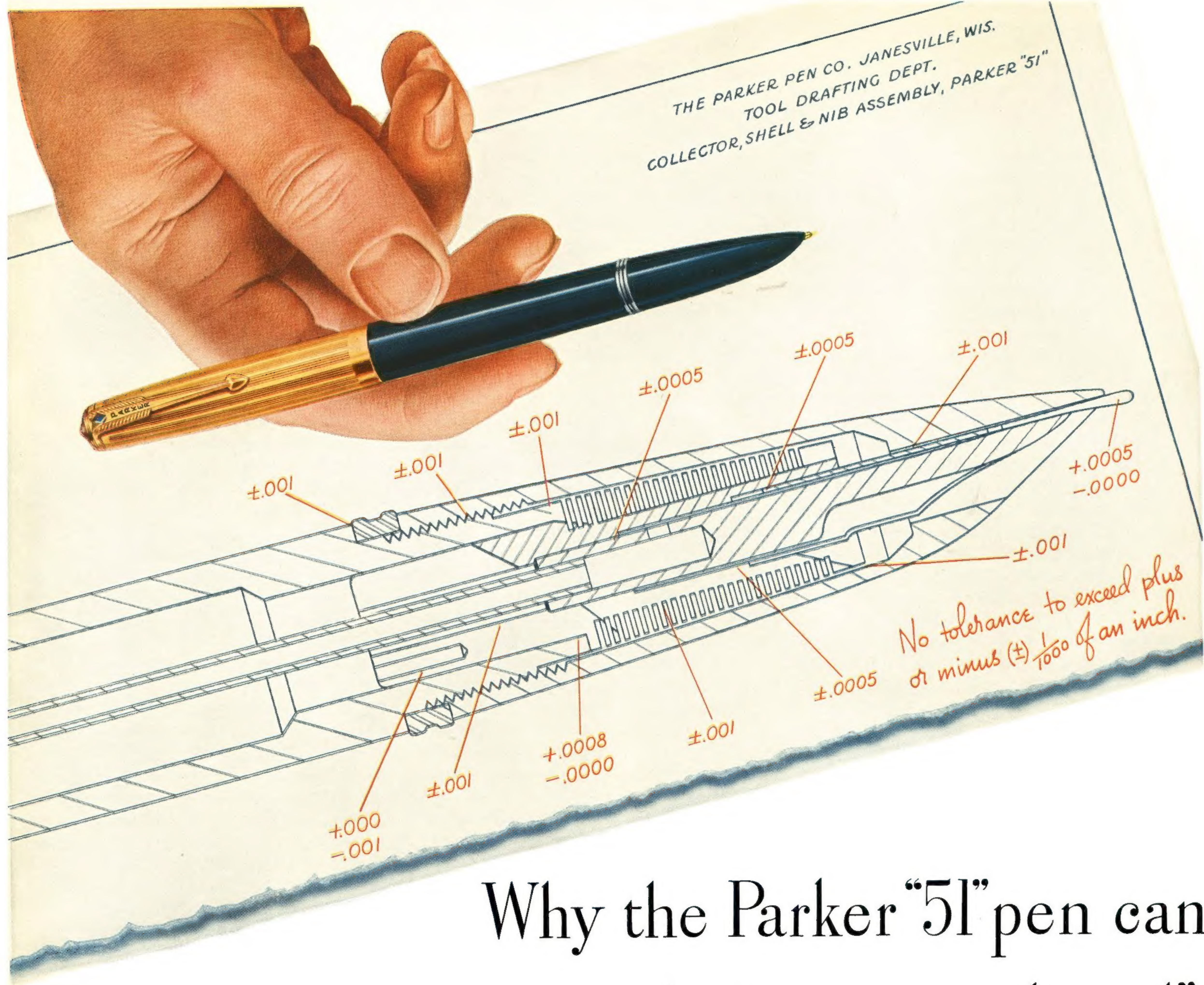
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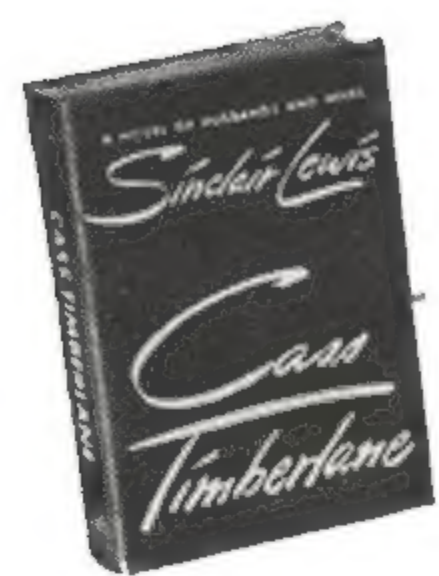
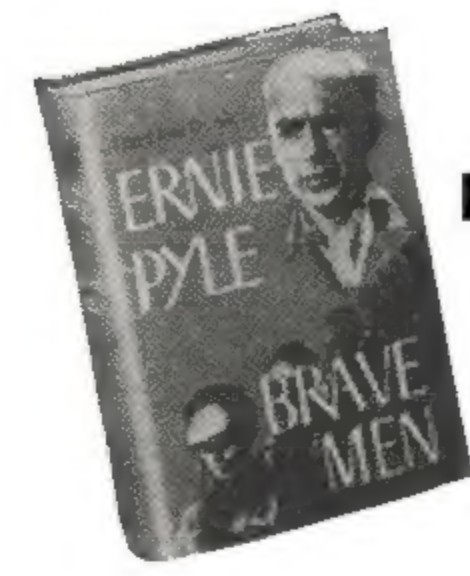
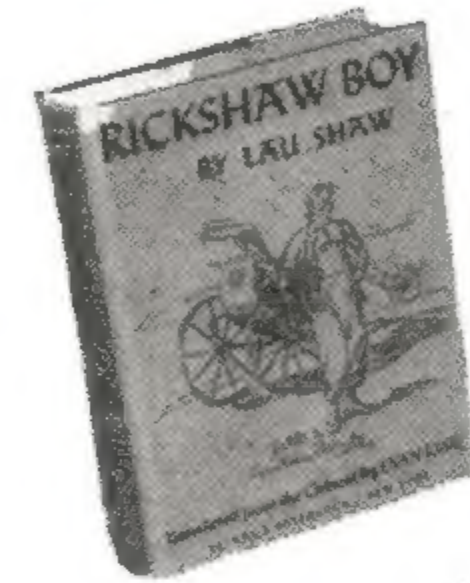
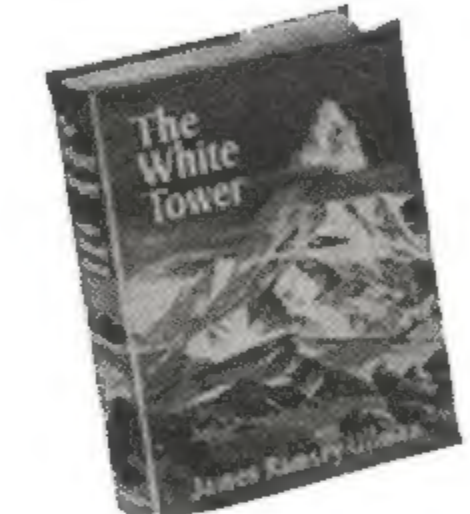
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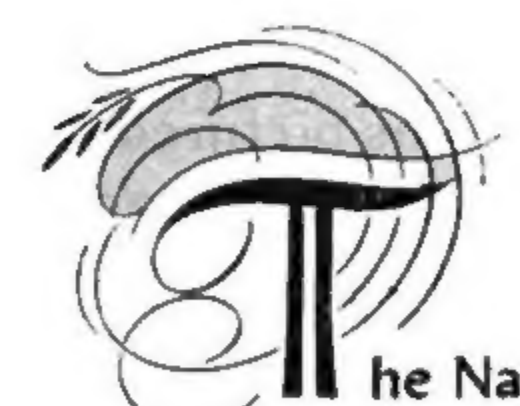
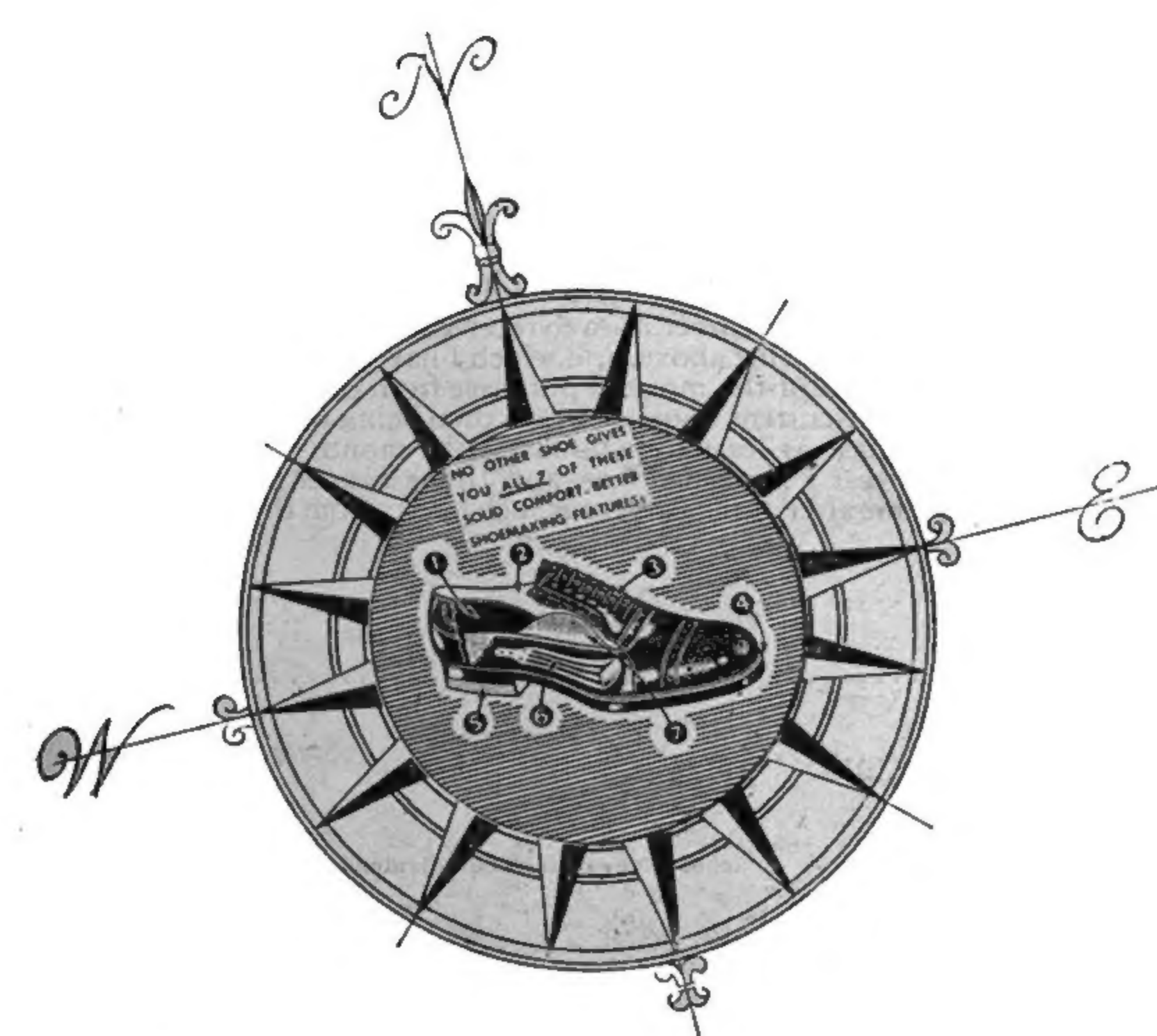
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Spotlight on Conversation Behind Closed Doors

In the interest of truth and in view of the torrid controversy aroused by Sidney Carroll's November story, *Conversation Behind Closed Doors*, we are passing on to our readers the author's letter of explanation. This letter is written in reply to those officers of the U. S. Army who questioned Mr. Carroll's veracity and particularly to Air Corps Lieutenant Ben Weissman who said: "I want either proof of the basic charges made in that story or an unconditional, abject apology."

Conversation Behind Closed Doors was a transcript of a conversation I heard—actually—behind closed doors. I was sitting in the office of an airport on an island in the Pacific—I won't mention which one. Might get the officer (see later) in Dutch—waiting for air transportation to the States. Transportation was tough to get in those days because all the available planes were being commandeered to evacuate the wounded from Okinawa, and I'd been sitting in the air terminal for two days and nights waiting for an empty seat on something that could fly. The conversation I overheard went on behind a plywood partition in a corner of the air terminal office. I admit I eavesdropped. After the first few sentences I couldn't have stopped listening to that dialogue if I wanted to. I made additions and subtractions when I wrote the story, for purposes of characterization, but the matter of the money from wounded men is just as I heard it—plain and unvarnished.

Before I left that island I checked on the facts with the commanding officer of that station. He admitted that such things were going on. He explained it this way: The air evacuation of the wounded from Okinawa had just started, and it was being done on a hastily improvised basis. There had been no time to eliminate all the red tape rules that were applied to regular passengers, and until the time when some officer of really high rank could step in and rule out all the superfluous little rules and regulations, those wounded men from Okinawa, traveling on regular Army and Navy transports, would be subject to the same implacable commandments that were applied to regular passengers.

The officer I consulted was embarrassed about the whole thing. He assured me that the situation was only a temporary one—that at any moment they might receive the order eliminating the necessity of taking food money from wounded men—but until that order came, that money would have to be taken. "It's a mess, I know," he told me, "and we're doing everything we can about it. Whenever we can, we just overlook it. But when we do take the money—when we have to take the money—we make damn well sure that the poor Joe will get his money back. That's all we can do here until we get orders reading otherwise."

The situation may have been rectified the day after I left the airport. At any rate, I feel sure it was changed in short order. I hope so. I wrote the story because I so profoundly hope so.

But what of these letters taking exception to my story? If they were merely repelled by the situation itself, I agree with them. If they are taking exception to my story-telling methods, I forgive them. If they are doubting the accuracy of my reporting, I can only offer in evidence the statement (duly sworn) that I overheard the conversation, substantially as I repeated it in print, and that I checked carefully before I wrote it.

Contritely,

Sidney Carroll

It was not the intention of Sidney Carroll nor of Esquire to impugn the good faith of our fighting men. We feel that the story made it clear that neither participant in the conversation—officer nor enlisted man—had the desire to carry out that cruel and senseless order. We reserve our indignation for the order itself and the blind brutality which inspired it.

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trends in dress

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The Sound and the Fury

supplement to The Ordeal of John Paul Jones

I received the December issue of Esquire and was delighted with the painting by Anton Otto Fischer. The story of the battle of course is an old one to me; it was vividly retold by Fletcher Pratt.

There are, however, a couple of interesting details which he omitted which you may like to know.

At the height of the battle when Jones' gunner had had enough, he made his way to the quarterdeck and was actually attempting to haul down the colors when Jones brained him with his pistol butt. Captain Pearson, seeing the colors start down, shouted over to ask Jones if he had surrendered to which Jones made his famous reply, "I have not yet begun to fight."

Although it is not recorded in most history books, naval tradition says that it was at this time that one of the marines in the foretop, overhearing Jones' statement, turned to his likewise hard-pressed companion and said bitterly, "There are some bastards in this Navy that never get the word."

R. A. BELDEN
Lieut., USN

San Pedro Bay, Calif.

it's coming your way— Esquire's sports art exhibit

For the past five months a special collection of 12 original paintings, taken from the GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT series that you've seen reproduced in Esquire, has been making the rounds among Eastern cities.

These paintings were assembled as an exhibit after we had received a great number of requests from groups, societies... from cities, communities... as well as from individuals... asking for the originals or for reprints, to display for limited engagements.

This collection—which we called GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT Art Exhibit—was first placed in the windows of Spalding's in New York during October of last year. And the interest displayed in the exhibit caused us to keep it in circulation. In November Kennedy's, in Boston, showed the Esquire paintings—and again they attracted flattering attention. Then in Philadelphia in January at John Wanamaker's Men's Store... and in February at Hochschild, Kohn & Company in Baltimore—the reception the exhibit received from art enthusiasts, as well as from sports fans, made us feel that we should spread it around on a country-wide scale.

So now—the schedule covers twenty additional cities and extends through March, 1947. If the exhibit hasn't yet been near you, it's coming your way. And we wanted to tell you about it so you'll be sure to see the originals of the GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT series.

These are the twelve originals included in the collection: *De Palma Pushes His Mercedes Home* by Peter Helck; *Babe Ruth's Greatest Moment* by Douglass Crockwell; *Red Grange: Houdini of the Gridiron* by Rice Lebrun; *Jimmy Doolittle's 'Flying Engine'* by Boris Artzybasheff; *Melbourne Brindle's The Victory of the Resolute* and *The Biggest Game Fish Ever Landed*; *Bobby Jones' Tying Putt in the '29 Open* by Robert Fawcett; *Tony Palazzo's Tommy Hitchcock: Ten Goal American*; *Man o'War Beating John P. Grier* by Frank Voss; *Luisetti Scores Again* by James Bingham; *Ederle's Conquest of the Channel* by Stevan Dohanos; and *Peter Helck's Robertson Comes Through!*

SCHEDULE OF "GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT" ART EXHIBIT

Name of Store	Date—1946
Washington, D. C.	
The Hecht Company	Feb. 13-27
Pittsburgh, Pa.	
Rosenbaum Co. Men's Store	Mar. 4-9
Buffalo, N. Y.	
Kleinhans Company	Mar. 18-23
Cleveland, O.	
Highbee's	Apr. 1-6
Detroit, Mich.	
The Ernst Kern Company	Apr. 15-20
Chicago, Ill.	
Marshall Field's	Apr. 29-May 11
Milwaukee, Wis.	
The Boston Store	May 27-June 1
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.	
L. S. Donaldson Company	June 17-22
Omaha, Neb.	
Nebraska Clothing Company	July 8-13
Los Angeles, Cal.	
Bullock's	July 29-Aug. 10
San Francisco, Cal.	
The Emporium	Aug. 26-31
Seattle, Wash.	
Frederick & Nelson	Sept. 16-21
Denver, Colo.	
Denver Dry Goods Store	Oct. 7-12
Kansas City, Mo.	
Emery, Bird, Thayer Dept. Store	Oct. 28-Nov. 2
St. Louis, Mo.	
Famous-Barr Company	Nov. 18-23
1947	
Dallas-Ft. Worth, Tex.	
Titche-Goettinger Company	Jan. 6-11
New Orleans, La.	
D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.	Jan. 27-Feb. 1
Atlanta, Ga.	
Rich's Department Store	Feb. 17-22
Miami, Fla.	
Richards Store Company	Mar. 10-15
Jacksonville, Fla.	
Levy's Department Store	Mar. 23-27

Chu-Cho

I have just come across November's Esquire and was amazed to read of *The Cho System*; for while Lts. Cho and Shoemaker were attacking their bridge problems in the officers' club, Sad-sacks Chu and Kaplan were sweating out the same problems in a tent.

The result was—
The Chu System!

Originally, this system was designed to supplement the Culbertson system at the first two levels with artificial bids to show honor tricks in a manner similar to Cho's. However, it was found that much of the Culbertson system could not be used effectively with this type of opening, so a whole new system came into being.

The similarity between The Cho and The Chu systems will be shown. Thus: The opening bid shows honor trick value as follows:

C	D	H	S
Up to 2	2½-3	3½-4	4½-5
N.T.			
	5½ and up		

Without an intervening bid, responding hand uses the Reverse Order to show honor tricks:

N.T.	S	H	D	C
Less than 1	1	1½	2	2½ and up

With an intervening bid R.H. uses Normal Order:

C	D	H	S
Less than 1	1	1½	2 and up

As in The Cho System a double of opponent's intervening bid is the same as bidding the suit.

From here on the opening hand shows his best suit. Responding hand does likewise if a bid is justified.

Responding hand should pass if combined honor tricks are less than four.

Of course there is much more to the system than what has been given above. I have written only because the simultaneous births of the Systems might be of interest.

HENRY CHU, T/3
APO 315, San Francisco

storm over Sinkwich

Re: your sports story in the December issue in which the writer, in pointing out instances of unsportsmanlike conduct, cited the jaw of Frankie Sinkwich as being broken when a South Carolina player jumped on his head with his knees. The item stated that it happened in 1942.

In the first place, the incident occurred in 1941 BPH (before Pearl Harbor).

In the second place, that play ended with one of the cleanest tackles in that game. Two South Carolina players hemmed Sinkwich in at the sidelines; one player hit him low and the other hit him about the waist. The first part of Sinkwich to touch the ground was his jaw. As he always does, he bounced right up before any other players could get in on the play. Sinkwich, himself, said that there was nothing wrong with that play. This play took place right in front of my seat and I was not seeing double that night.

I question your authority because no official criticized the play. Who is your lordly expert?

GORDON HILL, JR.
Hampton, Virginia

come out from behind that beard, Kantor

In the December issue of Esquire is an article by MacKinlay Kantor—*And The Armies That Remained Suffered*. In paragraph 4, he mentions "And out to the latrine and the cold water that made the gums tingle and the jaws ache; and the childish satisfaction in knowing that I didn't have to shave; and wondering why an oxygen mask might make your face sore if you had just shaved."

Whoever told Mr. Kantor that wasn't up on his oxygen education, for in the AAF booklet "Survival at Altitude," page 10, Fitting the gas mask to the face, Paragraph 3—"Excessive beard stubble will hold the mask away from the face and cause leak around the jaws."

I believe the writer is confusing the oxygen mask with the gas mask, or else his informer was. Cadets are warned of that all the way through their training.

ALFRED NILSEN
2nd Lt., O. R. C.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Lovecraft cultist

In the January issue of your magazine there is an article on Howard P. Lovecraft. This article was called to my attention several months in advance by an item in a featured Broadway column and I looked forward to it with more than usual interest.

In all fairness to Lovecraft and his many friends throughout the world most of whom, I have no doubt, would evince no great satisfaction in the article, it might be of interest to know that some of the statements made in this article are contrary to fact, and that while the author seems to convey the idea of an intimate relationship with Lovecraft while he was alive, yet the general tenor of his writing does not reflect the feeling of the intimates of Lovecraft I have known.

The first publication of national distribution to print a story by Lovecraft was *Home Brew*. I was publishing *Weird Tales* in Chicago. I contacted

Lovecraft through this magazine, and he sent me a story, "The Rats in the Walls." Edward Baird, the editor of *Weird Tales*, remarked on reading it, that "it must be a plagiarism, probably something by Bierce, Crawford or Blackwood." I then showed him the "Carter" story in *Home Brew* and Baird was satisfied we had discovered a writer of promise.

This first story by Lovecraft in *Weird Tales* was the magnet that attracted a coterie of writers who made the continuance of the magazine possible. Houdini, an ardent fan, became a booster, and when he related to me his experiences in Egypt he suggested that only Lovecraft could do them justice in a story. This Lovecraft did under the title, "Imprisoned with the Pharaoh's," by Houdini. It fooled none. All recognized the writing of Lovecraft. By this time Lovecraft had grown in such stature that he was generally consulted on matters of literary merit in this field.

Were it not for Lovecraft, *Weird Tales* would have "folded" early, just as *The Black Cat*, its predecessor, had done. But it hung on, and there followed in its train *Ghost Stories*, *Amazing Stories* and others. He did not monopolize its pages, but he set the standard of excellence that inspired many youthful writers to emulate him.

The title of the article, *The Tenth Ivory Tower*, will grate harshly against the feelings of the legions of Lovecraft's admirers. They were not a cult but rather a perceptive lot of readers who preserved Lovecraft for posterity in a decade that is noted for "shallowness" in American literature.

Lovecraft has passed on, but the works of his pen remain. It is my guess he will be read as enthusiastically in 2023 as he was in 1923. Probably the same appraisals and quarrels over him and his works will be bandied about as they were in the case of Poe and now Shelley. But Lovecraft will know none of it—

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower

The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign."

J. C. HENNEBERGER
New York City, N. Y.

no distinctions in death

In one of the lulls while awaiting my discharge, which will be completed today, I read the verse by the Lieut. Comdr.

I can appreciate the deep meaning contained in the verse because of my own similar experience. While a member of a small freighter in the SWPA, we were torpedoed at Mindinao, P. I., during the night. I happened to be back aft where the tinfish hit and was the last one to come out of the compartment.

The explosion knocked me out for approximately ten minutes according to the calculations of the other crew members, and when I finally staggered to the escape hatch I didn't stop to ask whether the extended helping hand was that of a Negro, Jew, Catholic, or Protestant.

There were four men who didn't come out of there. Believe it or not, one was a Catholic, one a Protestant, one a Jew, and one a Negro. They went down with the vessel which keeled over to port and sank in about twenty minutes after being hit.

It is my belief that the war has done much to reduce the bigotry and prejudice that formerly existed.

EDWARD P. CONLIFFE (Mr., please)
Louisville, 11, Kentucky

Continued on page 10

How Never to be Tired

If You Feel Fagged Out Day After Day . . . If "Nervous Exhaustion" Is Running You Ragged . . . If You Haven't the Energy to Really ENJOY Your Work, Your Home, Your Friends . . . Then Let This Wonder-Working Book Give You ENERGY TO BURN in an Amazingly Short Time!

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For Additional Success

"The vast majority of mankind are prospects for this book, for most of us could use additional energy—and success. Give it to people who lack confidence in themselves, who are always tired, who worry—in other words, to almost everybody."
—CHARLES K. JACKSON, Burrows Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

WHAT THESE 332 ENERGY-BUILDING PAGES WILL DO FOR YOU:

This book is for the person who sometimes feels more exhausted in the morning than when he went to bed the night before . . . who feels "too tired," after even a moderate day's work, to go dancing, or visiting, or even to sit quietly through a movie . . . who feels life slipping through his fingers because he lacks the energy to play games wholeheartedly with his own children, or really enjoy sports with his friends and neighbors.

HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED, the first and only book of its kind ever written, gives you a definite, concise SIX-POINT plan to end, once and for all, that constant feeling of fatigue and nervous exhaustion.

Seven "Personal Enemies" of Energy are making you tired, holding you back, shutting you out from the very things you most desire. They are Boredom—Worry—Fear—Indecision—Inferiority—Complex—Over-Emotionalism—Lack of Courage. This book shows you how to conquer them.

It shows you how to seal up the energy leaks that

have been draining you of your vitality—and tells you how to refill and keep filled your own vast hidden reservoirs of energy.

Among the hundreds of things that HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED does for you, and shows you how to do, are:

How You Can Overcome Devitalizing Emotions
How to Draw on Your Potential Energies
How to Vanquish Boredom and Eliminate Worry

These, and countless others, are explained to you clearly. Not only are you given the easily-applied principles for accomplishing them, but many actual case histories are given to illustrate what others have done—what causes underlay their tiredness or nervous fatigue, and how these principles were used successfully.

This book is for EVERYONE—man or woman, successful or "marking time." EVERYONE whose life is being only half-lived. This book was written for YOU.

YOU weren't born to drag yourself through life—constantly tired, too rundown to enjoy work or play, feeling only half alive! INSTEAD of that—you were born with more energy than you ever dreamed you possess! And you still have it—ENERGY to BURN—waiting right now for you to use freely and vigorously, just as soon as you know how to release it!

A New, Proved Discovery

In this remarkable book HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED, by M. Beynon Ray, a great medical discovery is revealed to the layman for the first time by the doctors themselves. This book explains the cause of your fatigue and how to cure it. How to overcome destructive emotions and replace them with vitalizing emotions—interest, self-confidence, ambition, a passion for work, a better philosophy of life.

The Master Plan given in this book is adapted to your life. It is packed with hundreds of exciting suggestions from specialists, for making your life richer, fuller, happier, and thus releasing more energy to do things.

Only those who know how to stimulate those abundant energies we all possess can live with all the life that is in them and reach the goals they have set for themselves. Most people who lack energy are totally ignorant of the real causes of their fatigue. They have been accustomed to thinking that it is brought about by physical and mental overwork. This is not so and this book shows why.

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Probably one of the most valuable features of HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED is the practical Six-Point Plan it gives you for stimulating energy. This unique plan is so simple that anyone can easily follow it.

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Once you start using the plan you will no longer be bothered by THAT TIRED FEELING. New energy will start to flow through you, enabling you to tackle numerous tasks with ease and confidence. And what's more, you will really start to enjoy life.

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IS IT LOVE AND HOME, SOCIAL POSITION, POWER, HEALTH, OR CULTURE THAT YOU WANT? Then ENERGY will help you get them more quickly than anything you can do.

No matter who you are or what you are, the helpful methods outlined in HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED will exert a powerful influence in your life. Not only will it show you how to conquer fatigue quickly and permanently, but it will show you how to create boundless energy and vitality.

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By case histories from doctors' files, by the analysis of certain well-known types of personalities, and by scores of actual cases from real life, you are helped to discover the real causes of fatigue. Once conquered, "THAT

TIRED FEELING" will vanish and you will immediately release floods of vibrant energy—enough energy to last you two lifetimes!

In fact, the first edition of HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED was published under the title of *Two Lifetimes in One*. Over 150,000 copies have been sold since, and thousands of people have been helped by its common-sense message. This new, completely revised and enlarged edition comes at a very opportune time, when so many of us are called upon to do two or three times the work that we ever thought ourselves capable of doing.

This book explains, in a clear and fascinating way, how you can double your energy. How you can double the amount of work you do, and still feel fresher than you ever felt on vacation! How you can end each day fit and ready to enjoy your evening, to indulge in any strenuous sport you want, or tackle your favorite hobby with new joy and eagerness.

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HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED will be sent to you at once. Simply mail this coupon now. Send no money with it. Pay nothing when the book is delivered to you. It will be yours to keep free for ten days.

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Unless you are convinced (in even the first ten days!) that HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED has already brought you new strength, new energy—return the book to us, pay nothing, be under no obligation. Otherwise send us only \$2.50, plus actual postage. THEN—after thirty days longer, if you are not absolutely delighted with the wonders this book has accomplished in your case—you may then return it, your money will be refunded. A DOUBLE guarantee!

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Please send me in a plain wrapper, for 10 days' FREE EXAMINATION, the book, How Never To Be Tired, by M. Beynon Ray.

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FOREVER AMBER... that girl's here again! Not long ago we were invited to a party given for Kathleen Winsor, beauteous author of that weighty tome yclept "Forever Amber". The occasion was to introduce to the waiting world, a new perfume, named, by an enterprising manufacturer, after Miss Winsor's best seller. We sniffed the new fragrance, lush and heady, probably destined to take its place in a *sexational* line of desire-producing scents such as "Tabu", "Seduction", "Shameless", "Aphrodisia" etc. The perfume comes in a rose tinted lucite box, shaped like a book with "Forever Amber" in gold upon the cover. The party also marked the first public appearance of Authoress Winsor's better half, Lt. Robert Herwig, on terminal leave from the marine corps. A fine doughy gent with massive shoulders and a determined jaw. We asked him whether it was true, as rumored, that the fellows in the Pacific nicknamed him "amber". He said, "No." Seems mighty proud of the Little Woman . . . and why not . . . what with a fast selling book, a perfume, ditto, and Twentieth Century Fox's forthcoming movie . . . named, you guessed it, "F.A."

"FATAL APPLE." Our editorial rounds also included another party to announce to the nation the birth of a new lipstick and nail polish shade called "Fatal Apple". The manufacturer hired a hall (strictly deluxe), turned it into a Garden of Eden, peopled it with 4-year-old golden crowned angels who floated around dispensing samples of the cosmetics, whilst the

incomparable Hildegard announced the winner of the door prize, a solid gold apple shaped powder box, worth a king's ransom. (No, chums, nobody impersonated Adam, nor yet, Eve). All of which brings us to the crux of the matter. If you want to give your lady a slight remembrance . . . let her revel in "Fatal Apple" lipstick, powder and polish, guaranteed to tempt the defenseless male as Lady Eve did Adam. And, as a final gesture, a pure silk scarf, hand painted with two enormous, flaming red apples.

NOTHING PERSONAL . . . or is there? Most married men have occasion to do a little lamp post leaning at some time or other, arriving home in the wee small hours to be greeted by frosty invectives by the party of the first part. Smart gents make their peace in a good humored, concrete form by sending up, the next day, a "lamp post" lapel brooch in 14 kt. gold. It stands 1½" high, has a glass lamp post top with a tiny ruby stone inside, to simulate the light. Guaranteed to break down the stoutest feminine resistance.

PEEPSHOW. Here's a tip for your June Brides. Even the most case hardened bachelor is apt to turn benedict when he beholds these frothy white loves. To wit: a trousseau set. These incredible dainties, in white crepe, have been decorated with free handed generosity as to lace. A practically solid "seethru" lace bodice on the nightie, lace sleeves and lace all around the hemline. The set, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, nightie, slip and panties to match.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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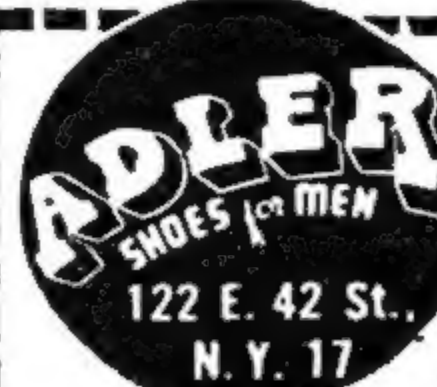
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The Sound and the Fury

is Bing swing?

Allow me to meet Sgt. Eric N. Compton in mortal combat in the pages of Esquire. In defending Harry James and Glenn Miller, he has caused me to write my first letter to any magazine by treading on my jazz-minded toes.

To solve this asinine question as to whether or not Harry James, Glenn Miller, etc., have, or did have, as in the case of Miller, "great" bands, I suggest the question be put to some of our acknowledged top-flight musicians. I have many times asked just such questions of leading musicians. The result? Polite praise of James, Miller, etc., but glowing tributes to such bands as Hamp's, the present Herman Herd, Basie, Ellington, B.G.'s 1937-38 crew.

Individually, James receives the same polite condescension, but the admiration and praise goes to Dizzy Gillespie, the immortal Bunny (ah, there was a man!), and such unknowns to Sgt. Compton as Sidney De Paris and Louis Armstrong. (I wonder if Sgt. Compton has ever heard of Armstrong?)

My opponent's horror at Bing Crosby's failure to poll more than one vote as vocalist in Feather, Miller and Co.'s *Jazz Book* is quite provoking. Surely Sgt. Compton read the title of the book—JAZZ. If he feels Crosby is a jazz singer then I must assume he felt Lawrence Tibbett was just the man for the Hit Parade. For his information, *White Christmas*, *Ave Maria*, *It's Been a Long, Long Time*, etc., are not considered jazz in the best of jazz circles. Crosby is a very accomplished vocalist, granted, but his accomplishments do not embrace the field of jazz.

If, however, Sgt. Compton still feels that James, Miller and Crosby are entitled to prominent and reverent mention in articles devoted to jazz, the wailing wall is two blocks down the street.

PHIL JENKINS
BM-2-c USCGR
San Pedro, California

tribute to a sportsman

I thought you would be interested in a testimonial dinner given for Fred Digby, sports editor of the New Orleans *Item*. The dinner, which was to have been an affair for 400, somehow squeezed in 600 admirers. Fred was toasted by such national figures as Arch Ward of the Chicago *Tribune* and Frank Leahy and Hugh Devore of Notre Dame. Since Digby has been active in Esquire columns as a sports analyst, since he is the father of the Sugar Bowl and has worked hard for American sports generally, we of New Orleans feel the affair was a small way of showing our gratitude. I might add that Ted Mace, whom Digby chose for Esquire's All-American Boys' Baseball game, starred in the football game where his Alma Mater, Holy Cross College, won the City Championship. So our men picked a two-way champion.

W. JEFF ADAMS
New Orleans, La.

charity benefits from All-American Boys' Baseball Game

This will acknowledge receipt of \$10,719 turned over to this Commission by Esquire. This represents your contribution to the American Commission for Living War Memorials from funds of the All-American Boys' Baseball Game held in the Polo Grounds in New York City on August 28.

I wish to express to you my personal appreciation and that of all the members of this Commission of your fine

co-operation in furthering the work of this Commission.

GEORGE M. TRAUTMAN, Chairman
The American Commission for Living War Memorials
Columbus, Ohio

This will gratefully acknowledge your letter of November 7th, together with a statement from Ernst and Ernst and a check in the amount of \$3,573.00, representing a donation to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis from the proceeds of the All-American Boys' Baseball Game held August 28, 1945, at the Polo Grounds. Thank you for your splendid co-operation.

Because of the wholehearted and continuing support of people such as you, thousands of children—once stricken by infantile paralysis—have had restored to them the priceless gift of freedom of motion. Because of your good will expressed in action we are able to carry on this fight for health and ultimately we shall win complete victory over the Crippler.

BASIL O'CONNOR, President
The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.
New York, New York

"observations by Mr. Dooley"

I just now finished an article in your December, 1945, issue entitled, *Snow Over Millinocket*, by Robert Gold.

In the future, I hope you refrain from insulting the intelligence of your readers by publishing a fiction article with so many obvious errors.

To start with an example, TCA #16 is obviously flying at the wrong altitude when reporting over Millinocket at 6,000 feet and then being cleared to 10,000 after being warned of Blissville weather. From that warning, I assume TCA is heading toward Blissville. Any airline pilot, in fact anyone who has passed the written test for a student pilot's solo permit, knows that on Green Airway #1 between Millinocket and Blissville, they would fly an odd-thousand foot altitude. (Civil Air Regulations #60.580.)

As a result of the bearings taken on Army 219, he was located at 21:54 at 40°11' N. 67°8' W. Locating that position on a map places Army 219 approximately 188 miles from Millinocket on a true bearing of 157°. This position is over the Atlantic Ocean southeast of Bangor. Yet Gold's story places him approximately over St. Andrews, a range station on the southwest tip of Newfoundland, 657 miles away on a true bearing of 68° from Millinocket.

Then, to make the ridiculous more incredulous, Army 219 flies from 43°11' N. 67°8' W. to the Millinocket range station in nineteen minutes. From the plotted position, the B-17 would have to make good a ground speed of 595 miles per hour. If he was in the vicinity of St. Andrews, as Gold writes, his ground speed would be in the neighborhood of 2,000 miles per hour. That, sir, is rather hard to swallow.

At approximately 21:45, Army 219 reported 45 minutes of gas remaining. At 22:13 when he was over the Millinocket range station, he should have about 17 minutes of gas left, if he made good the ground speed mentioned above. In order to arrive at Presque Isle with tanks just going dry, he would have to make good a ground speed of 284 miles per hour for the 80 miles from Millinocket to Presque Isle. That is rather hard, though possible, for a B-17.

With so many air-minded people returning from the armed forces, my suggestion is to have somebody check the fiction more closely for errors.

R. E. DOOLEY
Flushing, N. Y.

gratitude as a species of revenge

Mr. Dooley seems to have completely overlooked the purpose of my story *Snow Over Millinocket*, which was to interest and, perhaps, entertain a large group of readers who know very little and care less about the technical background of flying. If I had included enough references to satisfy Mr. Dooley, I might have had an excellent article on DF (direction finding), but there might have been quite a few readers wondering just what the devil it was all about.

Still, Dooley refers to "obvious errors." We'll take a look at them in the order mentioned. First, though, Dooley has presented none of his background to substantiate his statements. I infer from his references that he is or was a member of the AAF, perhaps, even a pilot—one of a group (and I make this rash statement from experience) that are more concerned and familiar with their own individual flight problems than they are with the overall picture of aviation.

Briefly, for Mr. Dooley's information, I have served the Civil Aeronautics Administration at LaGuardia Field, Barnes Airport, Mass., Portland Airport, Maine—and at Millinocket Airport, Maine. At the moment, I am a communications analyst at the offices of the CAA in New York City.

Now, for the errors. Mr. Dooley assumes TCA Trip 16 was flying east toward Blissville, in which case, I placed the airliner incorrectly at an even altitude. Actually, my airliner was flying west at a correctly assigned altitude.

The most treasured type of weather reports are those received via radio from pilots in flight. These give an on-the-spot picture of what is happening "upstairs" where the ground observer cannot possibly penetrate. Upper weather reported from so close a distance as Blissville is to Millinocket would be given to the pilot of Trip 16 as essential information, and does not infer the plane was going to Blissville.

I referred to a frontal passage—a snow squall; will Mr. Dooley tell us that a pilot report of severe turbulence at a point of that passage would not be given to another pilot flying along or in front of that line squall—with the suggestion he climb above the potentially dangerous altitude? I think not.

Next, Mr. Dooley accuses me of placing my lost aircraft over St. Andrews which, naturally, is quite a distance from the established fix on the ship. Mr. Dooley must have read the lines a trifle too fast. I, as narrator, said nothing. One of my characters, a Canadian, said: "Sounds like he was over St. Andrews..." which isn't too bad for a guess. My communicator answers: "Close to it—looks like he was heading straight out for the ocean..."

If Mr. Dooley wants to object to that phrase "close to it..." he's welcome, but the communicator wasn't plotting lines on the chart. He was calculating distance mentally, and perhaps, in his excitement, an inch on the chart looked kind of "close..."

When Mr. Dooley starts pouncing on elements of time, he's really getting tough on poor writers who must end their stories before their editor's patience wears out. I will admit that Army 219 was too far out to reach the Millinocket range station in nineteen minutes. The climax of the story had passed, and I wanted the bomber back over Millinocket in a hurry. I shaved accuracy in this case to tighten the structure of my fiction, and if this is intolerable to Mr. Dooley's sense of propriety, I apologize.

Mr. Dooley raises a brief point concerning gasoline. According to law, a

pilot flying on instrument flight rules must carry a reserve fuel supply of 45 minutes—beyond that supply expected to serve him on his trip. That reserve is considered a last ditch "life belt" and is never entered on CAA flight plans together with normal fuel supply. All pilots I've known considered their fuel supply finished when they ran out of gasoline necessary "to complete the flight to the point of first intended landing, and thereafter—to fly to the alternate airport." And then, according to CAR 60.251, he's strictly behind the well-known eight ball with fuel "to fly at normal cruising consumption for a period of 45 minutes." Army 219 landed at Presque Isle with about 25 minutes fuel remaining from his emergency reserve. This is a technical answer to a technical question.

With Mr. Dooley's apparently aeronautical background, it is surprising that he overlooked a big discrepancy in the story—a deliberate one. The story was written in wartime, and for reasons of security, I could not describe FCC Direction-Finding procedures. There is quite a difference—even to the signal a lost pilot must transmit in order to obtain a bearing.

When writing the story, I did think that some enterprising fellow might question its authenticity, and I went to some lengths to avoid any "obvious errors." Mr. Dooley's letter was vastly appreciated in proving such effort was not in vain.

ROBERT GOLD
New York, N. Y.

candy-coated pellet

After reading Sam Boal's interesting, but slightly condescending, article on the English Press in wartime I cannot help thinking that one of the brilliant army of American newspapermen, who showed us "what's what" during the war, is strangely unobservant. He blandly states "want ads, except in the treasured *Times*, have gone" and yet the *Daily Telegraph*, one of the most widely-read English newspapers, carries several closely-packed columns of small ads and has done so throughout the war.

I'll certainly concede that American advertising technique has got the British "knocked for a row of ash cans" but maybe it would be a waste of time to adopt American methods over here, as the average Britisher is not so easily impressed by the shrill cries of the "barker"—or to put it rudely, suckers are less plentiful here than elsewhere.

As regards the incident when some disreputable English newspapermen disgraced themselves by daring to appear in the dazzling presence of the Beau Brummells of the American press in "odd mismatched clothes," I do not think that the plea of poverty can be accepted as an excuse for this gross affront. Quite a lot of Englishmen have a strange dislike for parading themselves before the public gaze decked out like "Solomon in all his glory."

As regards "social standing," I do not expect that it has ever occurred to the dull-witted and unenterprising English newspapermen that asking Queen Marie to "show more leg" or "whacking admirals on the back" was the best method of rising to the top of the social ladder—but no doubt they will learn.

But before you hurl me into your waste-paper basket I want to add that there is not a shadow of doubt that we have no periodical in England that can get within a thousand miles of the excellence of Esquire in contents, illustrations and general get-up—so let's shake hands and forget all about it!

THEODORE T. CLUSE
St. Leonards on Sea
Sussex, England

Continued on page 149



Whoa, Dobbin!

IF THIS Dobbin were a real horse, we'd like to pull him to a stop in front of your house on a wintry afternoon.

We can't quite arrange that . . . so we would like to suggest that you make a delectable, heart-warming Four Roses Hot Toddy for yourself.

But be sure you make it with Four Roses—for this whiskey has a superb and glorious flavor all its own. That's because it is a distinctive combination

of specially distilled *straight* whiskies.

Recipe for a matchless Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), four cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

Write for the 16-page Four Roses recipe book. Sent free (except in states where such mailing is restricted). Frankfort Distillers Corp., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

FOUR ROSES

*Still the same great whiskey
as before the war*



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*



careful, men...



wear a hat...

you're being watched



What's on your calendar for today? ■ Appointment in town . . . big business lunch . . . half a dozen top-customer calls . . . dinner with the "right people"? Or just a movie with the sweetest girl in your life? ■ Remember—wherever you appear, appearance counts! You're getting the once-over from secretaries, wives, business men, and their associates. Give them the look they look for—the look of careful grooming and attention to good taste in clothes from the tip of your well-shined shoes to the tilt of your comfortable hat. ■ Be sure to get the *right* hat—in the right shade to match your outfit and the right shape for you at a *Recognized Hatter*. Wherever this plaque is featured, stop in—and you'll get the *right* hats that make your outfits right.

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter
 The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained
 to fit you with the right shape, the right shade,
 and the right style hat for your personality.



 Right Right smart with a gray suit—this rich brown...	 Right Slate gray is great with blues.	 Right Brown or covert snap brims look smart with brown sport coat.
 Wrong Gray hats and brown suits never mix.	 Wrong Tan snap brim with oxford gray or dark blue business suit.	 Wrong Grays and blues are wrong with sportswear of other colors

It gives you that look of importance!

RESERVE

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
FIRST AMONG FINE WHISKIES

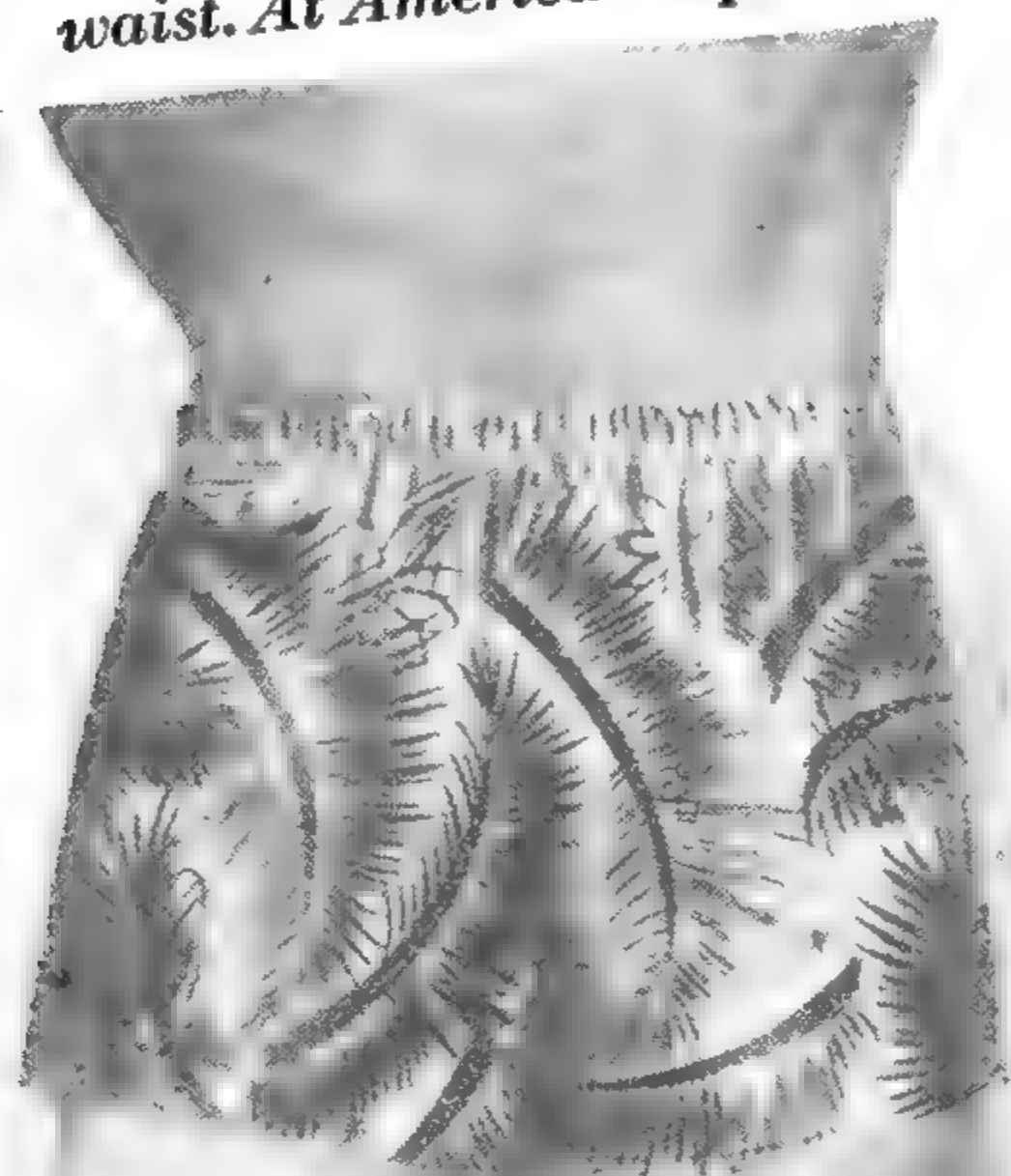
At its Pre-war Best

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N. Y.

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"Palm Leaf" . . . another of Gantner's authentic South Pacific WIKIES! Water-repellent cotton. Shirred elastic waist. At America's top stores.



GANTNER & MATTERN CO., San Francisco

Talking Shop with Esquire



ELECTRONICS IN THE BOUDOIR.

Currently on the market is an electronic blanket, a postwar contribution to good sleeping by one of the nation's foremost manufacturers of bedding. One blanket can do duty for all the blankets you now use, because through electronic control, this new cozy comforter can be set to maintain (come hail, rain, snow or sleet) whatever sleeping temperature you desire.



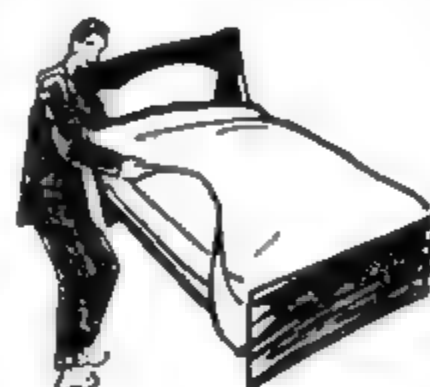
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. The electronic control operates while you sleep and keeps a constant check on both room temperature and body heat radiation, automatically adjusting and meeting variations throughout



the night. Thus you are saved the midnight hunt for more blankets if it turns suddenly chill; or the restless tossing brought on by an overload of coverings in case of a quick rise in the thermometer. A friend of ours, still subject to attacks of Guadalcanal fever, likes the blanket because when he gets a sudden chill during the night, the electronic blanket does its stuff, automatically adjusting to the required temperature which he set upon retiring. The manufacturer's research shows that 78° is the ideal sleeping temperature, but through the little electronic control box which accompanies the blanket, you can pick your own individual "comfort zone". One single strand of wire, running throughout the blanket, contains both the insulated copper wire which gives blanket wide heat, and a tiny "feeler" wire, which constantly checks and gauges heat changes. The "feeler" wire constantly polices the entire area and not only supplies complete conditioning, but provides a high safety factor, since it will immediately cut out the warmth supplying circuit before an "over-

load" can be built up. The entire blanket weighs less than six pounds.

PRE-HEATING, TOO. The electronic type of heating is the modern version of the old heated brick to warm the tootsies, or the hot water bottle. All you do is plug in the power cord on your blanket, set the dial at the "heat point" you want and have that nightcap and cigarette while undressing. Then to bed with no fear of cold, clammy sheets to chill you.



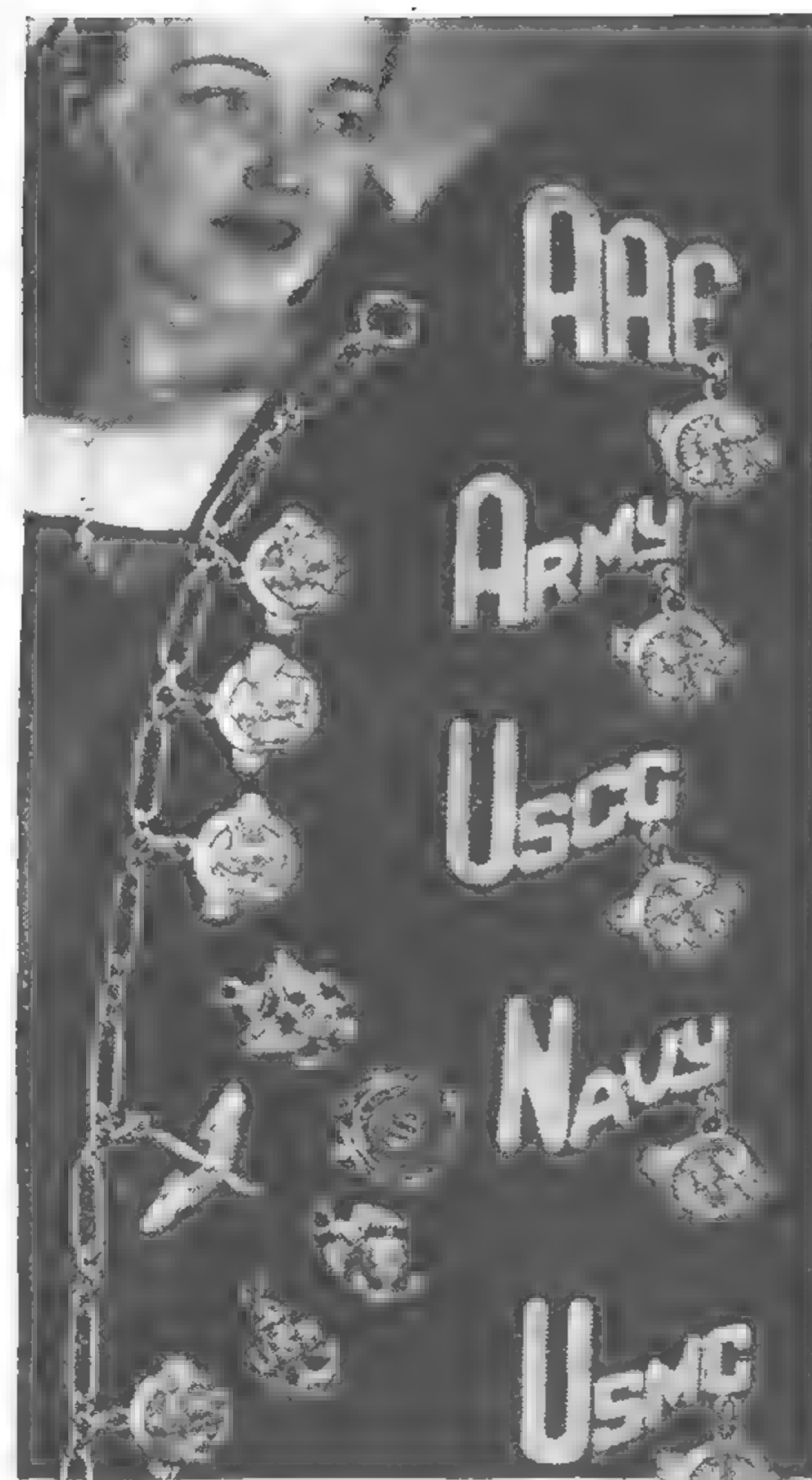
AND EASY TO STORE. Since the electronic blanket helps solve the multiple bed covering problem, it will be a boon to people who have a limited storage space, as it folds compactly and stows away in a small space. Bachelors and benedicts will welcome it as one more practical and handsome new note in modern living. And with the wedding season just around the corner, it will make an ideal gift. (And none of your smart cracks, please.)

ELECTRIC PRE-SHAVE. For the men who find that their beards are too tough or lie too close to their faces to get a clean shave with an electric razor, here's a modern help. A new pre-shavelotion which is designed to make your beard literally "stand on end". With a slightly astringent effect, it stiffens the bristles while your razor deftly shears them so close you achieve that coveted "freshly shaven" look that lasts for hours, you hope. Packaged in handsome double horsehead flagons, and scented faintly with a blend of cedarwood, cognac and Russian leather.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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Readinjack



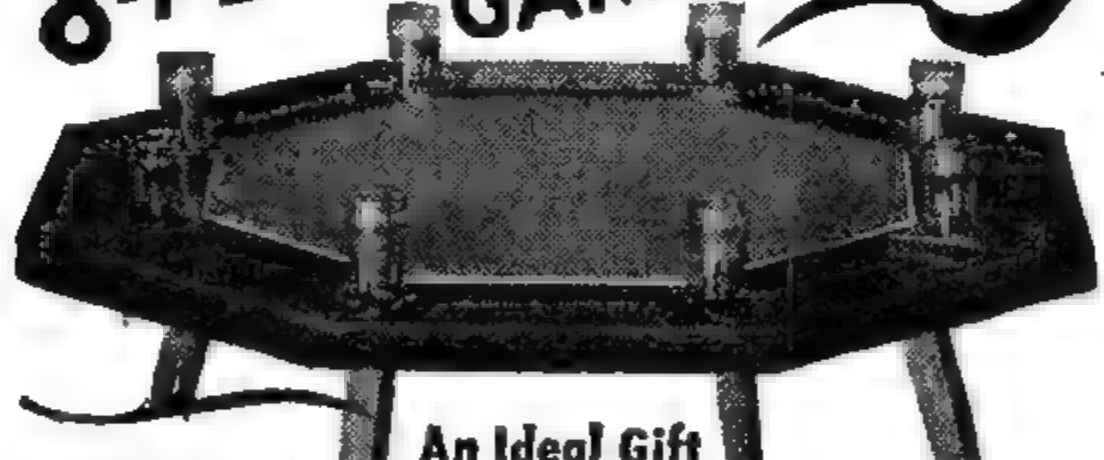
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Your favorite store has it, or send coupon direct to **FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.**

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Talking Shop with Esquire



EUREKA! ALL METAL RAZORS. One of the joys of the post war world ... a good shave with a good all-metal safety razor. There it lies ... your micro-matic, in all its gold plated splendor, nestling on a bed of velveteen.



And packaged with it, five keen blades ... 4 singledges, 1 reversible. All set? Hold razor so that the headplate is flat against the face. The bevel-head brings the blade in contact with the beard at root level, and compels you to shave with the long, sweeping master-barber stroke. No more "5 o'clock shadow".

GIVE YOURSELF A "FACIAL." Those of you who are interested in getting closer, cleaner and faster



shaves ... lend an ear. Get yourself a bottle of a new soothing oil, apply it to your face before you shave. Does an excellent skin-smoothing job

whether you follow it up with brush, brushless or electric shave. Many men use the oil as a protection against wind or sun. Particularly good for conditioning dry, leathery skin. Practically odorless, too.

BEWARE OF POLKA DOT COMPLEXION. This column is constantly bombarded with queries from the Males of America



on what to do for skins untastily spotted with blackheads, blemishes and the like ... an all too common condition. A skin with a "breaking out tendency", must be kept scrupulously clean at all times. This means more than a once-over-lightly scrubbing per diem. It also means providing yourself with a good medicinal cream to aid in vamoosing eruptions. There's a darn good one, put out by a well known skin authority (a woman). Said cream goes to work on coarse, enlarged pores, blackheads, pimples, etc. It's not a cosmetic, but a medicated cleansing preparation,

(greaseless, non-drying and soothing) that acts as a sort of poultice on the skin, helping to draw out impurities, dirt and imbedded grime.

AROMA OF THE SAGE BRUSH. Back on the market again after a four year hiatus ... a series of luxurious toiletries scented with the most arresting masculine fragrances. After-shave powder, after-shave lotion



... all of which give you the odor of glorious purple sage. There's also a sage brush cologne for a follow through on your handkerchief. Same firm makes toilet water in other intriguing scents such as "desert verbena", pine and "green walnut". They all have considerable "tang" and stay well within the bounds of the best possible taste.

ROUTING THE HICKEY. Here's your routine. After a thorough soap and water cleansing with a special formula mild



soap, apply medicated cream over erupted spots. Keep on over over night. In the morning, use a clear green lotion to remove oily matter brought to the surface of the skin during the night. It usually takes about two weeks of nightly application to get results.

AID TO HANDHOLDING. The Female of the Species spends a fortune on hand lotions to get her little paws in that velvety condition purported by the ad writers, to be acceptable to men folks. The same routine should go for you, too, pals. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady", neither do rough hands ... weather beaten from sun, sea, golf or what have you. Fellows out in the Pacific got to using a non-sticky, almost scentless lotion both as an after shave, and to keep their hands from scaling and cracking. Comes in a plain, pint size bottle. Dandy for the dukes.



Ranger

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DOXA

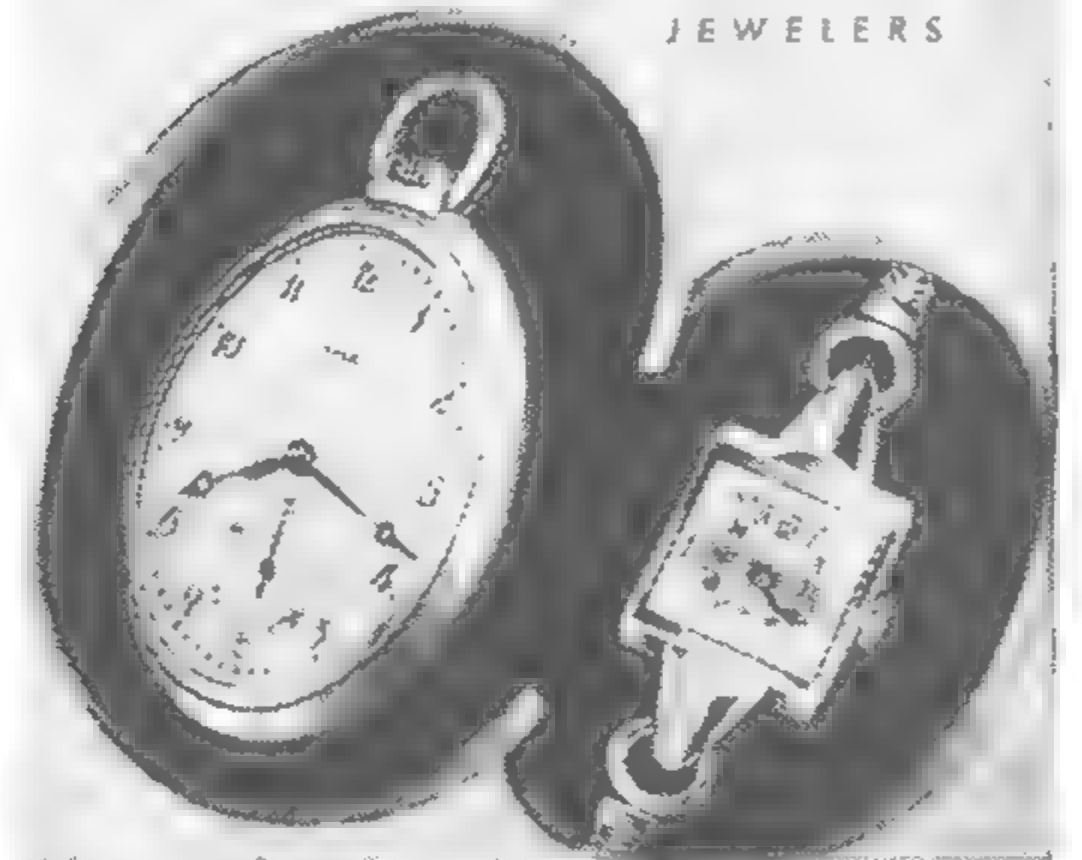
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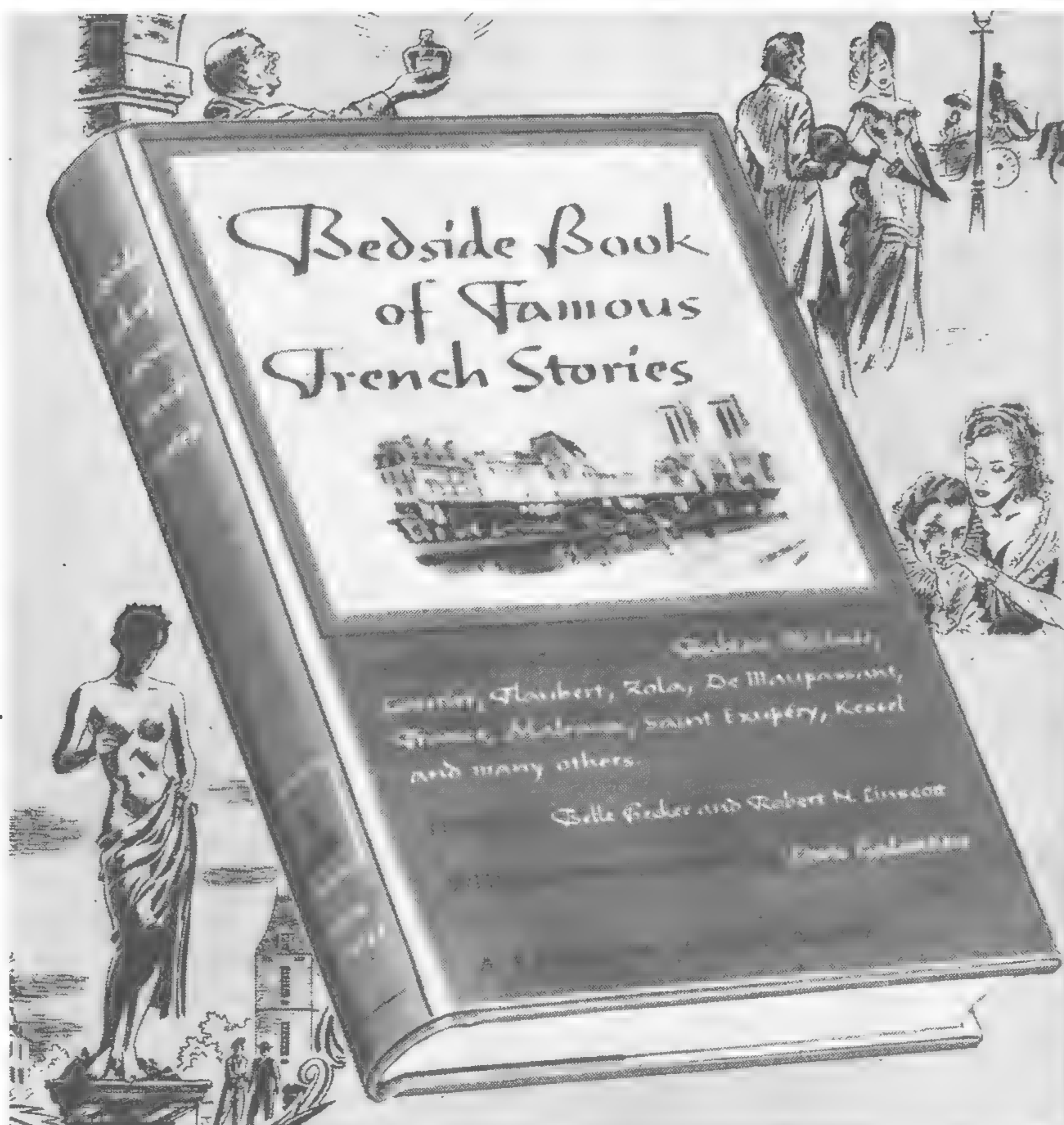
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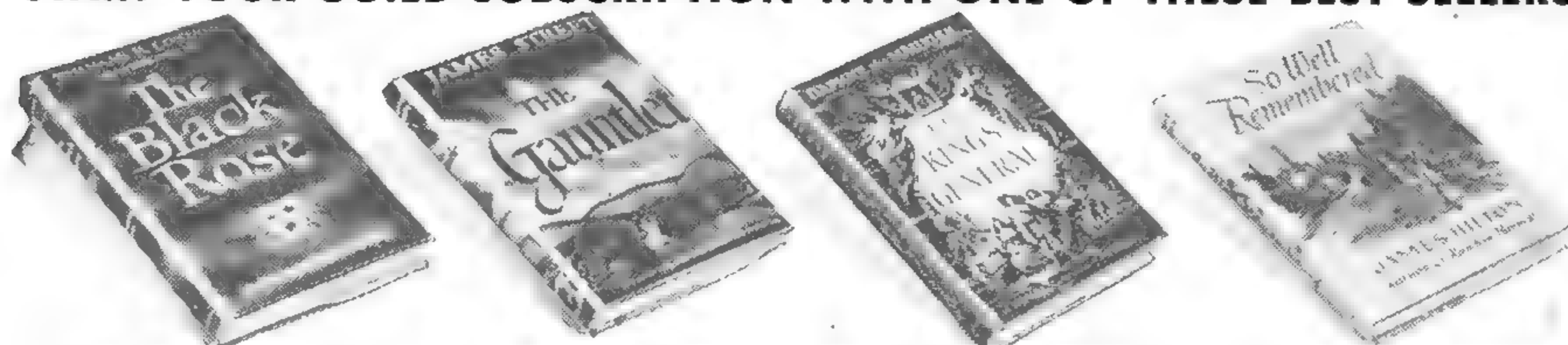
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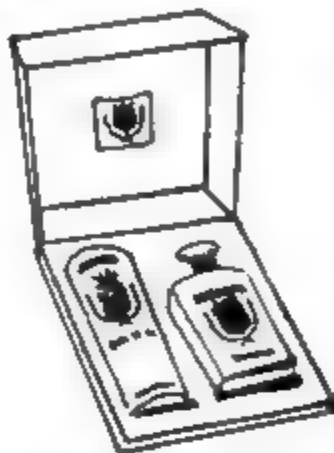
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Talking Shop with Esquire



POMANDER FOR PAPPY. If you belong to that rapidly diminishing school of guys to eschew the use of after shave preparations because you consider the odors sissy, here's the lotion and the talc for you... scented with spicy pomanders. Now pomanders, as we know them today, dried oranges scented and studded with pungent cloves, were introduced into England from France in the early reign of Queen Bess. Pomanders served a variety of purposes. They were valued as a cure for insomnia, or as an antiseptic agent during the plague to ward off disease when in crowds. History has underwritten the claims that pomanders, closely identified with lusty Charles II of England, are decidedly masculine.



SOAPLESS SHAVE. Something new in nifty shaving aids. A soapless, greaseless liquid shaving preparation which smells like peppermint and feels as cool as a frosted mint beverage. You simply rub in the liquid, wait an instant, then wash off and shave with face wet. No soap or after shave lotion should be necessary. You'll like it, we think.



DEODORANT PADS. If you balk at using deodorants, then these deodorant pads are your dish. Simply a jar full of little round pads, thin as a crepe suzette, soaked in aluminum chloride liquid. All you do is rub a single pad under both arms, then throw pad away. As quick as that. Prevents underarm odor, harmless to clothing. Same manufacturer also puts out a greaseless hair dress, cream shampoo



with lanolin and other products for good grooming.

REFRESHING VERBENA. Since time immemorial, fastidious gentlemen have favored toiletries reminiscent of the fragrance of verbena. There's a new one, a lotion or cologne, whatever you prefer to call it, that makes you feel clean as a whistle. Neatly packaged in an unostentatious glass container with wooden top.



TOOTHPOWDER IN YOUR POCKET. Neatest way to carry toothpowder is in a tiny capsule. When



you put the powdered content into a half glass of warm water, a bit of stirring gives you an effective, pleasant tasting mouthwash, gargle, tooth and gum cleaner and general antiseptic which is good for a sore throat or nasal cold.

CUTICLES MELT AWAY. A soldier wrote in from Germany the other day enclosing thirteen marks with which to send him one of the new cuticle sets. "Now that the war is over, I find it much easier to find the time to be more meticulous as to my personal appearance," he wrote. "I also find that my nails have been badly neglected." The cuticle set to which he referred consists of a streamlined fountain pen-like shaper made of transparent plastic which releases one drop of cuticle lubricant on each nail and quickly softens, shapes and removes cuticles without cutting. No danger of infection and heavier regrowths. The shaper can be carried around in your pocket, filled with the lubricant and ready to use at any time.

Ranger

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Because... Vitalis is back! Yes, *genuine* Vitalis. It's back on drug counters from coast to coast! So get a bottle today... start tomorrow with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"... *and* the handsomest head of hair you've had in months and months and months!

Get that bottle today!



Product of Bristol-Myers



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Handsome hair in a minute flat! It's Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. (This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair, helps your hair to a vigorous, *alive* look.)

Now... 10 seconds to comb and then just take a look at you! Handsome, huh? Mister, Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" will help you *stay* that way! Get a bottle today!





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Dear Mr. Kennedy:

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Our men are one bunch that's a hundred percent sold on your new **Swift**, and the boys can hardly wait to get them up here and get out in the territory in them.

Yours truly,

Harald L. Lindblad
Harald L. Lindblad,
General Manager

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E. M. DAVIS



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Globe Aircraft Corporation

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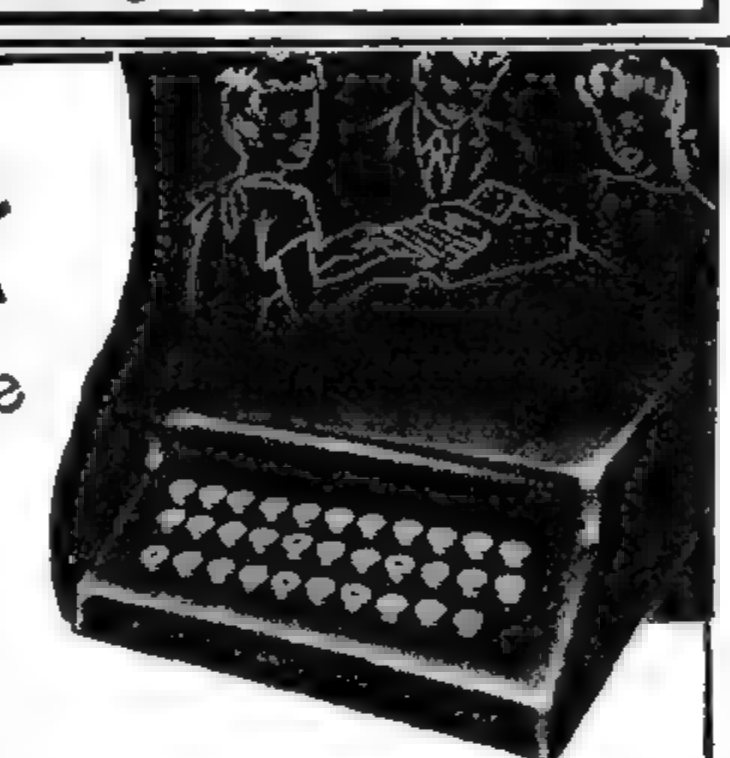
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Talking Shop with Esquire



PUT IT THERE. Housing situation being what it is, you're apt to find yourself in almost anything...

... a converted barn, a trailer, a house of ancient vintage totally devoid of closet space. Which brings us to the

topic at hand. Wardrobe closets. The 1946 models, developed by a manufacturer who is the pioneer in the field, are completely new in constructional design. The closet frame is molded in tailor-made lines with the base flush with the floor so that there is no possibility of dust rolls accumulating underneath. The new thickness of the frames, aside from the substantial angle, accents the decorative note of the inset panels. Plastic knobs take the place of yesterday's wood gadgets.

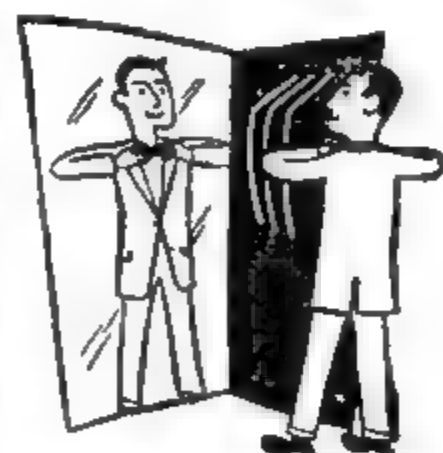
DDT APPEARS AGAIN. As a final modern touch, each wardrobe closet is equipped with a humidor



which not only contains a moth preventative, but also the deadly insect killer, 5% DDT, plus cedar oil. This is the first time all three of these moth and insect enemies have been combined in one unit, the first time this triple-protection has been available to buyers of storage closets and chests.

IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS. The more expensive closets come in cream beige with decorative panels in a floral design of 12 colors,

to assure a harmonizing note for any room decor. The finish, being a plastic paint, is not only washable and sunfast, but resists grease, ink spots and soil from Junior's ever roaming little mitts. Some of the closets are fitted with eye-level mirrors, some full length mirrors. A deluxe model has three full length mirrored panels, giving the closet the added feature of being a 3-dimensional bedroom mirror.



Then, of course, there are shelves for hats, removable shoe shelves, blankets or extra linens. Tie racks, too, make their appearance.

CONVERTIBLE CLOSETS. While originally designed just for wardrobes, these closets, due to their generous storage space and variety of sizes in which they come, have been put to divers uses. A camera fiend has converted one of the large cabinets into a dark room. Wheels have been added to the cabinets to make them handy game closets. And a wardrobe has been turned into a sewing closet, with the dress form stored in one side, the sewing machine in the other, the shelves used for materials and patterns.



ADDED EQUIPMENT. Same manufacturer also turns out various closet accessories. Garment bags

in double or jumbo size with two zippers. The bottom zipper goes up one-quarter, making it easy to place at the bot-

tom of the bag, small items such as shoes, etc. The top zipper goes down three-quarters of the way, perfect to remove clothes. In the back of the bag is a full size pocket which can also be used for storage purposes, or for a humidor. There are two hooks for hanging so the bag won't tilt. Holds from 12 to 16 pieces.

LAUNDRY BAG. The tailored pouch laundry bag which goes with the set, has a wire frame, which permits a wide, generous opening... a fine thing when you fire your soiled shirts into the aperture in a hurry. Shoe bags are made with the same thorough construction. A 12 pocket size for men is finished with 3 metal grommets and a round dowel stick for added support when hanging. Prevents sagging.



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Talking Shop with Esquire



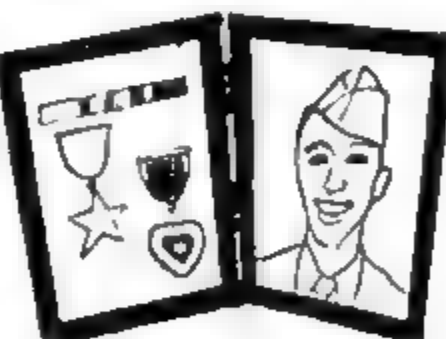
PRESERVE FOR POSTERITY. Every day now, more fellows are packing the blue or the khaki away in mothballs, and joyfully donning a natty striped worsted or those happy, baggy tweeds. Just another civilian, bud, that's all. But what to do with all the chest decorations . . . those well earned hero medals? You won't hide our light under a bushel if the shops can help it. Every kind of item has been designed to give a proper setting to your trophies . . . a place of prominence on the living room table or mantle where all can see.



THROWING YOUR WEIGHT. Another method of displaying insignia is via a paper weight. Under a handsome 3 1/4" dome-shaped heavy glass weight, your medals are mounted permanently, on an effective background. The base can be in brass, sterling silver or real gold, engraved with rank or date of citation. You send your medals to the company, and they return them, mounted. If you're too modest to use the paper weight on your own desk, you can bet your fond family will go for it.



YOU'LL BE FRAMED . . . in a combination medal and photo frame. One side holds a 5x7" photo, the other side has convex glass and a wine velvet covered, padded backmount which will accommodate two or three medals, theater ribbons, shoulder patches, wings or other insignia. The frame itself has a hand rubbed mahogany finish with a



fine gold line trim and gilt hinges, and there's a space in back of the photograph to accommodate discharge papers. Another type of frame, and a real beauty, is made of finely polished aluminum which has the look of real silver. 8x10" in size, the frame is ingeniously designed with two pieces of glass, one for the photo frame in front, plus a whole back of glass under which you place discharge papers. The frame can stand on an easel, or lie flat.

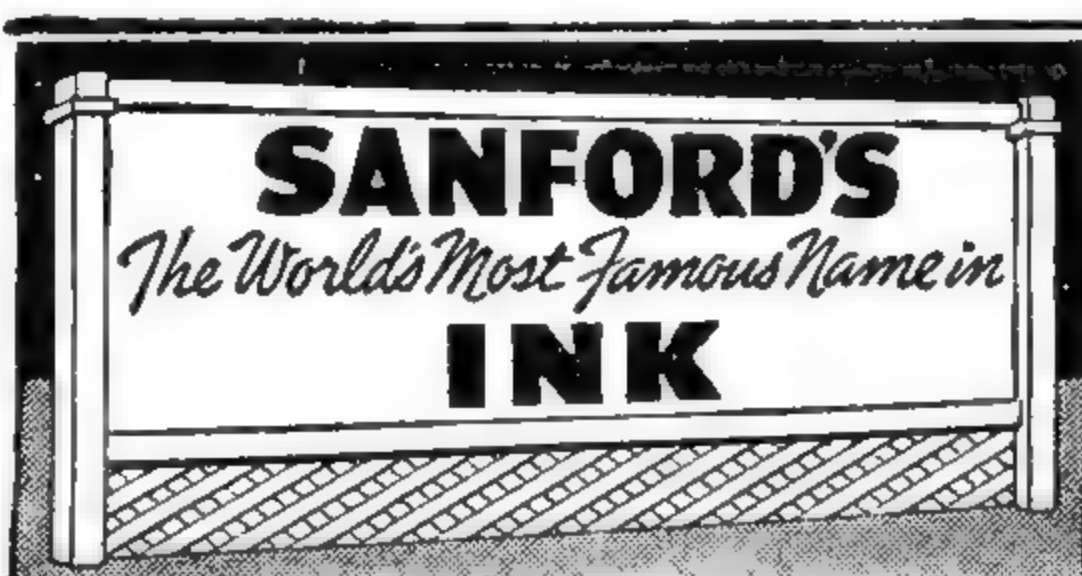
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Talking Shop with Esquire



COLLECTORS' PIECES. We have discovered a chap who makes scale models (on small pedestals) of any aircraft ever manufactured. These are made up to order, and he will even paint miniature Jap or German flags on the planes indicating the number of enemy jobs shot down. An ex-R.C.A.F. fellow has a collection of allied and enemy aircraft done in crayon in natural color . . . all models in actual flight against sky and cloud backgrounds. Each drawing about 11x15" in size.



VETS AT WORK. If you're planning to make a gift of a wallet to someone, you'd do well to make it one of those hand made jobs that are being turned out expertly by groups of veterans in various hospitals. A California hospital group makes really handsome wallets in genuine alligator calf, (Black or Brown) equipped with a removable section containing isinglass covered cards with space for your auto license, social security, auto engine and serial number, etc. Why not?



NO PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPHER. THIS. We'll wager that there isn't a male alive who hasn't been horrified by the way his countenance has been distorted by those characters who make identification photos. Guaranteed to make a pillar of the church look like Gyp the Blood. Cheer up. You can now obtain a "perfect likeness" of your map magnificent, at the hands of a female photographer who specializes in male photographs. She claims that a woman photographer understands her male subjects better than a man photographer could. And she's dead against wiping the character out of a guy's face through retouching. Says she gets her effects through lighting, *not* retouching. Wheedles her clients into a re-

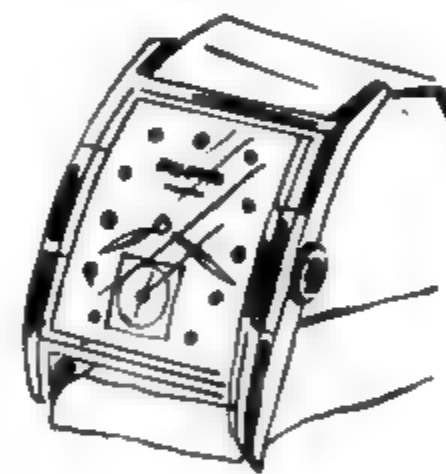


laxed mood and off guard, by such devices as a radio playing softly, seemingly irrelevant conversation, and a comfortable place to lounge. Specializes in "hard to photograph" faces.

PRIVATE SECRETARY. Absent-minded professors and other forgetful gents should welcome a service which sends out greeting cards for you on any six occasions. All you do is to fill out a paper with the name of the person to receive the cards, and check off the date and type of greeting remembrance card you want . . . Easter, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. The "Service" follows through diligently throughout the year . . . and you get credit for being the most thoughtful man alive.



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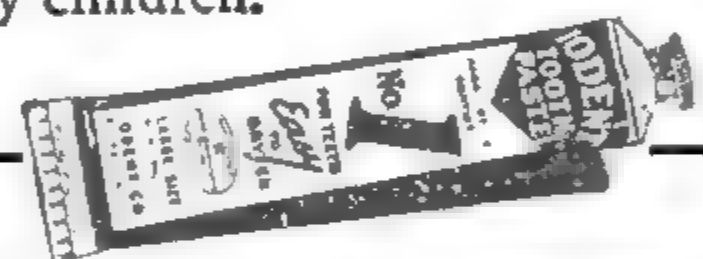
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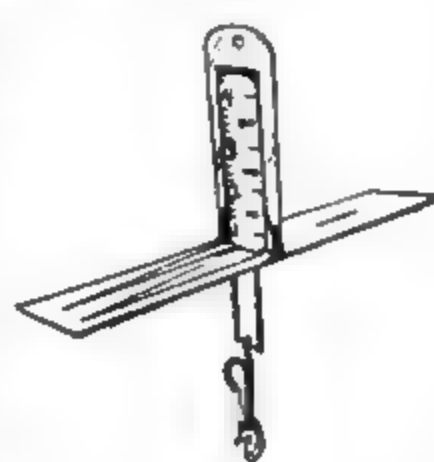


giving out with the chitchat. Or it's The Wife to tell you the baby has croup. The boss paces up and down impatiently waiting for you to cease these inconsequential inanities, and is your face red? This, my friends, is when you need a hush-hush device that fits over the mouthpiece of a regular cradle type phone, and makes conversation as private as in a booth. The gadget is made of black bakelite, weighs 5 oz. and is easy to attach. Good, too, for use in a large family when you have only one phone. No one can hear your side of the conversation even if sitting or standing a couple feet away.

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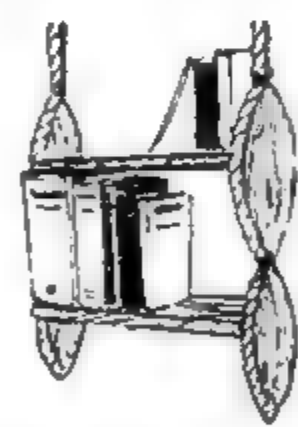


case, for added protection when not in use. A spring clip holds letters while weighing, or can be easily clipped around the string on packages. Elimination of any coiled springs assures accuracy in all climates. Tempered tool steel precision construction is finished in rustproof satin which shouldn't corrode or stain.

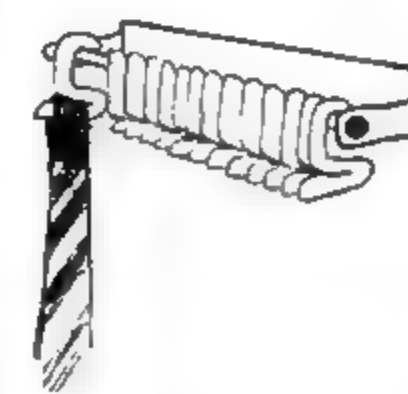
MESSAGES AT MIDNIGHT. While we're still in an executive frame of mind, we must call your attention to the memo pad designed for use on your bed table. When the phone rings in the dead of night and you're wakened out of your first sleep, instead of rousing the spouse by switching on the light, you jot down the message on the magic pad. Simply withdraw the pencil which fits into a slot at the top of the pad, and, presto, on goes an electric light, completely illuminating the pad. Replace pencil and light goes out. The battery lasts quite a long time, and can be easily replaced. The pad holder comes in ivory colored plastic.



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. . . Scandals that began when dashing Sir Hugh Marcy brought home a rough-and-ragged Kitty—taught her to dress, to speak, to act like a lady, and launched a career that was to be the talk of England. "A girl like you could get anything she wanted," devil-may-care Hugh murmured. And Kitty took his advice. With his help, Kitty married wealthy Jonathan But-tall, who never made a purchase without exacting every penny's worth . . . but who didn't live long enough to collect from Kitty. After Jonathan's violent end, Kitty kept right on climbing . . . became the wife of a doting old Duke . . . who gave Kitty his fortune . . . but his most cherished dream, the birth of an heir, was too much for his old heart. His sudden passing left her free for Brett—the "Blue Boy" of her dreams who'd haunted her every adventure. But when Brett, Lord of Montford, finally offered her his hand in marriage, could Kitty accept? She had riches . . . she had power . . . but could she pay the price for the only man she ever loved? You'll thrill to the way Kitty comes to grips with destiny and applaud her courageous decision as this stirring novel swells to its glorious romantic conclusion. You've never read a book like "KITTY" . . . "KITTY" is yours FREE when you join The Fiction Book Club. But hurry! Mail coupon now!



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Backstage with Esquire

Few things in ROBERT ROYER's life have worked out as planned. For fear he would drown, his parents forbade him to swim in the lake which bordered their farm—so he became a swimming coach. He played high school basketball and hoped to make the college squad—but he swam instead. He majored in English and the fine arts—hardly basic training for his fourteen years as swimming coach at Indiana University, where he doubles as student counselor. He is married and lives on a wooded ridge in a log house built mostly by his own muscle. Last winter a friend caught him off guard and sold him a saddle mare. She foaled a stallion colt and now he is studying horse training.



Robert Royer

GAVIN GORMAN received his Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Florida where he later taught for a short time. He writes: "I am married and have two daughters who encourage me, by their youthful faith in my ability, to write the novel I have been working on for several years, of which *Thy Will Be Done* (page 94) is a small part. The purpose of my book is to show, by example of denial, that religion gains a tenacious hold upon man."

P. FENT ROSS, contributor of *The Castillo Is Lighted*, has worked out a pleasant design for living, residing in Mexico, free-lance writing and returning occasionally to California to visit relatives and "to keep my hand in at being a good American." Knopf has published two books by this author, a collection of folk tales, *In Mexico They Say*, and a group of children's stories, *The Hungry Moon*.



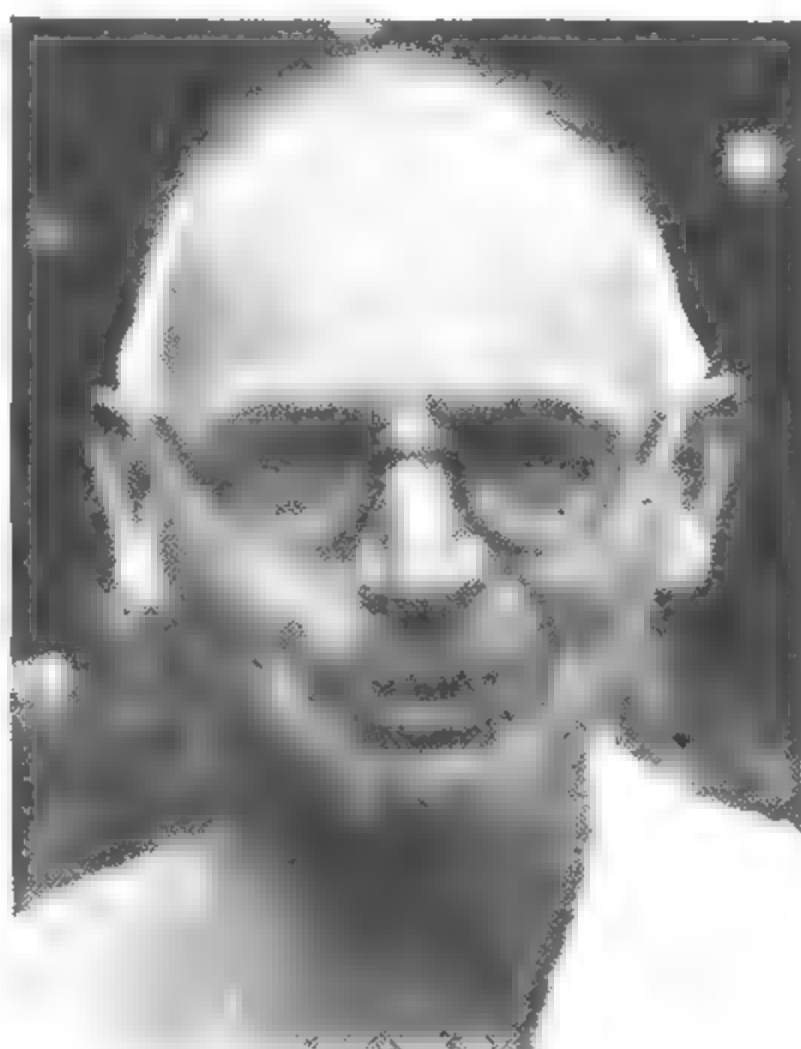
Harry Glick

HARRY GLICK (*The Black Duty*—page 64) feels safe in saying that by the time this achieves print, he will have received his honorable discharge from the Army, and be living in this post-war world he's heard so much about. In the Army he pulled a tour of duty with the Fifth Air Force in New Guinea as a radio operator-gunner on both B-25s and B-24s. He expects to return to free-lance writing in North Adams, Massachusetts.

GERALD KERSH's fantasy, *The God of the Winged Worm*, is, as the subtitle denotes, a part of his forthcoming novel, *The Weak and the Strong*, which

will be published in this country in the spring, by Simon and Schuster. The book concerns a strangely assorted group of people trapped in a cave by an avalanche. Each member of the group is made to reflect, by the presumed imminence of death, upon some incident in his past. One of these reflections is the story, *The God of the Winged Worm*, told by the professor, one of the trapped party.

As a boy, NEILL C. WILSON, author of *Your Bath Is Ready*, had rich opportunities to inspect the American bathroom scene in old-fashioned boarding houses in many American cities. "There was one common pattern to boarding house life," he recalls. "That was the morning rush for the door at the end of the hall, and winner take all. My youth was spent standing at the cracks of slightly-opened doors, waiting for the coast to clear, making the dash triumphant, and leaving the other boarders frustrated and aggrieved. Small boys run fastest. Once I took up photography and used the boarding house bathroom to develop negatives and fix prints. Boarders came out of the tub complaining of a strange ailment which turned them a rich solio brown or velox black." After World War I, in which he served as a lieutenant, Wilson turned out a couple of books—*Treasurer Express* dealing with the Wells Fargo saga, and *Silver Stampede* which tells of the mining days in forgotten Panamint, a suburb of Death Valley. Next



Neill C. Wilson

to bathing; his favorite sport is running the rapids of the Colorado River. He has made three trips with Norm Neville, the rough-water boatman of Mexican Hat, Utah—including the two hundred rapids of the Grand Canyon. "We really got a bath," he says.

After writing some hundreds of scripts for short wave broadcasts—some for Army, Navy and Marine Corps, some for civilian listening overseas—and acting as adviser to many foreign desks on music, CHARLES EDWARD SMITH resigned last summer in order to resume free-lance work at full capacity. He did booklets for the RCA-Victor *Hot Jazz* series of six albums, supervised several albums and wrote booklets for several more. On Asch he helped to do the first Mary Lou Williams album, the James P. Johnson album, and Meade Lux Lewis' first album. He calls the picture at the right "The Cat and the Critic" and points out that the aforesaid Siamese is obviously not at ease with critics.



Charles Edward Smith

WARREN BROWN comes from Crown Point, Indiana, once noted for its jig-time weddings and for letting John Dillinger break jail with a wooden pistol. A graduate of Northwestern University, Mr. Brown writes: "Since entering the paycheck brigade I've been, in order, a typist, stenographer, apprentice seaman, blueprint clerk, editor of a house organ and a researcher. The checks have come from Illinois Steel, the U.S. Naval Reserve, Gary Armor Plate Plant and Esquire, Inc. Since last August, I've been low man on the masthead here at Esquire."



Grant Wilcox

GRANT WILCOX wrangled his first airplane ride at the impressionable age of eleven in an old World War I Jenny. After hair-raising exploits as a model builder and barnstormer's side-kick, he finally settled down as a serious and qualified pilot. Now at thirty-five, he is Assistant Master Mechanic for the Plymouth division of Chrysler; he manages a championship baseball team; and he keeps his three sons amused with his exploits as an amateur movie-maker, sailor and radio ham.

R. H. WATKINS writes from Deerfield Beach, Florida: "I am now in the Sam Robbins country and hope to dig up some more material about that amiable, climate-conditioned deputy sheriff who appears in *A Nose for Flaws*. Sam is likely to run into some real estate shenanigans, for down here the bellow of the bull alligator is a mere squawk in the night compared to that of the bull realtor. The boom is on. It doesn't seem to matter that if you buy your land at a price smacking of footage at Broad and Wall Streets, you can only stand and admire it. You can't get lumber; cement block people are in a pout over ceiling prices, and the hardware store man can only vaguely remember the days when he had on his shelves a hundred different items that hold a house together. Me, I'm only trying to find a few little replacements for my house and just not getting anywhere is a full-time job. Florida is a grand place to sit and laugh at the clothing shortage. Just tack another seat onto the old pair of shorts when things get draughty and you're all set."

TOM MAHONEY is a Texan who reached New York by way of newspaper, publicity and magazine jobs in Dallas, El Paso, Kansas City, Des Moines, Buffalo and Schenectady. Formerly an associate editor of *Fortune* he has had articles there and in *Coronet*, the *Post*, and many others. He hopes sometime to expand *The Art of Office Politics* (see page 46) into a small, cartoon-illustrated book—a manual on how to use and guard against the stiletto.



Tom Mahoney

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24. Softness, from being well-matured. (Mellowness)
35. Enjoyable aroma. (Bouquet)
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112. Period prior to December 7, 1941. (Pre-War)
113. Excellence of character. (Quality)

DOWN

3. Belonging to a great country. (America's)
14. A part of gracious living. (Whiskey)
25. Leaves nothing to be desired. (Satisfies)
33. Delightful to taste. (Delicious)
50. Flavor. (Taste)
59. No trace of harshness. (Smooth)
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Painting the Town with Esquire



DINNER at the beauteous, choicely appointed Cotillion Room of the Hotel Pierre is ever an experience calculated to soothe one's nerves and make one's ego purr in acknowledgement of solicitous attentions and the aura of graciousness that prevails there. They treat you elegant, and the viands, from the kitchens of chef Georges Gonneau, are almost too pretty to eat, yet you fly at them because you'd be an idiot if you didn't. The wine list is rich in bottle glories of both sides of the Atlantic. Entertainment under the direction of personable Stanley Melba (he and this room are an affair going on for years), currently features debonair Spanish ventriloquist Señor Wences, whose art cribs from nobody else's, and the distinctive dance duo of Maurice and Maryea (blonde). Your coffee is poured by a green-satined young Sepian topped with a plumed turban, straight out of the Arabian Nights, or thereabouts.

GUYS fidgeting for Florida are poulticing their impatience by treating themselves to a squint at the willowy Samba Sirens at the Copacabana. You could trek miles of beach in the sunniest clime on earth without encountering such a clump of comelies. As special extras, there are Eunice Healy and the Blackburn Twins terping neatly, and tropical Danita unleashing the Latin, and Fernando Alvares tearing his heart apart in song. Dick Stabile and company furnish the tempos for your hoof-and-hip work. Only thing the place is short on is tables.

DELECTABLE are the Daiquiris that blossom at the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. Indeed, 'tis virtually impossible to err in picking from this fastidiously conducted foregathery. (We'll have to look up the name of the manager and see if it's Mr. Epicurus.) Luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner, shank of

the evening with Oscar Waltzer at the little piano—all these are social sessions that gather the cream of lower Fifth Avenue, the choicest of it from residential suites upstairs. Summertime this hostelry has a famous sidewalk café called Jardin du Perroquet; comes winter, they just take the sidewalk in and go right along.

ROUND-THE-TOWNERS for whom night life seems incomplete because the Rainbow Room hasn't gone back into circulation, are gladdened by the reappearance of that skypoked showcase's most brilliant bandsman—piano whiz Carmen Cavallaro. He and his charm and a full crew of assistants are at the Bowman Room of the Biltmore, and it's old home week continuously—even people who have never beheld him before, acting as if they were old followers... Frequenters of chichi French restaurants are in for some rollicking revelations when they open the pages of a book called *Tux 'n Tails*, authored by Raymond Andrieux, who handed out menus at various exclusive establishments in this town. "All the characters, places, and happenings in this book are, of course, products of the imagination," he says straight-faced.

BECAUSE Leon & Eddie revues are fast-paced and singing comedian Eddie Davis is a hard man to top, the by-laws of the Visiting Firemen's Association declare a visit to this unique institution shall be the grand uproarious climax of the evening. As the result, they come mobbing in at midnight, when there are no chairs left for Eddie's gags to laugh them off of, whereas earlier they could howl in comparative comfort. The shrewd time to visit the Messrs. Leon & Eddie is dinner time. Leon's chow offerings are tasty and belt-filling; you can really see the show and watch every flicker of Eddie's drollery. But we're putting up no guarantee as to how soon you'll break away.

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Painting the Town with Esquire



FIFTY MILLION elephants would sigh in envy of the trumpeting of Cootie Williams at Broadway's leopard-dappled Café Zanzibar, where his band alternates with that of Claude Hopkins. Ella Fitzgerald toddles on with her little yellow basket of ditties; the hysterically admired Ink Spots harmonize heatedly and heart-throbblingly; smooth comedy team of Howell & Bowser stray through guffaw garden; and Parisian mannered piano-prancer Maurice Rocco, is so busy boogie-woogie-ing he hasn't time to sit down. Patrons, however, are accorded groaning boards to draw up a chair to, and the chow is really something to ship post cards home about.

THAT smartly chipper den, the Maisonette of the Hotel St. Regis, which swung into its social season on the singing of Tennessee belle Dorothy Shay, has now got another allurer of no humdrum sort—Patricia Bright, chanteuse and kiddeuse, who “does” various well known performers in a way they haven't been “done” before. Virtuoso Laszlo makes the ivories fly in the Warsaw Concerto, etc., and he and his orchestra swap honors with that of George Koch in purveying continuously to your shank activities.

THE SAVORY way of a good Italian cook with chicken, sliced veal, gnocchi, and such has always commanded our knife-and-fork interest; hence a natural gravitation to the doorway of Gene's, 73 West 11th, where these things are achieved to a T as in Tipo. Saturdays and Sundays the special objective of attack is lasagna (multi-layered noodle affair, grand sauced); Mondays, it's green noodles “Alfredo”; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, home constructed ravioli; Thursdays, Gene's special manicotti (soft cheese marvels); Fridays, broiled shrimps à la Gene, veal Parmigiana, and chicken cacciatore (casseroled hunter style). But à la carte options are limitless; just name what's on your palate's mind. And while it's be-

ing prepared, amiable bartenders Steve and Chico will ply their skill for you, drawing on good brands.

ON THE THEORY that pleasure-benters in a night spot might care to converse and aren't anxious to shout at each other, host Johnny Hourclé of the Bal Tabarin (225 West 46th), has kept this tidy, colorful haunt gay but not noisy. There's no blare in your ear. You don't have to address the waiter through a megaphone. In consequence, people flock to the Bal Tabarin as to a place of refuge and relaxation, and they have been doing this for fourteen years now. It's in the heart of the hoopla district, surrounded by milling mobs, but its clientele remains solid and serene. They dine, they dance, they sup, they watch the can-can revue, they keep their whistles moist—and gab in peace.

WE DON'T know if it's rubbed with lotus blossoms before broiling. All we are positive of is that sirloin steak as prepared at The House of Chan, 52nd & 7th Ave., is a feast for the human fang and carries flavors that beguile and blandish, never mind how contrived. Sou Chan, who heads this House, is a lineal descendant of Confucius, the great Oriental exponent of making life pleasant. Every dish staged in this paneled setting is a convincing sample, plenty succulent.

NO LONGER can Manhattan and the Bronx snoot Brooklyn as the “borough that never had a drink named after it.” Two emigrés from there, Lou Levin and his dazzling blonde wife Lynne Gilmore, who settled in Manhattan as operators of much-liked Gilmore's napkin-tuckery, 148 East 48th (ah those open-face steak sandwiches!), have remembered their homeland across the water and created the Brooklyn Cocktail: Scotch, bitters, powdered sugar, a smidgin of soda; served in a Delmonico glass with one ice cube, sliver of lemon peel, and a green cherry. Partakers and Brooklyn both feel better.

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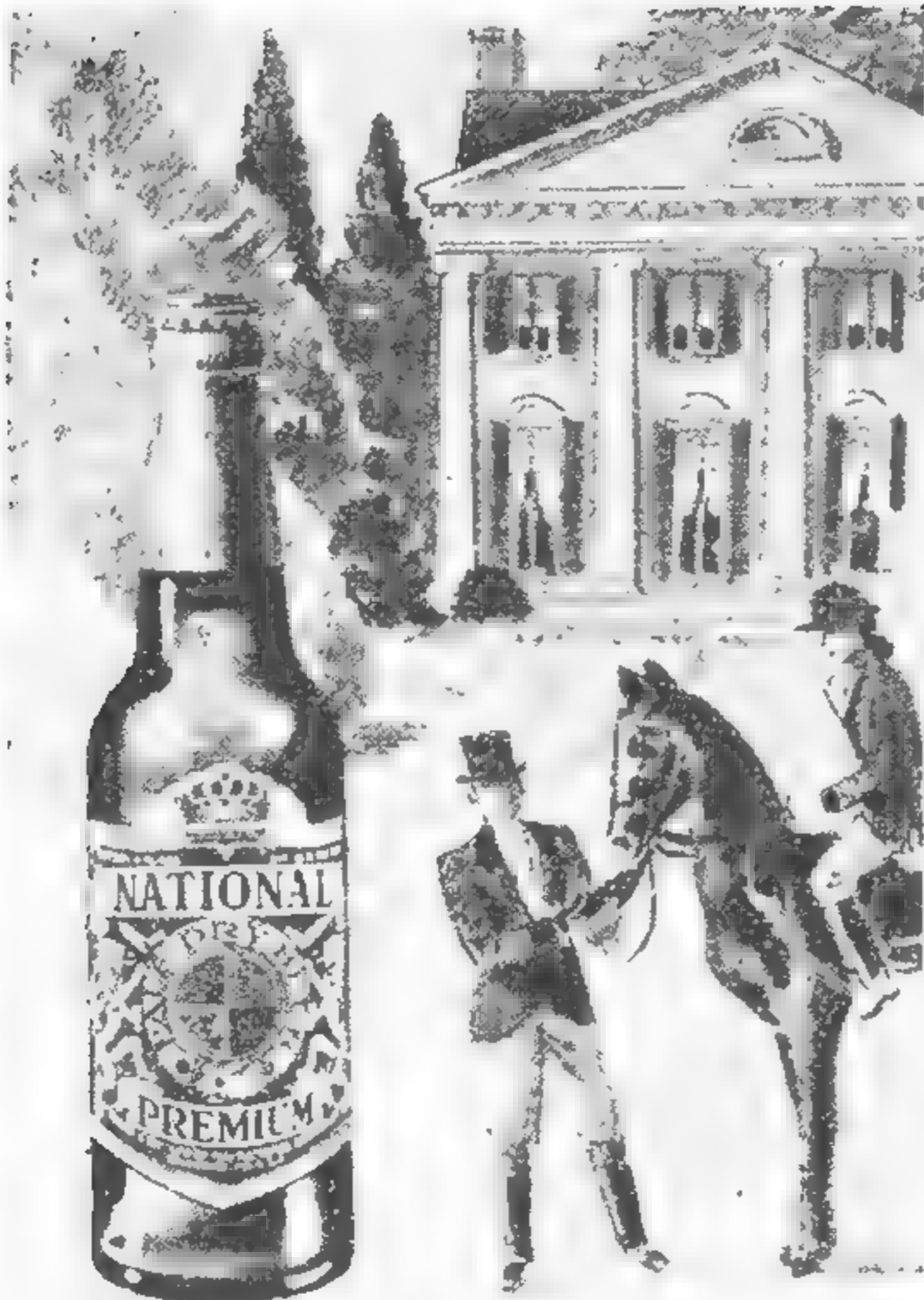
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Painting the Town with Esquire



RETURNED GIs who've seen prime meats maltreated in the name of mess, are viewing with new eyes the performance of the professional restaurateur. Palatable meals, it seems, don't just happen. Each is a "mission of satisfaction" carried out by the coordinated efforts of a trained crew with mine host as skipper. It involves heppness to customer likes and dislikes, expert planning and purchasing, unbungling preparation, and appetizing serving forth—proficiencies which are acquired only on a career basis. Fortunately for a town so dependent upon its restaurants, New York has more of these hospitality careerists than any other city on earth, and gaps in the ranks are being filled by men out of the armed forces. For instance, at the Vouvray—neat and friendly French-cuisined spot, 132 East 61st, hosted by sagacious Henry Adhemar—you'll see two recent separatees back on the job as restaurateurs-in-training with the grade of waiter 1/c. They are passing such anti-anemia ammunition as creamed lobster à l'absinthe; fried shrimps Vouvray; broiled sweetbreads with Virginia ham underneath and mushrooms on top; cream-robed and sherried guinea hen with wild rice; breast of chicken Aida; filet of beef with Bordelaise sauce and marrow; coupe Vouvray (coffee ice cream with chestnuts, candied fruits, and rum); and pancakes of the house, cooked in fresh orange juice and bonfired with curaçao, brandy, and kirsch. Even for an eater it's a nice line of work.

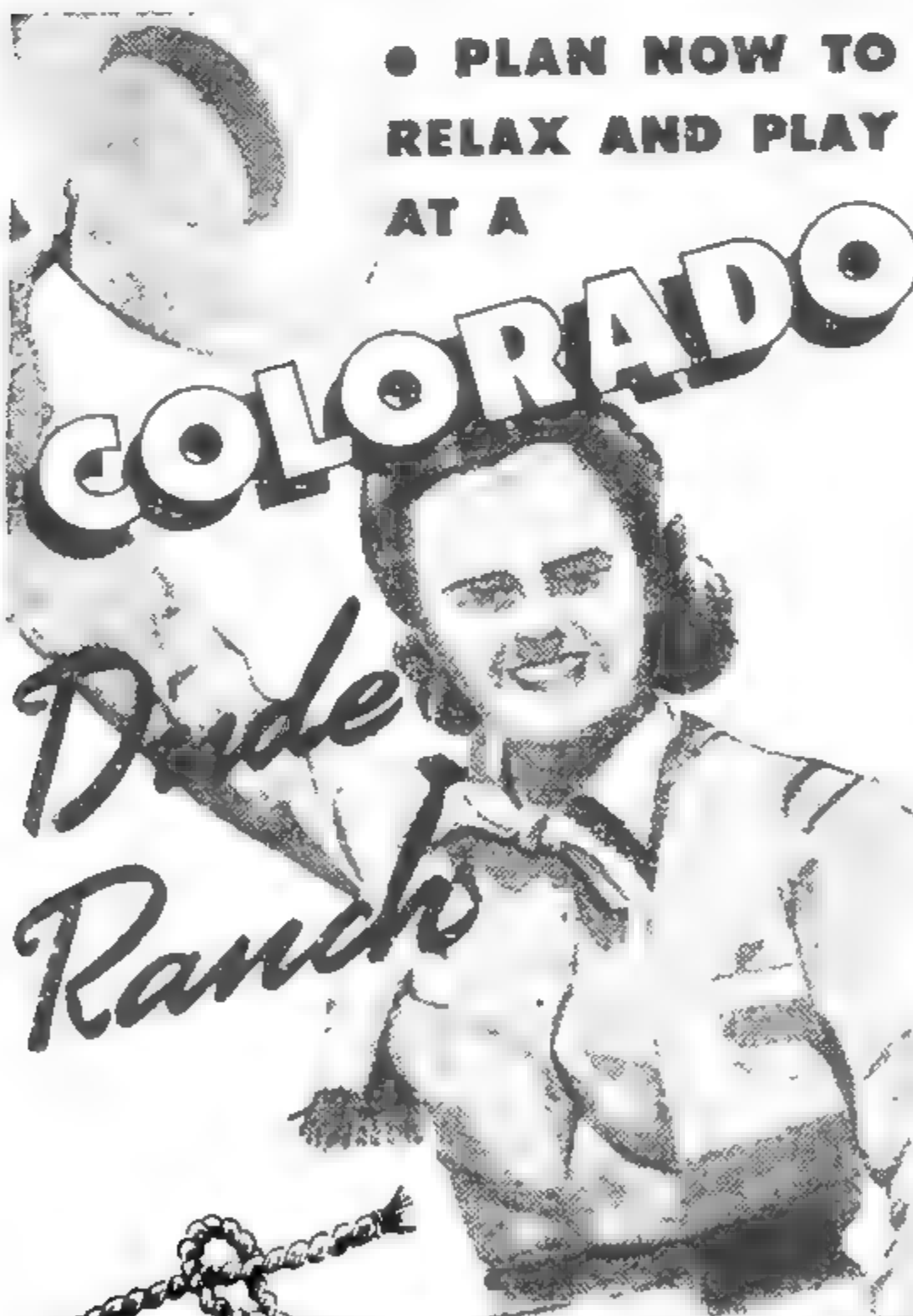
LES BROWN of renown is presently donating with the rhythms in the oversized Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania. Miss Doris Day rises to take a lyric, and trusty Butch Stone comes up with wacky specialties. This Brown bunch will shortly be succeeded by trumpeter Randy Brooks, new to New York hotel-dom as a maestro on his own, but already rolling up ovations on the way here. This spot incu-

bated Frankie Carle and others now high in the sky. So watch Randy. His vocal jane is named Lillian Lane... Art in the night: the singing of Mabel Mercer to the accompaniment of Lester Crossley at Tony Soma's, 59 West 52nd. Tony himself can be prevailed to sing if you make your request sometime when he is standing on his head, a posture which would be interesting for Toots Shor to emulate.

BASQUE bounty is gratifyingly encountered at the happy-go-lucky (but not sloppy) Jai-Alai Restaurant, 82 Bank St. near Bleecker. If you have never faced Spanish squids in their dark sauce, here is the place to overcome hesitation and fly at them; they'll be your hobby from now on. The Valencian combo of rice, chicken, seafood, and pungent sausage slices is to be had wherever Spanish is spoken, but the Jai-Alai version we plough into with savage joy... Attention Fifth Avenue ski trailers: Switzerland in full color and quaintness, with provender to match, lurks in the basement of the Hotel Gotham, under the title of Alpine Grill. Get your glow-wine and vice versa.

FEELING that a theatre-restaurant which turns away so many people, especially Fridays and Saturdays, might as well make 'em still more disappointed at not being able to get in, Lou Walters has lushed up his Latin Quarter with an entire new décor which has transformed it from "quite attractive place" into outright glamo-whammo—running the color gamut from deep plum to pash pink, plus an array of gorgeous curtains bedizening the stage. Designer, Watson Barratt, is the same who "visioned" *Follies* for Ziegfeld; in all, he's done settings for more than 300 plays, musical shows, and grand operas. The Latin Quarter is his first night club assignment and has he gone riot at it! Staged in all this plush, the big Latin Quarter revue is so much velvet.

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INFLATION seems to have no terrors for the patrons of spud-dirigible engineer Charles à la Pomme Soufflée, 157 East 55th, nor for the popover pouncers at regional American dished Drury Lane, 47 East 49th... Patrician palms at The Plaza's Persian Room are being brought together audibly in acknowledgment of the masterly floatology of Tony and Sally De Marco to the well-groomed music of Ted Straeter, which is also available for guest dancing of a white-tied sort. (Black tie will get you by if you're traveling tailless)... After due consultation with Tom the talking mynah bird that holds forth above the bar, host Nicky Quattrociocchi of El Boraccho has added an annex to the lip-print souvenired Kiss Room. Smaller (seats only 40), and entitled Romance Room, it is adorned with hearts and other propitious influences, in there pitching for you.

RAY MCKINLEY, who acted as leader of Glenn Miller's band, is now in command of an outfit of his own in the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore. Leader and band both doing splendidly... Oysters feel enormously flattered at the way they're baked at the Café St. Denis, 11 East 53rd... New Yorkers who don't go to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras can find a spot of consolation at the Hotel New Yorker in the shape of a Ramos Fizz, made according to the secret formula confided by the Fountain Lounge of the Crescent City's Hotel Roosevelt, official guardian of Ramos Fizz traditions.

IF YOUR EYES need a stimulant, cast them in the direction of Jovita who sings and shakes the maraccas afore Ralph Rotger's rumba orchestra at the Coq Rouge, with Dick Wilson & Co., long timers here, tenanting the band niche betweenwhiles. You might care to notice also the new décor of this room: Chartreuse green (no color schemer ever seems to remember yellow Chartreuse, made by the same Carthusian monks but at lower

proof) and a trick hue which Frank Bonacchini, guiding spirit of Coq Rouge agreeableness, assures us the decorator says is "Coq chenille," otherwise we wouldn't know... It's torture to a frustrated apartment seeker to lunch or dine at one of the White Turkey restaurants, the tastefully furnished rooms are so livable.

SEARCH is still on for the impulsive gentleman who got lost under the giant flap jack at antique oaken Janssen's in the Greybar Building... Couples booked to take in a show at one of the theatres west of Broadway, find it a shrewd stunt to dine at Jack's, 344 West 46th, trig little brownstone basement which has been reliable ever since Jack opened it twenty years ago. His notions of nourishment aren't humble and include pheasant and other game, along with frogs' legs à la Jack, sliced filet mignon with mushrooms, chicken casserole in wine, etc. Jack himself takes personal charge of your welfare and he's a right guy if there ever was one, versed in every angle of vittles and wines that give them a build-up... Tip to wedding marchers: Aloft in its tower, the Barbizon-Plaza has honeymoon nests that are verily out of this world.

TURTLE is mouth-wateringly mocked for soup purposes at Miller's downtowners' refectory, 144 Fulton St., revered also for chicken pot pies, kidney stew, and roast beef... For the love of pizza numerous persons are biting into hotter than they can chew at a small Neapolitan dispensary, 147 West 48th, of these molten cheese pies... Maybe it's too much to hope, but when we belly up to the bar at Hickory House or Rogers Corner or Brooklyn's Enduro, each of which has a jive outfit platformed amid the pouring, we dream of the day when we'll ask for a beer and get Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with it, performed by full orchestra, chorus, and mixers quartet.

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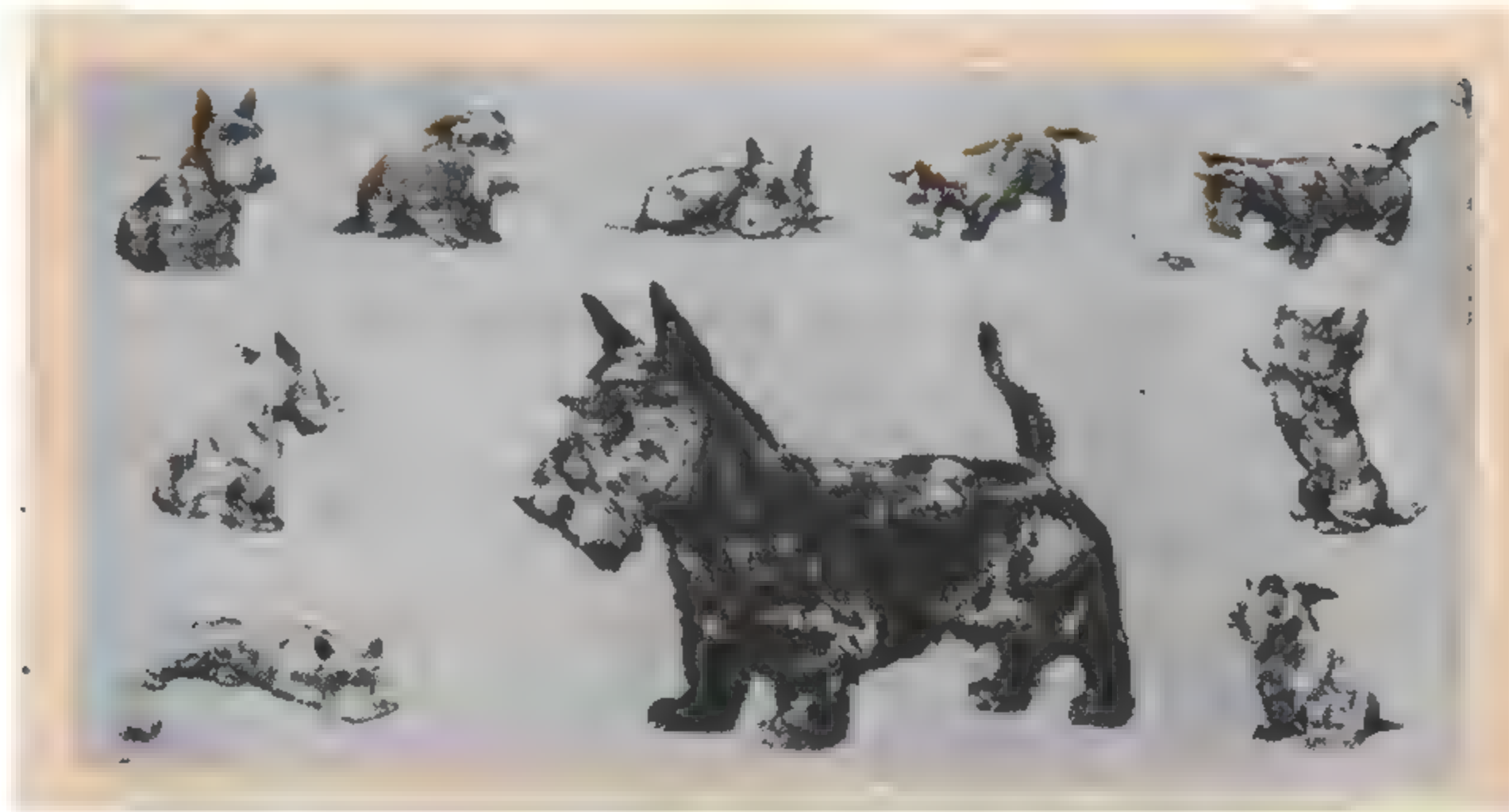
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Man is master of his dog, he thinks,
but here's evidence that the four-
footed egotists haven't been told

A Dog's Best Friend

by HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.



THORNE

HE lies there looking at you with warm, brown eyes. Adoration, affection, trust in your infallibility, you can see them all in the rapt gaze he lavishes upon you. You own him, body and soul. His loyalty is unquestioning, he bends his moods to yours. Your smile, your pat on the head are life's richest rewards; your voice raised in reproach, its darkest moment. He is your best friend. He is your dog. You are his master.

So runs the fable. And almost anyone who has ever domiciled a canine chum can supply facts to blast that fable with atomic thoroughness.

You've earned the adulation, and earned it the hard way. You've earned it by the sweat of your brow, the grease of your joints and the exercise of a patience that makes Job seem a bush leaguer. If your dog regards you as his best friend, he's right. You are. Let me quote you chapter and verse from the careers of a few four-footed friends, to prove the point.

My first encounter with the legend of a dog's dependency was made through a fox terrier named Bounce. He came into my life when I was eight and departed this vale of tears when I was eighteen. During those ten years he achieved, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, got away with, a record of lechery, self-indulgence, exhibitionism and sheer cussedness that few of the great villains of history could match.

He was eventually struck down by a Marmon automobile while returning from an amorous interlude with an Airedale lady who lived a couple of fields away. When you consider that the people who are supposed to know about those things peg one year of a dog's life as the equivalent of seven years of a man's, this would have made him seventy at the time. The passing years had not daunted his ambition.

His demise was mourned copiously by all the members of the family on whom he had imposed most. He is still an inevitable and seemingly inexhaustible subject of discussion and lament at all family gatherings.

I acquired Bounce because of my father's belief that every boy ought to have a dog. His conviction was jolted thirty seconds after Bounce crossed our threshold for the first time. It took Bounce just that long to confuse the living room rug with a tree. My mother pronounced sentence in a ringing voice. She said, "Take the nasty little thing out of here." He was banished to the barn amid wails from me and mild remonstrance from my father. I had visions of a life of unbending regimentation for Bounce, bound to a strict code established by my maternal parent. I needn't have worried. Mother's endurance as a disciplinarian survived for a good half hour. By that time she was in the barn plying him with milk and puppy biscuit. Within a week he had claimed a corner of her favorite horsehair sofa as his appointed domain.

Within two weeks we were all devoting a goodly share of our waking lives to his comfort. And this would probably be going on yet if the avenging Marmon had not done its fateful work.

Bounce's three most memorable characteristics were his preference for moles as a dietary delicacy, his nocturnal addictions and his utter lack of demonstrativeness for all of us who ministered to his daily wants.

The mole can hardly be described as a beast of prey. As a lawn destroyer, however, it is without peer. Consequently, when Bounce first stalked and killed a mole, my father was lavish in his praise. He was somewhat taken aback when our mighty hunter proceeded to devour his kill on the spot, but Father figured that to the victor belong the spoils and was willing to let it go at that. So was Bounce. The mole wasn't. It made more trouble for his insides, dead, than it had for the lawn, alive. There followed liberal applications of castor oil and other extreme measures too horrible to mention, till Bounce lay gasping with relief and we could settle back to await the next encounter. It always came. They were like strong drink to a drunkard. He couldn't leave them alone and he couldn't take them. Perhaps something like "Moles Anonymous" could have saved him. I doubt that anything short of it could. It dawned on us fairly quickly, of course, that he really wasn't quite bright about it all. That phase of it was never discussed. We just accepted it as you do the eccentricities of a genius.

His night life was something else again. We were all thoroughly articulate about that, especially Father. His desire for a good night's sleep waged a never-ending war with Bounce's ideas of the proper time for sleeping.

It was Father's custom to let Bounce out for a final tour of his favorite bushes at about eleven. When Bounce was on his good behavior, this routine consumed about ten minutes. When he had a light in his eye, it might consume several hours. During the summer months, this problem never reached a state of crisis because if he didn't come in, he just stayed out. But from the middle of October until the middle of April, the battle was on. At whatever hour he returned, Father would get up, go downstairs and let him in. As often as it happened, Father threatened never to do it again. Each time was definitely the last. The next time, Bounce could freeze to death for all Father cared. It was preposterous to have a night's sleep ruined because of a dog out half the night, carrying on. And so on and so on, to the accompaniment of much rattling of the upstate edition of the *Times* and baleful glowerings at the malefactor stretched out in happy masculine exhaustion on the horsehair couch. There is no record, however, that Bounce ever spent a winter's night in the open or that his punishment ever went beyond those verbal castigations. He soon (Continued on page 161)



Egor was truly a terror in a tank, but
there was one ordeal he could not face

The Russian Character

by ALEXIS TOLSTOÏ



WM. DU BOIS

THE Russian character! Now there's a pretentious title for a mere short story! But let that go, because I think it really fits the one I have to tell you.

The Russian character. Just try to define it! Would you attempt it by talking of heroic exploits? But there are so many of them that you'd hardly know where to begin...

Fortunately one of my friends has settled that choice, for me, with his own story.

Now I'm not going to tell you how he fought against the Germans, although he wears that conclusive little gold star among his half a chestful of medals. He's a plain, sweet-natured, ordinary fellow, a peasant from the Saratov province. But he is remarkable for his strength and his tall stature. You'd have had to see him climbing out of the turret of his tank to appreciate that. A veritable god of war! He'd leap down with a nimble bound, freeing his dampened curls from the grip of his helmet with one hand, wiping off his sweat-steamed face with the other, and never omitting that quick flashing smile.

Warriors, being in continual contact with death, apparently become better men. Everything petty drops away like dead skin, and correspondingly the heart grows bigger. Sure, with some it's tougher and with others more tender, but with all of them the instinct of good and faithful comradeship is developed. Now my friend, Egor Dremoff, was a settled, serious type, even before the war. He loved and respected his mother Maria Polycarpovna and his father Egor Egorovitch.

"My father," he used to say, "has self-respect. And he always taught me to be proud of being Russian."

He was engaged to a girl from the same small town. At the front they talked a lot about wives and sweethearts, especially during lulls in the fighting when it was very cold outside and in the shelter there was that talk-inducing combination of well-filled stomachs and faint candlelight. Then you would hear every phase of the subject. For instance, "the only foundation for love is respect" or even "love is only a habit; a man's love is shared between his wife and his father and mother and even his animals..." whereupon

another would be sure to interject "that's the bunk, all that—love is when your blood bubbles up to the brim and it's just like when you're good and drunk..." and the talk would swirl around for hours on end unless and until someone older and more experienced than the rest would cork it all with the definitive word of authority.

Egor Dremoff never played much part in these discussions. Any mention he ever made of his own fiancée was only in the form of an almost furtive indirection, as when he would contribute an impersonal reference to "a nice girl who would wait for a guy even if he only came back on one leg."

Nor could he be drawn out on the subject of his military exploits.

"It's better not to talk about those things," he'd say between puffs. And thus the only details we ever got had to be furnished by members of his tank crew, out of his presence. Tchouvileff, his driver, could sometimes be induced to fill us in:

"You see, we'd hardly got rolling when I see this big one coming from behind a hill and I yell 'Comrade lieutenant that one's a Tiger' —'Then step on it' he yells back 'and let's skin it! Give 'er the gas!' and so I begin to zigzag us around between the trees right and left and there's the Tiger coming right ahead like it was blind and couldn't see us, and before you know it the lieutenant's winged it in the side and then in the turret, and with his third smack he's got it pouring smoke from all its vents and in another second it's shooting flames up three hundred feet in the air... its crew was pouring out of the emergency exits, but the machine gun took care of them; all you could see was kicking legs under the blanket of smoke... so then the track was clear, and in five minutes we were on into the village. Well, there it was something! Driving those Krauts out of our path like scared chickens all scooting for their henhouse of a hangar... one of 'em was running in his stocking feet... and the comrade lieutenant orders me 'Straight ahead for their hangar, this cannon's tailored to its measure!' And, boy, how he made it fit... by the time we get up there he's wrecked it, walls and roof, and there's nothing left around us but these Krauts with their hands up..."

And that's the way Lieut. Egor Dremoff fought until the day when his luck ran out. That was in the battle for Kursk when the German losses were first beginning to slow them down and make them wobble, and just then his tank caught the one that had its number on it. Two of his men were killed outright by that first one, and then another burst set the tank on fire. The driver Tchouvileff managed to get out the front and to pull after him the unconscious lieutenant whose clothes were aflame. The tank exploded an instant later with such force that the turret was thrown a good hundred and fifty feet. Tchouvileff fell on his lieutenant and smothered the flames by scooping earth over his face and head and his clothes, and then dragged him away, from one shell hole to the next... "Why did I do it? Because I could feel that his heart was still beating," he recounted afterwards.

Egor Dremoff survived and didn't even lose his eyesight. But his face was so badly burned that there were places where the bare bones showed. He was eight months in the hospital, undergoing a series of plastic operations that rebuilt his nose, lips, eyelids and ears. When at the end of those eight months the last bandages were removed, he had a face that was complete and intact but that otherwise bore no resemblance to his own. The nurse who handed him a mirror turned away quickly to try to hide the fact that she was in tears. Handing back the mirror, he said: "It could be worse. At least one can live that way."



But he didn't ask her for a mirror again, contenting himself with touching his new face frequently, as if to get accustomed to it by that means. He was given a medical discharge. But he went to see his general and asked to be allowed to rejoin his unit.

"But you've been invalidated out!"

"No, my general, I've simply become a monster, and I can't see how that in any way keeps me from being fit for combat."

He noticed that during this conversation the general carefully avoided looking at him. He smiled at that realization, with his thin, misshapen purple lips. He received a twenty-day leave convalescence, instead of the full discharge, and set off for home.

It was the beginning of the month of March. At the station nearest his village he was tempted to take a carriage, but finally decided to do the twelve miles on foot. There was still heavy snow; it was grey and damp, and a cold wind kept pulling open the flaps of his greatcoat and whistling a nostalgic tune in his ears.

He made his little village at twilight. He saw again the community well where a stork was perched as always. The sixth cottage was that of his parents. He pulled up there, pausing irresolutely before the door, then sidling over to the window instead. Standing in the snow up to his knees, he could look inside and see his mother who, as he could tell by the pale light of the lamp, was preparing the evening meal. She looked exactly the same as ever—good, steady, quiet soul, with the same little lace cap on her head. She was perhaps a bit more stooped than when he had seen her last.

If he had only written her, he thought. If only a few words each day...

She was setting the table, with a bowl of milk, a piece of dark bread, two spoons and the salt cellar, then stood as if in reflection or perplexed, her thin arms crossed.

Egor Dremoff, watching his mother through the window, felt that he couldn't expose her to the fright and the shock of the realization that this disfigured creature was her son.

That decided, he strode around and knocked at the door. His mother called from inside.

"Who's there?"

He answered, "Lieutenant Gronoff, Hero of the Soviet Union."

He felt his racing heart quiet down as he realized that his mother had not recognized his voice. To himself, after all these operations, his own voice seemed hardly recognizable, having become harsh and rough.

"Goodness, what's happened?" she asked.

"I bring a message for Maria Polycarpovna from her son, First Lieutenant Dremoff."

At that she opened the door wide and threw herself upon him, wringing his hand.

"He's alive, then, my Egor? And well? Come in, then, and tell me!"

Egor Dremoff seated himself on the bench beside the table, at the very same place where he had sat when his feet could not yet touch the floor, and where his mother had caressed his curly head saying, "Eat, then, dearest."

He began telling her all about her son, not forgetting to throw in a few details about himself, and dwelt particularly on how her son looked and felt, and how well he was, and how happy. But he hardly mentioned the battles in which he had taken part with his tank.

"Tell me," she interrupted, looking at him in the half-light without really being able to see him, "is it terrible at the front?"

"Yes, all war is terrible, little mother, but then one does get used to it."

His father came home then, looking much older, his beard as if dipped in the flour bin. Seeing the guest, he paused to scrape the snow from his feet on the sill, then took off his fur-trimmed coat as he came in to the table and shook his hand. How familiar, his father's big, kind, fatherly hand.

His father sat down to listen, with his eyes half closed, not presuming to ask any questions of a medal-covered soldier.

The longer Dremoff sat there, unrecognized yet telling his own

story, the less bearable became the thought of making himself known, of getting up under the light and saying, "Recognize me, then, for the monster that I have become!"

It felt good to sit there, at his father's table, but at the same time he felt increasingly frustrated.

"Well," said his father, finally, "it's time to eat. Mother, can you find something to serve our guest?"

And Egor Egorovitch opened the little old sideboard where, in a corner at the left there were still some boy's fishhooks in a matchbox. There, too, was the same old teapot with the broken spout—and from within the cupboard came the same old remembered smell of bread and onions. Egor Egorovitch withdrew a decanter of wine, seeing with a little sigh that there remained in it only enough for two small glasses. They sat down to dinner, and while they were eating Dremoff noticed that his mother seemed to have been observing attentively his manner of holding his spoon. He smiled, and she quickly lowered her glance, and the shadow of sadness seemed to flicker across her face.

They talked about everything: the coming thaws, the sowing of crops, the hope that the war might end with the summer.

"But why do you think, Egor Egorovitch, that the war might end this summer?"

"Because the people are aroused," his father answered, "and after coming through the worst tests the Germans could put them to, they know now that nothing can stop them. Germany is kaput!"

Maria Polycarpovna then said, "You haven't told us when our son might expect a leave to come home and see us. Three years it's been since we've seen him. He must have grown and matured a lot in that time—he might even have mustaches now! And living like that in the neighborhood of death, his very voice might not even be the same!"

"Perhaps you won't even know him when he does come," said the lieutenant.

They made him a bed in the corner, on the ledge of the stove, where he knew every brick, every chink and crevice in the walls and every knot in the planks of the ceiling. The bread smell... the whole feel and smell of home that one never forgets to the very moment of death. The north wind whistled beneath the eaves. He could hear his father snoring through the thin partition, and could sense that his mother was sighingly wakeful, unable to sleep.

The lieutenant was lying on his side, his head cradled on his arm.

"Mother," he kept thinking, "Mother, can it be that you actually don't recognize me?"

In the morning he was awakened by the crackling of the logs, and saw that his mother was quietly busy near the fire. His socks had been hung up on the line to dry, and his boots had been cleaned and shined.

"Do you like cheese blintzes?" she asked him. He didn't answer at once, climbing down from the stove shelf, drawing on his tunic and buckling his belt, and sitting barefooted on the bench by the table.

"Tell me," he said at last, "does Katia Malychева the daughter of André Stefanovitch Malychévff still live near here?"

"She finished school last year," his mother said. "She's teaching now. Do you want to see her?"

"Your son asked me to say hello to her for him."

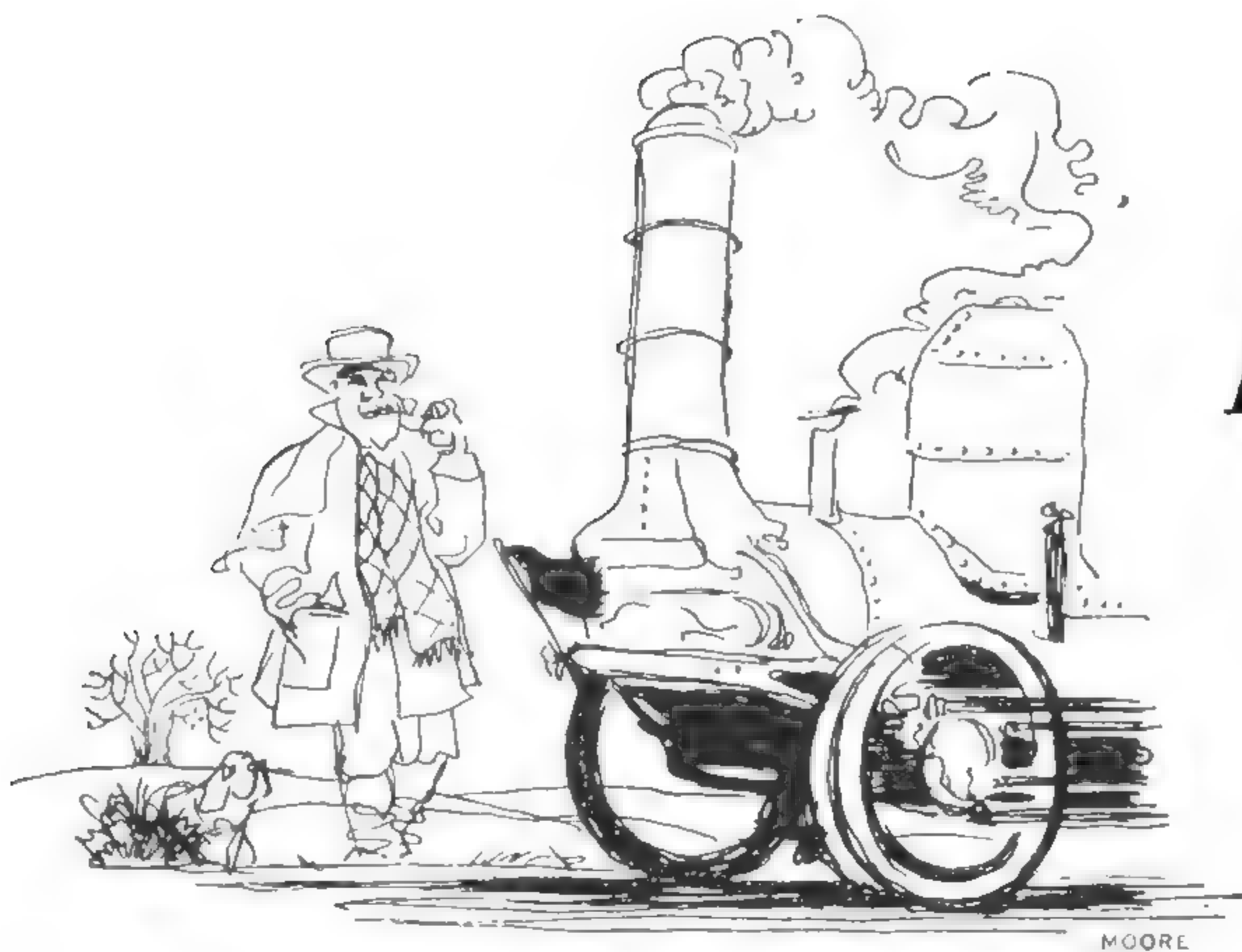
She sent a neighbor to go fetch the girl. The lieutenant hadn't had time to finish getting his boots on before Katia came running in.

Her big grey eyes glistening, her eyelids lifted in surprise and her cheeks flushed, as she threw off her knitted shawl, the lieutenant groaned inwardly at the sharpness of his longing to kiss those wind-blown locks... It was just as she looked now that he had so often pictured to himself his promised bride, fresh, gay, tenderly beautiful, and so radiantly wholesome that the very moment of her entry seemed to have gilded the whole room.

"Have you brought me news of Egor?" she asked breathlessly. He was turned away from the light, and (Continued on page 116)



"Now this house is a nice buy if you're not superstitious"



The Coaches Propelled by Steam

Passengers dodged the sparks as the train sped to Schenectady, fifteen miles an hour

by A. D. PITNEY

It is impossible for anyone in America to imagine the sensation of standing beside a road and watching the first railway train roll past. Looking at this picture it seems like something out of a long-past world.

But I was talking this week with a man whose grandfather saw the DeWitt Clinton pulling its train. That's how near it actually is in time. The grandfather, sitting in his farmhouse, would tell the story of one DeWitt Clinton run.

"We were hauling a load of wood along the wagon road when we saw the steam cars coming. We always stopped to look at them. The train came fast, and as it went by there was a lot of white lace and ribbons fluttering in one of the carriages. Then we saw men on horses galloping down the road a long way behind. It was a colonel from near Schenectady and three or four friends with him, all on good horses, but the horses were run out. They reined up when they got to us and one of the gentlemen said, 'We might as well give it up, Colonel.' The colonel pulled one of his flintlock horse pistols out of his holster and cocked it and fired a bullet after the train. He threw the pistol down in the road and I have it yet. It was his daughter on the train, running away to Albany to get married."

The DeWitt Clinton, on its regular run, was a familiar sight to this grandfather. Twenty years before the railroad came he had, in his moccasins and buckskin shirt with his long rifle on his shoulder, walked the Iroquois Indian trails between Albany and Schenectady. He was a soldier in the War of 1812. He died in the 1860's. His old-time stories he told to my friend's father.

Records of the General Society of the War of 1812 probably will show other people active today whose grandparents roamed the Indian trails before there was a steam railroad track in the Western hemisphere. Does that bring this picture nearer in time?

The Mohawk and Hudson railroad was sixteen and a half miles long. There were less than fifty miles of track on this continent when it was laid. The DeWitt Clinton was built at the West Point Foundry down the Hudson. Its first run was August 9, 1831.

What a day that was. The population of Albany and people from the near-by country packed around the DeWitt Clinton and the train, made up of carriages which were stagecoach bodies fastened on iron wheels to run on the rails. The passengers were celebrities and beautiful ladies invited to give éclat to this first trip. They were all in place with parasols, hoopskirts and furbelows and fans waving. Speeches had been made and wine had flowed. The gentlemen hung onto their beaver hats as the conductor tooted his tally-ho horn in stagecoach tradition.

Bim. Clank. The DeWitt Clinton lunged forward. All the outside passengers tumbled over on the roofs. Polished beaver hats flew. All the gentlemen inside facing to the rear leaped into the laps of the ladies opposite them and rolled on the floor. The engine and the cars were fastened loosely together by chains and the jerk was terrific. The stubborn little locomotive kept right on going, and the passengers sorted themselves out as it bumped along.

What had happened was nothing. Out in the country the engineer began to stuff fat pine chunks in the firebox to keep up his fifty pound steam pressure. The DeWitt Clinton had forced draft with the steam exhausting through the oversize stack. The draft sucked

that blazing light pine through the stack like a fountain and it poured back over the train. Sparks and flaming chunks rained on the gala summer dresses and nankeen trousers as the train sped at fifteen miles an hour. The gentlemen fought to keep the ladies from catching fire. They all were black as stokers in a few minutes, fine clothes were riddled with burned holes, headdresses, veils and bonnets were scorched.

They screamed for the conductor to stop the train, for the engineer to blanket his fire, but the DeWitt Clinton whooped along. There was no communication between the train and the engineer.

It was a desperate battle until the halfway point, where they had to stop for water for the engine. Then there was another jolt equal to a collision as the train banged together. At least something could be done about that. The men jumped down and chopped up fence rails to make bumpers to hold the cars apart. When the train got to the waiting crowd at Schenectady, the deluxe passengers got out looking as if they had just been through a fight with the Indians.

But it was a stout little railroad. The engineer devised a wire net screen to control the engine sparks. For fifteen years the Clinton stayed in service, making regular runs. Record shows that it was held up by a deep snow in the Winter of 1832. And from it grew the New York Central system and the Twentieth Century Limited.

The placid farmers of the Mohawk-Hudson valley welcomed the railroad. They weren't like the Pennsylvania men who made it hard for their road. One farmer there built a fence across the track and hauled a sledge loaded with stones across it alongside the fence. When the train came along at night the farmer was there with his friends to defend his rights. The train crew and passengers swarmed out and armed themselves with firewood billets from the fuel car for a battle with the farm rebels and then they had to clear the track.

As trains were run then, the engineer took no orders from anybody. Another legend of the early days was of the conductor who decided to run his own train and tell the engineer when to stop. The daring conductor rigged a signal cord along the cars to a stake fastened to the engine. The first time he pulled the cord the engineer took out the stake and waited for the conductor to come forward.

The fight was a close one but the engineer conceded the match. After that the conductor fastened a cowbell to the cord at the engine end, and another great step ahead in railroad equipment was made.

Looking at this picture gives an idea of the thin start the railroads had so short a time ago. Early roads used horses as much as steam engines to pull cars. The tracks had the space between the rails leveled for a horse path. Farmers and teamsters used the tracks and wouldn't make way for the locomotive which sometimes had to creep many miles behind a load of hay.

The old mill in the picture, with its Dutch design, was built of brick which crossed the ocean from Holland as ballast and was freighted up the river in barges. Mills like that are there yet. And the railway is there yet, but now it is the main line of the New York Central. So little time ago. Grandsons of men who stood looking at the DeWitt Clinton are walking around now. It makes us know how young this country is. ‡

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

All too often the newfangled steam trains broke down and the old faithful stagecoaches went their way. So Mr. Goff declares that he is happy to be on the side of progress here by showing the iron monster winning the contest with King Winter while

three disgruntled gentlemen have to heave-ho on a stagecoach. The cold which seems to permeate the picture is a tribute to Goff's ability and the patience of his models who were highly uncomfortable posing in their heavy winter clothes under an

August sun in California. This was a much happier project than Goff's first train picture done in childhood. To the dismay of a passenger agent to whom he tried to sell it, the picture showed the line's crack train in an unsurpassed wreck.



Harper Goff

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WINTER RUN OF THE DE WITT C

(On the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad)

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE



LINTON by Harper Goff

ad)

E



Esquire

*“Would you mind if I took a little time
to think that over?”*





How Alexander Woolcott, Joan Blondell
and G-man Hoover were trapped by a gag

The Cream of the Practical Jest

by ALAN HYND

J. EDGAR HOOVER was relaxing in New York's Stork Club one night several years ago with a couple of writer friends—Heywood Broun and Quentin Reynolds—when Reynolds remarked to the head G-man, “Edgar, I think you should know that Heywood’s wife has been receiving threatening letters.” Hoover, startled, was transformed in a twinkling from a man at ease to a man-hunter. “Have you any idea, Heywood,” he asked Broun, “who is sending the letters?”

Broun shook his shaggy head. “But *I* have,” said Reynolds, with the air of a man gravely concerned over impending peril to his friend’s wife.

Hoover glanced around to make certain that the conversation was not being overheard. “Who,” he asked Reynolds in subdued tones, “is sending the letters?”

“The grocer,” snapped Quent.

Broun almost choked on his drink and Reynolds guffawed while Hoover laughed, somewhat hollowly, at the joke on himself.

Hoover, being an important and serious-minded man whose work requires of him considerable personal dignity, is a type dear to risibilities of practical jokers who specialize in punctured-dignity operations. A trap of embarrassment was set for him once in Hollywood, with Vince Barnett, the professional ribber, acting as bait.

Barnett was introduced to Hoover and two top associates as the man who was second in command of the Paris Police. The F.B.I. chief, anxious to talk shop, began to ask Barnett certain questions about the work of the Paris department. Barnett was strangely close-mouthed and evasive, as if he didn’t trust Hoover. Finally he said, in English wrapped in an authentic-sounding French dialect, “Mr. Hoover, I am not answering your questions because, frankly, I don’t think you know very much about police work.”

Hoover coughed and reddened. Then Barnett began to ask him several 64-dollar question: about nonexistent crimes, which Barnett claimed every beat-pounder knew about. When Hoover confessed lack of knowledge about the crimes in question, Barnett simulated Latin rage. “Such ignorance!” he screamed at the head G-man, “No wonder so many criminals slip through your fingers!”

Barnett, a man who was wasting his time, arose to go. He paused to glower at Hoover and his two associates, whose polished calm had also been ruffled by Barnett’s outrageous remarks. As a parting shot to the three men who, among other things, took justifiable pride in the fact that they bore not the slightest resemblance to dicks with police-station backgrounds, Barnett yelled, “Three flatfeet!”

Hoover is but one of hundreds of highly-placed men who look back with mingled emotions on encounters with Vince Barnett. Over a period of years, Barnett—an intense and belligerent-looking little man—has carried more than his share of the burden in seeing to it that the art of practical joking remains an integral part of American life.

In the past few years Barnett has not been as active as he once was, due principally to the fact that just about everybody in Hollywood, where he functions, is now on to him. But a decade ago he earned a handsome livelihood by thinking up ways of making life uncomfortable for the big shots of never-never land.

When Joan Blondell was just coming into international renown after years of hard work, Barnett was hired by some of her friends to visit the Warner Brothers Studio, where the actress was employed, and pose as a prominent movie-theatre operator from the Balkans. The visitor was introduced to all of the Warner stars, and he greeted each luminary,

except Miss Blondell, with garrulous enthusiasm. Vince just looked at Joan in vague disapproval and then, carefully regarding the actress’ blonde hair, sputtered, “My audiences they do not like that wig you wear.”

Barnett walked away before the star stopped burning long enough to find words blistering enough for an answer. All the rest of the day she was plagued by Barnett who, on his tour of the studio, always seemed to be within earshot when he loudly proclaimed to studio officials, “Police don’d sent me Plondell pictures no more. That woman she empties my theatres and I loose money.”

It was months after she learned that she had been ribbed before Miss Blondell could see the slightest bit of humor in Barnett’s visit to Warner Brothers.

The change-over from silent pictures to talkies in the Hollywood studios late in the twenties offered rich opportunities to Barnett. Some impish friends of Eddie Mannix, one of the top executives at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contrived to have Barnett, posing as a German sound-equipment expert, taken through the M-G-M glamor foundry to inspect a few million dollars’ worth of talkie equipment that Mannix had just purchased. Mannix, proud of the fact that he had obtained the finest equipment available, took time out from his multitudinous duties to show Barnett around the M-G-M Studios.

At the outset of the tour, Barnett displayed a singular lack of enthusiasm over what Mannix showed him. At the end of fifteen minutes, during which the visitor had done nothing but look on in glum silence while the M-G-M executive talked earnestly, Mannix asked, “Am I not making myself clear?”

“All *too* clear,” was Barnett’s puzzling response. As the tour continued, Barnett began to find fault with things. When Mannix would explain something that Barnett asked about, the ribber would glance quickly at him as if he didn’t believe a word of what Mannix had said.

Now the supposed sound expert from Germany began to contradict statements Mannix made, the while increasing the intensity of his criticism of the executive’s purchases. Finally Barnett asked



“Now, then—just one more small formality”

what seemed to be an irrelevant question. "You were a policeman once, were you not, Mr. Mannix?"

The executive nodded.

"Did you ever take graft from anybody when you were a policeman?" Barnett wanted to know.

"Certainly not!" answered Mannix, who was now warm around the neck.

"Well, you're certainly taking it now!" snapped Barnett.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mannix.

"You have betrayed your studio," said the joker, "by paying millions of dollars for a lot of junk. Why, in Germany we would sell this stuff to the scrap people. Just how much graft were you paid by the manufacturer who unloaded all this stuff on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?"

Barnett, through long experience, knew when to put space between himself and a left hook aimed at his jutting jaw—and he put space between himself and Eddie Mannix now. Nobody in Hollywood laughed louder at the rib than Mannix did when he got wise, and he later hired Barnett to produce horselaughs on his friends in other studios.

Hollywood, with its flair for exaggeration in almost everything, has long led the field in practical jokes. The late W. S. Van Dyke, while directing *Trader Horn* on location in Africa, took the Hollywood touch to the veldt by having mechanical crocodiles chase members of the cast at dusk.

A prominent producer, whose hobby was politics, received a

telephone call one day from a man who said he was United States Senator Tydings of Maryland, and that he and Senator King of Utah, in Los Angeles for a holiday, would appreciate it if the producer would show them around the studio. A couple of extras from the Central Casting Corporation, hired by an enemy of the producer, showed up, the spitting images of the two solons.

Before leaving the studio, the ringers for Tydings and King willingly posed with the producer for publicity pictures. The enchantment merchant didn't discover the rib until he was tartly informed, on United States Senate stationery, that Senators Tydings and King were totally unamused by fraudulent pictures that they had seen in the newspapers.

Little Sid Grauman, the super-duper West Coast showman—and perhaps the only man extant who has ever been pleased to see footprints in wet cement on his property—has long been a leading impresario of the utilitarian rib. One of his most famous took place when Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, D. W. Griffiths and Mary Pickford were in their heyday, and the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles was the gathering place of the stars of the rapidly growing industry. In the Alexandria's lobby was a huge rug which became known as the Million Dollar Rug because so many important contracts were signed by the movie people while standing on it. Sid decided to see if he and his pals could get away with the theft of the famous rug.

While Sid Chaplin read poetry to the night clerk, who was a lover of verse, Director Marshall Neilan offered (*Continued on page 141*)

The race is to the apple polisher, the spotlight mugger, the backdoor diplomat

The Art of Office Politics

by TOM MAHONEY

OFFICE politics—one of the world's greatest and most intriguing pastimes—may be defined briefly as the scheming within an organization to secure advantages for the schemer and his friends. A great deal more prevalent and just as contagious as the measles, it exists at least latently everywhere and adds immensely to the cost of doing business. If you want to know the extent of office politics in

our corporations, companies, colleges, institutions and government departments, just ask the man who works for one. Quickly and dramatically he will tell you all, accompanied by gestures depicting the slitting of the throat or the implanting of a knife in the back.

The more important phases of office politics are the problem of Attracting Attention; the art of Taking Credit; the art of Getting Out from Under; the discovery and disposal of Buried Bodies; the principle of Staying Close to the Throne; the Keeping Up of Fences; and the matter of Neutrality. These will endure in offices long after television has replaced typing.

The art of attracting attention is bordered on one side by the darkness of criminal chicanery and on the other by the light of legitimate ambition. If a small boy in a schoolroom full of small boys, or a stenographer in an office full of stenographers, can win favorable attention, chances for advancement increase geometrically. The mother who provides the apple and the schoolboy who takes it to his teacher both display a flair for office politics: even the teacher who persistently places flowers on the principal's desk is dabbling in the art. The stenographer may buy herself a peroxide rinse or choose a well-fitting brassiere as her secret weapon. As long as the boss can't promote people until he knows they exist, there is much to be said for attracting attention.

The matter of taking credit is more complex. The office politician, of course, assumes responsibility for all successful projects and disclaims any connection with undertakings that turn out otherwise. This is usually an easy trick. American business is now so complex that almost any new development goes through so many hands that the real father of the idea, unless he asserts himself, is forgotten. Despite the faith of executives in slogans



"His auditor considers me petty cash!"

like "nothing ever happens—somebody makes it happen," many of the best ideas reach an office by sheer chance. If the office politician can be the first to relay one of these to the boss, there is no risk and much gain in appropriating it.

Indeed, the politician need not actually lay claim to the idea to receive credit, for the mere fact that he has reported the idea connects him with it in the executive's mind. If the news is bad, however, the experienced office politico remembers that ancient kings killed the bearers of evil tidings. Hence office politicians are so averse to connecting themselves with woe that many executives have had to bring in outside investigators to learn what is going on in their own offices.

When an office politician guesses badly or runs afoul of an even more adroit practitioner of the art, he must consider the problem of "getting out from under." In many cases, he simply dictates a memorandum to somebody else, blaming him for the mistake, and sends carbons to all the higher-ups. This solution is extremely popular in government departments; if it does not completely shift the blame, it usually beclouds the issue sufficiently to protect the author of the memorandum. If the politician is too weary to write a memorandum, he can get in some effective hatchet work by phone calls or just idle conversation. Whatever the device, the purpose is to convince the boss that the politico had absolutely nothing to do with the visitation of ill fortune.

Quite often, newcomers in otherwise busy offices are surprised to meet an employee who arrives late, leaves early and does almost nothing. The whispered explanation is: "He knows where the body is buried!" Individuals of this type are office politicians *emeritus*. They know so much that executives keep them on the payroll in self-defense. But the office politician must first make sure that he really has a "body." Second, he must determine whether there is more profit to him in virtuously exhuming it or in helping the culprit bury it deeper.

When an organization divides into two cliques, the role of neutral is sad. Regardless of which faction wins, the neutrals will become the prey of the victors. Unless the office politician can promote a sabbatical year or otherwise vanish from the scene while the conflict is resolved, he had better cast his lot with the side that appears stronger. The perpetual neutral, afraid to take a stand on anything, is unpopular even in calm times.

But it is in the struggle to stay close to the throne that the office politician works hardest. Every soldier knows that deeds performed under the eyes of his general are more likely to be rewarded than the same exploits reported from a distant sector. Every office politician strives to gain, or retain, a place at headquarters. Manfully, he resists proposals to send him to distant plants or branch offices, for he knows that in business, as in love, the long absent fare poorly.

The gaining of a place at headquarters, however, is only a start for a Grade-A office politician who restricts his efforts neither to the office nor to office hours. He may marry the boss' daughter, if there is one. If not, he can woo the boss' secretary. "To obtain the highest favors," the worldly Casanova once advised, "all that is necessary is to obtain the good will of an official's favorite or even his valet." The secretary of today has inherited the power of both the valet and the favorite of the eighteenth century. A secretary can defeat a minor proposal simply by not passing it along, or may determine the fate of a man and his project by the time that she schedules an appointment with the boss. If the underling appears when the boss is amiable, there is a chance. If he comes when the boss is in a mean mood, the project is doomed.

As spies for others or harpooners on their own, lowly office helpers often figure devastatingly in office machinations. A weary subeditor on a weekly magazine once rested his head briefly on his desk. A typist who didn't like him immediately told her friend, the boss' secretary, that the man was "so drunk he's passed out at his desk." This conversation was relayed to the boss and the subeditor, de-

spite fervent denials of the drunkenness charge, was promptly fired.

Only slightly less vicious is the practice of answering phone calls for a temporarily absent colleague. "He's not here," goes one familiar routine. "I don't know where he is. I don't believe I've seen him all morning." That tells a lot in a few words. And the tone is more important than the words.

Then there is the reverse technique, of course, when the absent worker and the phone answerer are of the same office political faction. "He was here just a second ago," says the cover-upper. "He's out with a customer. I expect him any minute." Naturally the one who is calling gets the impression that the person he is seeking is right on the job.

Outside of business, the office politician pursues his superiors through clubs, alumni groups, charities, fraternities, hobbies, sports and even church activities. Nothing is sacred to him. Because of its relative privacy and the opportunity for earnest conversation, golf is the favorite sport of the office politician. However, it is a well-known fact that he will take up chess or anything else if his boss becomes interested in it.

The wife of a New York surgeon once shrewdly calculated that the way for him to gain an appointment to a fashionable hospital staff was for them to take up winter sports at a vacation resort frequented by the head of the hospital. Everything went as planned, the couple

even being lucky enough to encounter such bad weather at the resort that the surgeon did not have to reveal his complete ineptness with skis.

Wives, in fact, are so important in office politics that using the wife is an established routine in many silk-stocking precincts. In organizations where families of executives see a lot of each other, young men with charming wives are always promoted more rapidly than those whose mates are socially dreary. But the routine has its hazards.

An ambitious reporter on a Kansas City newspaper introduced his wife, a beauteous blonde, to his editor. The editor and the reporter's wife hit it off so well that the reporter soon found himself sent on long assignments to western Kansas, while the editor consoled the wife. Eventually the reporter lost both job and wife, the latter to the editor.

Even at best, however, the way of the office politician is hard. His machinations, easily detected by other office politicians, are equally obvious to the executive who has reached his level by the same treacherous path. Moreover, things do not always go according to plan.

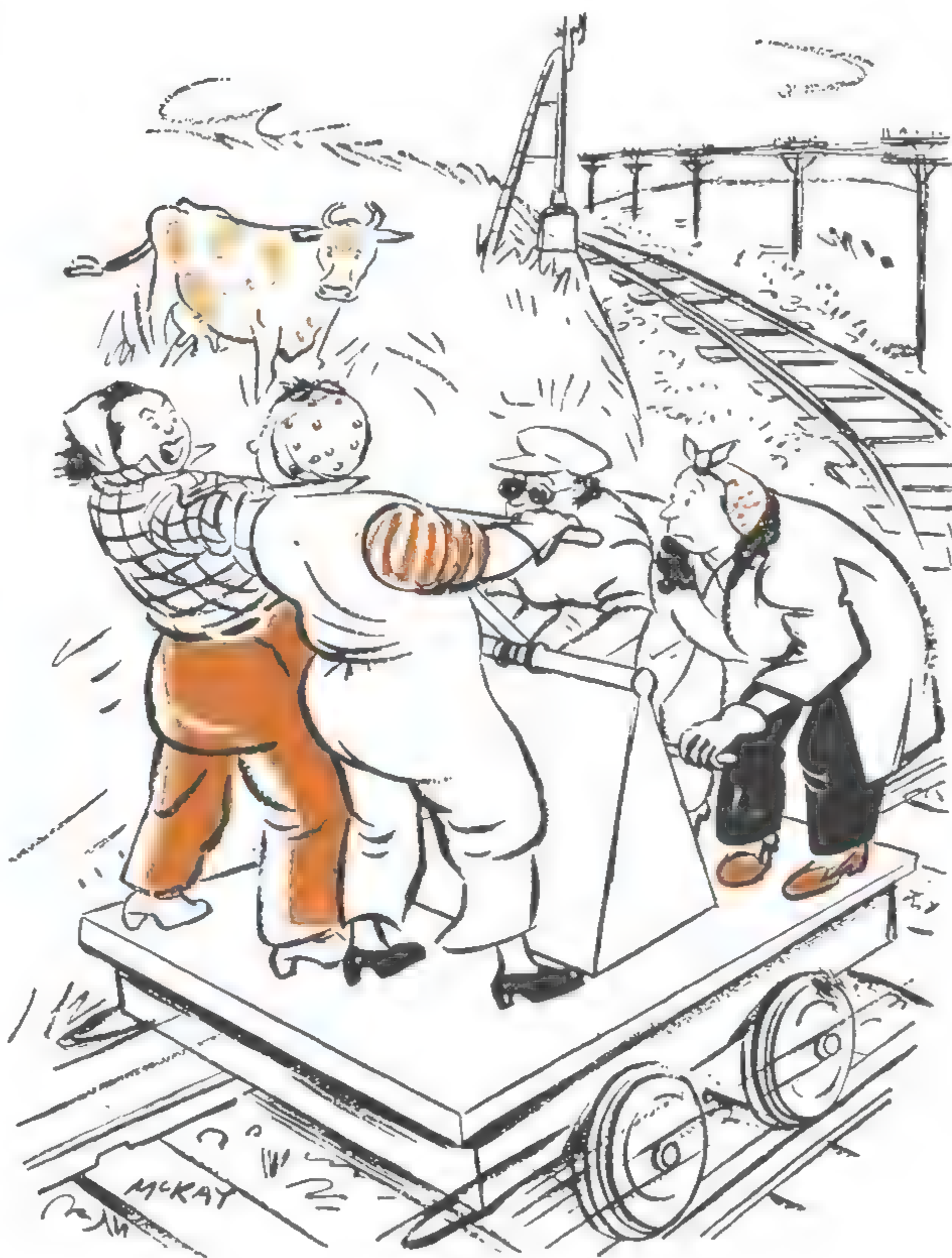
One aspiring Philadelphia subordinate spent a lot of money joining one of the boss' clubs only to find that he was the first discharged when the office had to retrench. Because of the club membership, the boss thought that the

schemer had independent means and didn't need the job.

All office politicians, their slow-footed and slow-witted victims like to believe, eventually receive their just desserts and go to a special, memorandum-papered hell. This may be true, but for many politicians, the doom is delayed until the hereafter. As they approach their ultimate destiny, they characteristically attempt to smooth the way by gifts to the charities of the faction that they assume has the greatest influence in the offices beyond the pearly gates. In the meantime they become presidents and vice presidents of companies, marry beautiful women, amass wealth, drive fine automobiles, drink vintage wine, patronize the best tailors and enjoy life generally.

But even if the miracle could be arranged, where would we be without office politics? The work week could be cut to three days, and wages doubled. Production would be quadrupled. Grass would grow in Hollywood swimming pools. The Pentagon Building could be converted into apartments. Golf would again become a sport. Wives could be wives.

Perhaps even the desert—in the words of William Jennings Bryan—would bloom as the rose, with two gay blades of grass where only one grew before. #

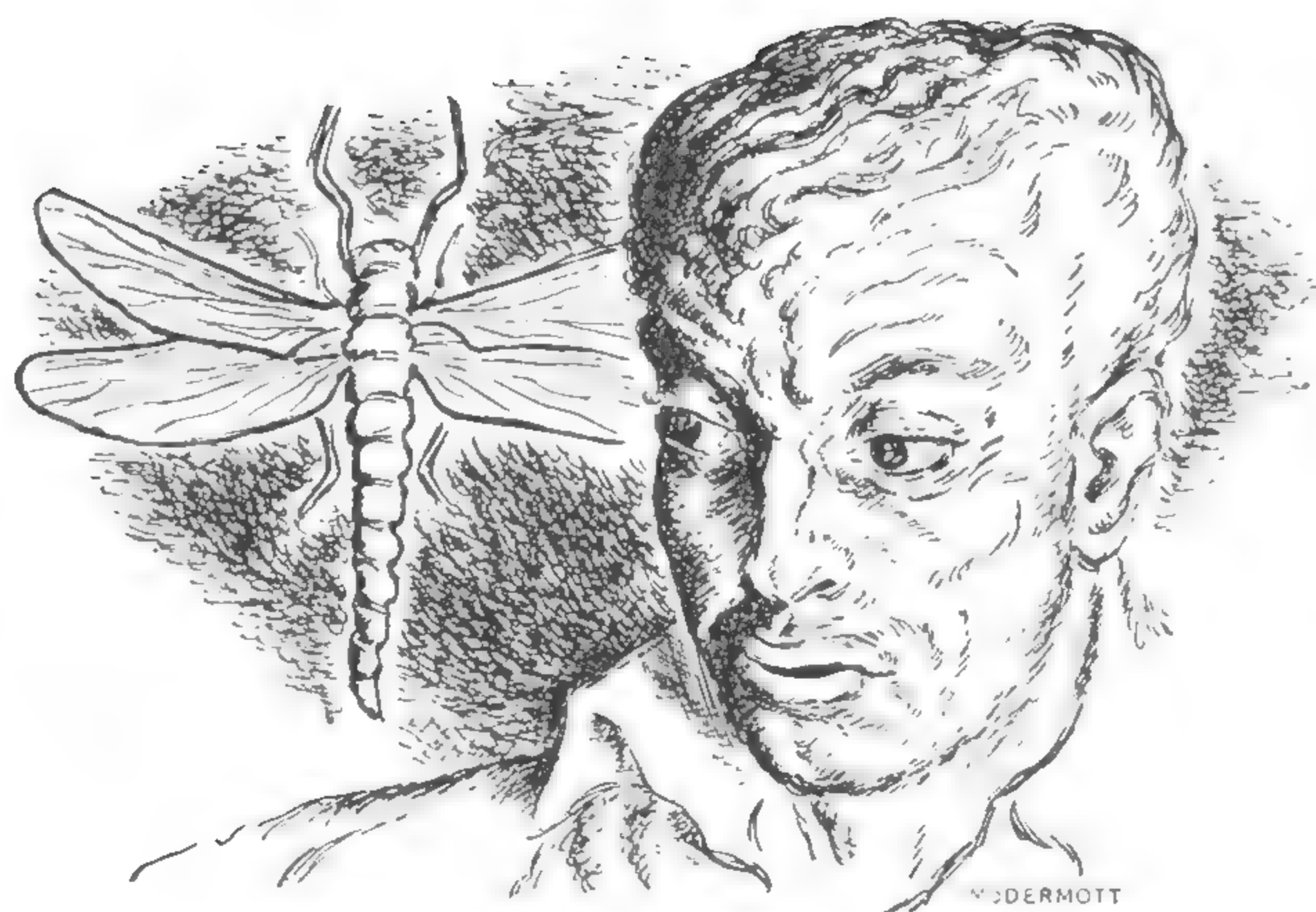


"You mean we get fifty dollars a week, and all these rides for nothing?"

Complete in itself, this story is part of a forthcoming novel, *The Weak and the Strong*

The God of the Winged Worm

by GERALD KERSH



It all happened when Willow and I were on that disastrous expedition into the forests of Brazil. We were looking for butterflies. I have spent all my life looking for butterflies. How very silly it all seems, now, to spend a lifetime in wild places for the sake of catching little bright insects and giving them names. What was it all for? To increase, by the weight of a butterfly, the sum of human knowledge—which is to say, we hope, human glory. I am a bug hunter. I have been into nearly all the places that seem to be forsaken by God, avoided by man, and fit only for vegetables, reptiles and insects. I have risked my life a thousand times to catch a beetle no bigger than your little fingernail. I have gone through murderous jungles, rotten with fever, to find a moth. It sounds like madness—this desire to stick labels upon the works of God. All the same, once that desire gets hold of you it becomes your life, and you must go on to the end of your days.

Willow and I had spent two years in the wildest and most savage country we had ever known. In these hot, wet forests everything grows too fast. The trees, I tell you, jostle and suffocate each other to get their heads up into the light—like a mob at a public execution. Even the flowers seem to go crazy in all that wet heat and rotteness; the orchids, one might say, snarl at one another and try to make their neighbors insignificant, with their wild colors and queer shapes. On the other hand things you want to avoid, or to find, hide themselves. The snakes try to make themselves look like branches, the insects disguise themselves as leaves or flowers or twigs; everything that can think a little is keeping unseen, because in the forest there is nothing but terror and hate. It is a frightful place, but very wonderful, manured by a million years of life and death; stinking with richness.

What Willow and I found doesn't matter now. We had trouble; our bearers, at a certain point, got frightened. They were afraid of some race of monstrous people that lived in the direction in which we were traveling. They said that these were ghost men, who could fly by night on great white wings. Now we had heard such tales before and we were not greatly interested in them. In the end such tales nearly always prove to be half-dreams, such as go to make

fairy tales. One tribe, in a certain ritual, may wear, say, cat skins; and so the story is born that once a year they turn into cats. So it goes on. There are leopard men, and pig men, and devil men, and all kinds of legendary men. . . .

These ghost men, we had no doubt, were men who leaped about by night wearing some sort of skull mask. We pushed on until, one morning, we woke and found our bearers gone, with all our firearms, our specimens, and most of the stores. What were we to do? To go back was impossible, to stay where we were was impossible, and it was equally impossible to push on. So I quoted the old Zulu proverb: *If we go forward we die, if we go back we die; better go forward.*

There is no need to tell you about what our suffering was during the next month: you will have read all that kind of thing before in the romances. We were nearly mad with fever and nearly dead with hunger and thirst and exhaustion, when we got to a stretch of cleaner country by the river, and there was something about it that told me there were men not far away. It was man's country; it was possible for men to live there, I mean. This gave me a little hope. But Willow wanted to lie down and die, because he said—being a little delirious—that he knew he was going to die anyway. And so he did die, poor Willow, but not until later. That, as you will see, provides the whole point of what I am going to tell you.

I persuaded him to hold out just a little longer, and we struggled on until nightfall, and then tiredness got me also, and I said: "Let us rest a little." We had reached some wooded uplands, and there was a full moon, unbelievably bright. We were too sick and weary to care about wild beasts or snakes or scorpions; we just threw ourselves down and slept.

But I have a habit of waking up from time to time if anything unusual is happening, no matter how deeply I am sleeping, and after about three hours I opened my eyes, because I had heard a quick flapping noise. Everything was white except the shadows, and they were black as ink. I saw something coming over the brow of the hill. It was a white thing, very tall, and it had wings. It stood with the full moon on it and made its wings vibrate, and I heard the flapping noise again. Then, from behind, a dozen more of these things appeared and stood looking down. The first white thing made a signal, a loud and horrible note, not unlike the noise of an enraged wasp, enormously amplified. Then the whole hillside was swarming with these white things, coming down toward us. I may have fainted, but I believe that, exhausted as I was, I went to sleep again. Only I had a peculiar dream of flying.

When I awoke I found myself in another place. I was lying on a bed of dried grass in a hut made of mud and branches, and I was weary, yet well and happy. Willow was lying beside me. As I opened my eyes, he opened his, and asked me where we were. I didn't know. I remembered, very vividly, what then seemed to be a dream, the delirious vision of the white winged things, but I said nothing. And then a man came in, some kind of Indian, but taller than most and very old, with a skin which, I thought, had been whitened with clay or chalk. He came closer; I saw that he was an albino, dead white and with pink eyes. His head had been shaved and he was completely naked, tattooed from head to foot with narrow black bands which encircled his head, his body, his arms and his legs. As he moved, he seemed to have the pliability of a maggot, arching and straightening his back, and gliding rather than walking. I have never been more afraid of anybody in all my life. He looked at me with his red eyes, and then at Willow, (Continued on page 138)



"Now see what you did—you got a feather in my rice pudding!"



A LITTLE LEARNING

Painting by J. Frederick Smith

Even self-improvement can be carried to excess, and Mr. Smith's kewpie of the month has elected to absorb a part of that ponderous tome by osmosis. Since the artist has a flair for making his props as interesting as his people, readers have

asked for complete information on the furnishing details of the paintings. The décor is, of course, violently Early American, even to electrified oil lamps. The apple-green tufted sofa was once armored in horsehair and made a parlor ideal

for funerals and unwelcome guests. The Grandfather's clock tells the day of the month as well as the hour—as helpful, if not as portable, as a datebook. (Mr. Smith's impudent ladies, we assure his clamorous following, are here for an indefinite run.)



"Here comes Julius now"

Foxton, Cambridgeshire, furnishes further proof of the unreliability of Wodehouse

Unsentimental Journey

by CHESTER MORRISON

"IT IS to be questioned whether in the whole length and breadth of the world there is a more admirable spot for a man in love to pass a day or two than the typical English village. It combines the comforts of civilization with the restfulness of solitude, in a manner equaled by no other spot except the New York Public Library."

That is a passage from an English novel called *A Damsel in Distress*. The operative words, as they used to say in the Army, are "it is to be questioned."

"Here your lover may wander to and fro unmolested"—so this book says—"speaking to nobody, by nobody addressed, and have the satisfaction at the end of the day of sitting down to a capitably cooked chop and chips, lubricated by golden English ale."

Again one searches the paragraph for the pregnant word, and in this case the word is "may."

I yield to no man in my admiration for the sturdy British character; I grant certain similarities between the soothing calm of Foxton, Cambs., and, say, Oakharbor, Ohio: I admit that Mr. Wodehouse wrote his book while still in the bud of his literary flowering, and that the passing years have not dealt lightly with the Lady Patricia Maud Belpheer, the distressed damsel. Yet, I confess that my heart no longer leaps when I behold a thatch-roofed cottage in the rain.

Consider the position. For some years past I have shared the happy-go-lucky, healthful outdoor life of the Armies of Democracy, and for some months after the shooting stopped, London was my home. Dreary as it is, I liked London, even though in many respects it is just like Paris or Rome or Pittsburgh—complete with Black Market and no cigarettes.

But living in London involves certain gastric inconveniences such as repetitive meals of what the forthright Briton calls "offal." Offal is the hearts, livers, tripes, tongues, chitlings, trotters and sweetbreads of the beasts which also furnish (though to whom I cannot say) steaks, chops and fine, rare roasts. Sometimes one also gets what the British grimly call a "pie." The pie is a formidable loaf built of "manufacturing meat" (a term invented by the Ministry of Food) which is what is left over after the offal is carted away.

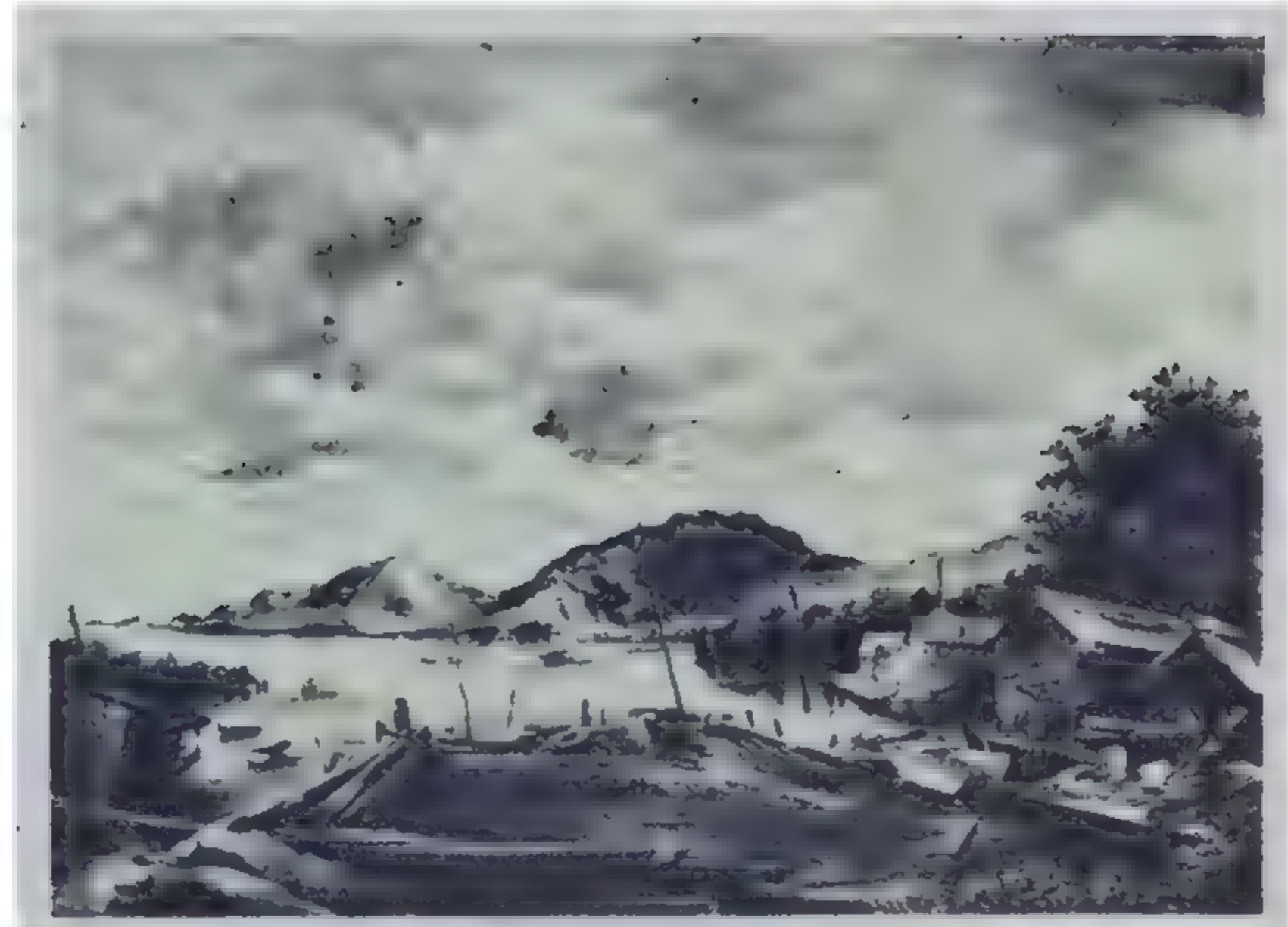
The Harley Street specialist is accustomed to the hoarse gargle that passes for breathing in one who smokes even the occasional English cigarette, but even so he looked up from my chest with concern in his eyes.

"What you need is some building-up," he said. "I know just the place. Quiet, good food, fresh air. Five guineas, please." You lay it right on the line for Harley Street. None of your bills dragging on for months.

And that's how I got to Foxton, Cambs. I hadn't read the Wodehouse panegyric then—I found that later in the library of Foxton Hall. The very presence in an English library of a book by that once-popular writer is a tip-off on the timeless character of Foxton Hall.

But anyway, I knew that at last I was going to see the real England. I bade them good-bye at the Mason's Arms and went home with a singing heart to pack a bag. I thought of thatched cottages and larks on the wing; of sitting on stiles in country lanes; the smell of sweet earth and growing things everywhere; of wandering over the downs with the wind in my face, although even yet I don't know what a down is, nor a copse, nor for that matter, a spinney.

Foxton Hall is a three-story stucco monstrosity hidden from the Great North Road by evergreens and flanked by beds of cabbages. My castle—in England every man's home is his castle—is a room



MOSKOWITZ

overlooking a lettuce patch and the garage. It is just like a room I once had in the Mansion House at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, except that the picture on the wall there was cowboys-and-Indians by Remington, and here it is a blue-and-pink print of the Taw Marshes at Dartmoor, with fog-shrouded hills in the background. My castle is not big enough for a proper wind tunnel, but the principles of the wind tunnel have been utilized.

However, you learn here, as they say, to "take the rough with the smooth." You can always go down and sit on the wide stair landing, where a bridge lamp throws a circle of pallid light into one corner of a horsehair sofa.

The habit of understatement for which this country is celebrated does not apply to its climate. If it is true that the sun never sets on the British Empire, it is true also that it seldom rises on the British Isles. Rain lashed at the window beside the sofa; the walls of Foxton Hall quivered but did not buckle under the blows of the wind. I had just come to that bit about wandering unmolested, by nobody addressed, when a woman shrieked at me.

"Haven't seen such rain," she yelled, "since we were in Bavaria. Three bridges were carried off in the floods." She was a tall, stern, white-haired woman who, somebody told me afterwards, is Lady Somebody.

"Some storm," I said.

"What's that?" she shouted, "what's that you say? They had to send all the food across the river by ropes. That was at Garmisch-Partenkirchen."

"Ropes!" I said.

"I hope so too," she cried from the bottom of the stairs. I found out later that she is deaf. I looked forward to the end of the day, lubricated by golden English ale. I should have known better.

What struck me on the first walk around this countryside—besides the rain and the wind that's never weary—was that people who paint pictures of thatched cottages are almost too photographic. I noticed that English barnyard fowl can make themselves understood in the language of their American cousins—which is more than I can do when I try speaking with the countrymen (Continued on page 176)

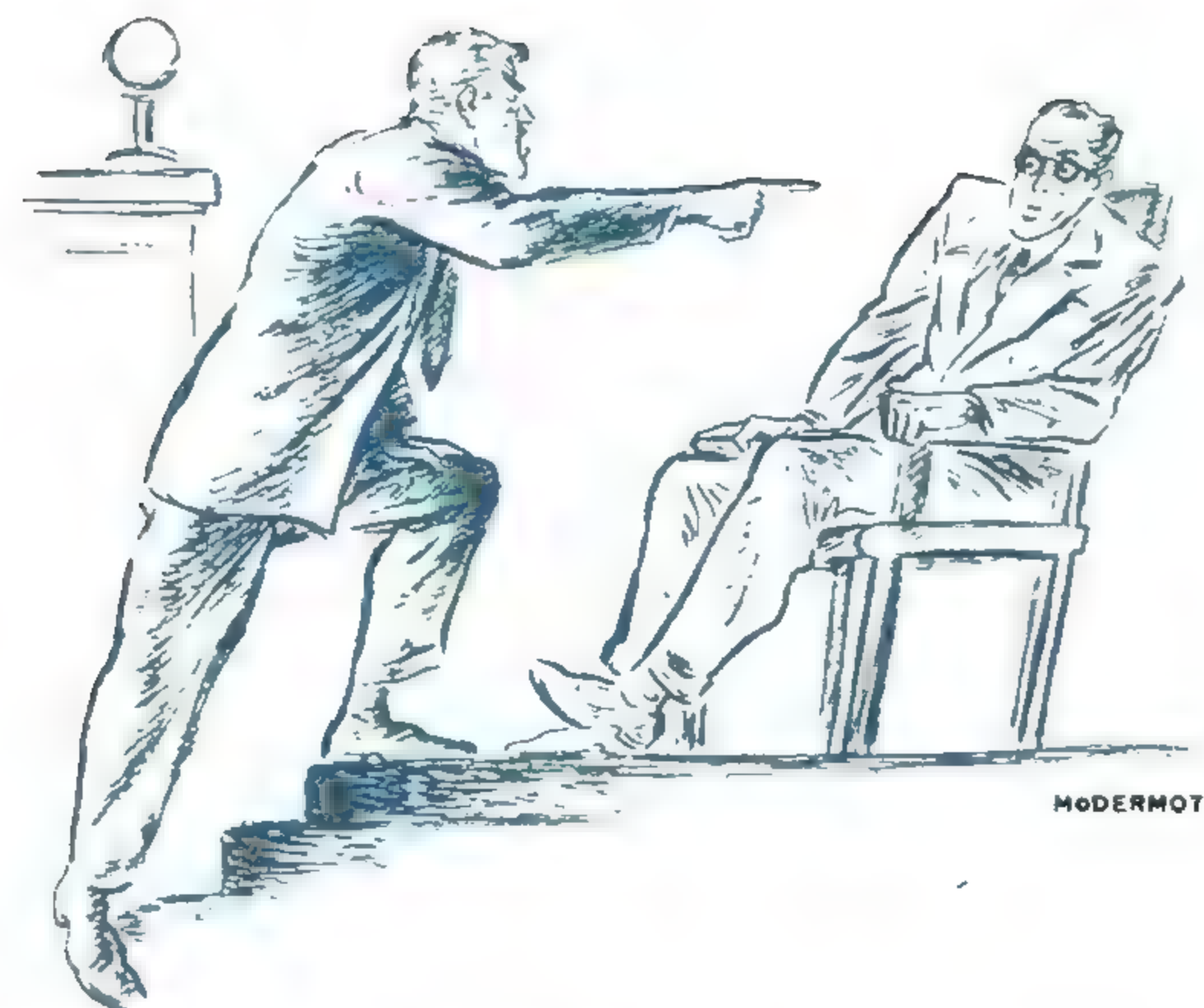


"Any children?"

**Bullied and confused by a hostile lawyer
a witness feels like a mouse in a maze**

Everything but the Truth

by MITCHELL DAWSON



"I WAS never so humiliated in my life!" the witness stormed, backing the lawyer against the wall of the corridor outside the courtroom.

"You asked me to come to court to help your client by telling how I saw the accident that crippled her. I came in good faith and what happened? Every time I started to tell what I knew, up jumped the lawyer on the other side and said, 'I object!' 'Strike it out!' said the judge. 'Mr. Witness,' said the judge, shaking his finger in my face, 'just tell us what happened. In your own words.' How on God's earth can a witness tell a story straight when he's stopped at every turn?"

"We have to have rules—" the lawyer protested feebly.

"Rules? Rules for what? Rules to keep out the truth? I object to the rules, I object to being treated like a moron, a liar and a criminal, and I object to your not protecting me from that yapping lawyer on the other side. It couldn't have been worse—the way that lawyer went after me. Did I expect the jury to believe what I said? Did I want to change my answers? Was I ever convicted of a crime?"

"The next time you or any other lawyer asks me what I know about a case, I'm going to play dumb. And I'm going to be the best little subpoena dodger you lawyers will never see."

He was voicing the views of millions of Americans who are called

to court as witnesses each year. Most of them never want to see a courtroom again.

Consider what the average witness is up against from the moment a subpoena is served upon him. If he doesn't obey, he may be punished for contempt. So he puts aside his business and goes to court. There he waits until it pleases court and counsel to call him to the stand. Meanwhile he may be excluded from the courtroom, which usually means that he will have to hang around the corridor or some bleak waiting room.

If he is a material witness in a criminal case, he may be treated like a criminal himself. A few years ago a car killed a man in East Chicago, Indiana. The driver was let out on bond. But his girl friend, charged only with being a witness, was unable to furnish bail. She was kept in a cell for 110 days until the case came to trial. The driver, convicted of reckless driving, was sentenced to 60 days.

Witness the witness when he is called at last to take the stand. He crosses the courtroom and mounts a few steps to a little box up under the eyes of the judge, where he sits in fearful expectation. The ordeal is likely to be just as bad as he expects. His brain wobbles, his face burns and his voice trembles as his ego is slowly hanged, drawn and quartered by the contending gentlemen of the bar. He may get his story across at last in jig-saw bits, but it won't be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" he was sworn to tell.

A witness has some rights—or so the law books say—but freedom of speech is not one of them. He may speak only when he is spoken to. He must never volunteer anything. If he talks out of turn or argues with the judge, he will be rebuked. If he persists in having his say, he may be fined or locked up. On direct examination he is balked by objections at every turn. On cross-examination he is literally on trial himself.

The courts are full of lawyers who cannot resist the temptation of giving every witness a thorough going over. How it is done varies with the case, the court and the character of counsel. The witness may be lured gently beyond his depth until he drowns in his own discrepancies. Or he may be spattered with innuendo or roughed up into abject confusion.

Clarence Darrow once destroyed a hostile witness without a question. Bleary-eyed and unprepossessing though he was, his testimony had counted heavily against one of Darrow's clients. Less inspired counsel would have torn into the witness in time-honored style. But when it came time to cross-examine, Darrow merely asked the witness to stand up and face the jury. The witness did. "Now," said Darrow, "turn to the left." Then, after a pause, "Now turn to the right." Another pause. "That's all," said Darrow, "I just wanted the jury to get a good look at you."

In the old circuit-riding days the lawyers would rehearse their witnesses in the horse sheds adjoining the courthouse. Old-timers still call it "horse-shedding," but nowadays it is done in the lawyer's office. Besides going over the evidence, he warns the witness against the customary traps—"Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer yes or no"—and the variations. You don't have to answer yes or no to questions like that. And if asked, "Have you talked with anyone about this case?" the first impulse of the uncoached witness is to



BULL

Lucille Bremer, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Three years ago Miss Bremer was a beautiful cog in the precision machinery of the famous Rockettes. After dancing in sundry New York shows she studied dramatics in summer stock in New England. Then one night while she was doing a turn at the Club Versailles, she was spotted by Arthur Freed, producer. He scribbled "How about a screen test?" on a menu and dispatched it to the lovely redhead. The outcome was a dancing role as Fred Astaire's partner in The Ziegfeld Follies and a dramatic role as Judy Garland's sister in Meet Me in St. Louis. Followed a starring part with Astaire in Yolanda and the Thief and she had really arrived. Lucille lives with her mother in Westwood Village, likes to go out, but considers night clubs a hooper's holiday. Vital Statistics: Height: 5'4"; weight: 111 lbs.; bust: 34"; hips: 33".

blurt out a defensive "No." But you should admit it. How else would you be in court? If you are being paid, admit that, too. There is nothing wrong in being recompensed for your time.

Good coaching will also include certain general rules: Don't argue. Don't talk too much. If you don't understand a question, or don't know the answer, say so. Don't answer hostile counsel too quickly, but give your lawyer a chance to object. And above all, try to keep your shirt on. But no amount of pre-trial coaching will save the inexperienced witness from court fright.

Even lawyers sometimes make fools of themselves as witnesses. William Jennings Bryan came out second best when Darrow examined him in the famous Tennessee monkey trial. Bryan had professed a literal belief in the Old Testament. "When was the flood?" Darrow asked. "I never made a calculation," hedged Bryan. "When do you think?"—"I don't think about things I don't think about."—"Do you think about things you do think about?"—"Well, sometimes."

On the other hand a cool, smart witness sometimes turns the tables on the cross-examiner. "Remember, madam, you are under oath!" a lawyer warned a witness. "I won't forget it!" she snapped. "I'm telling the truth for nothing when I could have had fifty dollars for lying on your side, and you know it!"

More often the flip witness gets the worst of it. "You were drinking that night, weren't you?" asked a lawyer in an accident case. "Yes, a few highballs."—"You drink a great deal, don't you?"—"That's my business."—"Have you any other business?"

The most telling cross-examinations depend for their effect on voice, manner, staging. Earl Rogers of Los Angeles used to cross-examine through a lorgnette, withering a witness with a look that implied he was lower than a louse. William J. Fallon, New York's "great mouthpiece," tall, handsome, slick and unscrupulous, ran a trial like a stage director. He would put a question and turn to the jury with a look that said, "Now let's see how he'll get out of that," and when the answer came he would swing around, glaring and bearing down on the witness with his forefinger "pointed like a gun." "You mean to say, Mr. Witness—now remember, you are sworn to tell the truth—you mean to say that you live next door to the drugstore and went around the entire block to buy sleeping tablets?"

Rebukes from the bench never fazed Fallon. On one occasion, when the D.A. objected to his browbeating tactics and the judge ordered him to stand farther away from a witness, Fallon pretended to be deaf. "How's that, your Honor?"—"Stand back, counsel!" the judge shouted.—"I'm sorry," said Fallon, "I've got to get close to hear his answers." The judge could do little.

Moman Pruiett, notorious criminal lawyer of the Southwest, loved to smear a witness with a verbal tar brush. He asked a woman who was the state's star witness in a murder case: "You are generally known as Dirty Breetches, are you not?" She didn't have to answer, but the question helped win one of the 303 acquittals he scored out of 343 murder cases.

Bullying is improper and by many lawyers considered bad tactics, arousing the sympathy of the jury for the witness. But the sad fact is that it often works; it works better with the honest witness than it does with the hardened liar. Nor do the jurors always side with the browbeaten witness. They may take a sporting interest in seeing him baited.

The judge is supposed to keep over-zealous lawyers in hand and protect the witness from abuse. He usually tries. But he can't suspend the rules which permit innumerable objections and he can't suspend tradition which permits the grilling of hostile witnesses. Once in a while a judgment is reversed because of the misconduct of counsel. The Supreme Court of Alabama sent a case back for retrial because a lawyer howled at a witness: "Look out now! Watch how you testify! Somebody may be indicted for perjury!"

Such reversals are rare. As a rule, when lawyers in the heat of battle set out to destroy a witness, the judge can only soften the impact. Too often his efforts to put a witness at ease sound like the King in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*—"Give your evidence, and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot." The witness may very well wish he had been executed before the trial began.

A witness in court is like a mouse in a maze. He is blocked by rules at every turn. The hearsay rule forbids him to repeat what other people told him they saw or heard, even though his informants have since died or have gone to Guam and can't be brought to court. What his informants said might clear up the whole case, but that makes no difference. In an accident case he can tell what he heard the driver of a car say immediately after the crash, but he can't repeat what the driver told the police five or ten minutes later! The words said immediately are part of the *res gestae*, or thing done; words said a little later are hearsay!

The witness who has an opinion can't express it in court unless he first qualifies as an expert. If he starts an answer with "I believe" or "I think," he may be cut short—"We don't care what you think!" To which one quick-witted witness replied, "I'm sorry. I'm not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking." He is supposed to



SMITH

Out of the Air Corps but still in the air

Bobby Specht, former U. S. National Skating Champion, was released from the Army Air Corps in time to slide into Ice-Capades of 1946, now reeling off its sixth tour of the United States and Canada. One of the shows which have made Big Business out of "frozen water and human skill," Ice-Capades is lavish with the production numbers a movie-educated public has come to expect. The lakes of Wisconsin started Specht on his career, and he garnered a number of middle-western championships before the National. He says he never skates into a spotlight without remembering the championships held at Vancouver, B. C., in December, 1941. With the whole West Coast blacked out, the skaters went through their figures under a single eerie spot in a dark arena. A year later he picked off the crown and joined the Army.

stick to "facts," although judges themselves waste thousands of hours trying to decide what is fact and what is opinion.

The child witness must satisfy the judge that he knows the meaning of an oath. The judges in some states still apply the old fire-and-brimstone test—"Now, my dear, do you know where you'll go when you die, if you tell any lies?" The child who has never heard of hell is not permitted to testify, no matter how bright he may be.

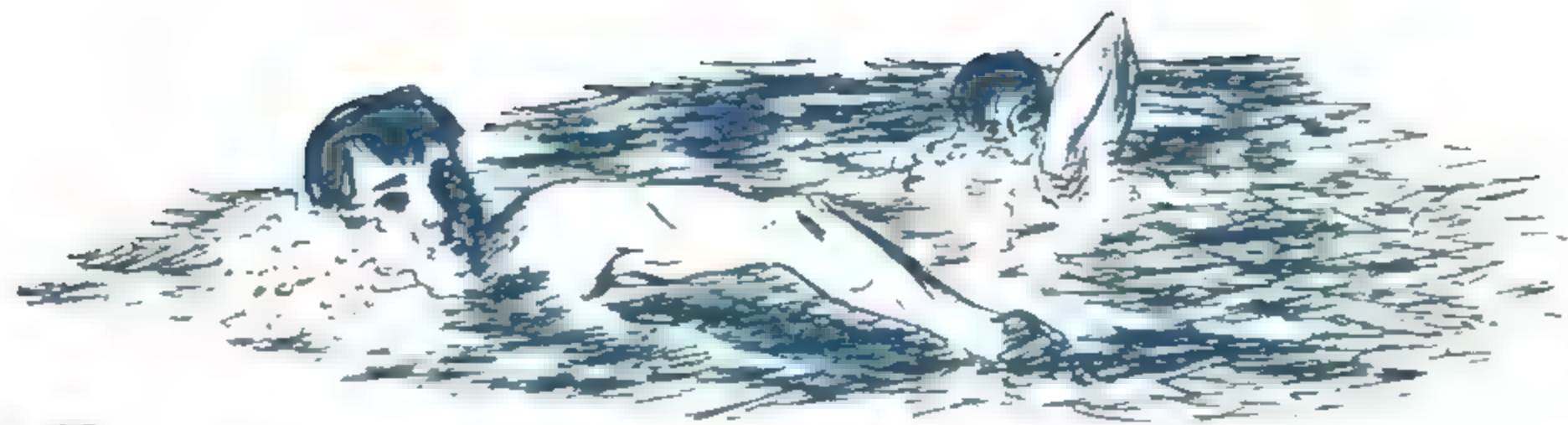
The third edition of John H. Wigmore's famous work on *Evidence*, published in 1940, uses nine volumes, totaling 6,611 pages, to state and comment on the rules, and exceptions to the rules; and a tenth volume of 713 pages just for an index. There are fourteen exceptions to the hearsay rule alone, and each exception has from one to fourteen or more limitations.

This amazing conglomeration of rules grew out of the desire of judges to keep the minds of jurors pure and undefiled by false and misleading testimony. It has also served to confuse the minds of jurors by keeping important evidence from them and distorting what they are permitted to hear. Cases are won and lost upon rulings that have little to do with the main issues. The resulting waste of time and money in the courts is enormous.

Consider also the effect on public morale. The witness who has once served time in court never wants to face it again. He infects everyone he knows with the same phobia, and it spreads far and wide. Businessmen dodge subpoenas as though they were warrants for arrest. Good citizens hurry home from the scene of an accident without leaving their names.

The misuse of the rules and the abuse of witnesses thus combine to generate a corrosive distrust of the courts, which in the long run is a greater menace to our cherished democratic rights than the armies and propaganda of the Axis ever were. Our rights depend for their living reality on the vigor of the courts. The courts in turn can operate effectively. (Continued in center of page 126)

Indiana University's swim coach relates a case history to prove that in varsity contests, muscle doesn't make the man



Quality of a Winner

by ROBERT ROYER

WHAT makes a winner in athletics? Put that question to John Public and you'll get a variety of answers. "Brawn and no brains," I fear, would be prominent among them, for who has not heard stories about the dumb athlete? They make good stories except for one thing—they do not tell the truth about athletics. A larger group of answers, I believe, would be simply, "brawn." But ask any coach who has thoughtfully studied the athlete's problems and he'll tell you, "brains." He'll say an athlete's mind is the main reason for his success—that self-discipline, persistence, determination, idealism, loyalty and inspiration take him through his strenuous training and enable him to meet the tough competition in American sports.

Yet coaches have done little to correct the "brawn and no brains" myth. In fact, they have contributed something to it. In their articles and books, they have discussed pro and con the physical techniques of athletics, but I have never seen a book or heard a speech by a coach in which he set out to explain the function of mind in athletics. Frequently, and with reverence, coaches mention such things as "guts" and loyalty and inspiration, but by failing to explain them as functions of the mind, they leave their emphasis on the brawn side of athletics.

Just why some coaches have not presented to public view this factor of mind in athletics, I would not wish to estimate. One who could have done it well was the late Billy Hayes, for many years track coach at Indiana University. Hayes was a master psychologist who understood that part of a boy which lies above and beyond his physical strength. He had the right idea but he wrote no articles, and his speeches did not fully disclose his experience with the minds of his athletes. In Billy Hayes' silence on this subject, the professions of coaching and psychology are the losers.

Why does a boy go out for a varsity sport? Training takes time and energy over and above that needed for the full program of academic study which the collegian must carry in order to be eligible for sports. It calls for some abstinence in social life, in eating, and in other indulgences he may enjoy. In exchange for immediate pleasures, he bargains for hard work, day after day and month

after month. Why does he do it? An athletic scholarship is not the answer. Let those who fancy that every college athlete has been baited with a fat scholarship make note of this: the percentage of boys receiving scholarships in the broad program of college athletics is extremely small.

Then why does a boy become a varsity athlete? Strange as it must seem to a public which has witnessed the debunking of college athletics, boys still go out for sports because they have ambition and honest idealism. They have ambition to distinguish themselves and the idealism of self-improvement. They are willing to put extreme effort into a tough job in order to become better men. Physical aptitude for a sport is a great asset, but great muscle without ambition and idealism is worthless.

I can best illustrate the factor of mind in athletics by cases from my swimming teams. In fairness to my boys, these descriptions will not fit any one exactly, but will be true to principles as I have found them. Nor will I speak of an average case, for as one studies mental and emotional behavior, he finds each boy so uniquely different from any other that the term "average" becomes meaningless.

A freshman candidate who reports for the team assumes that I want to see him immediately in the water, there to pass judgment on him. But I prefer to talk to him first, to explain as clearly as I can what the sport is really all about. Part of our aim is to train him to drive his body through the water as fast as he can, but this is not our main purpose. Though he might swim faster than anyone has ever swum and win all of the championships and honors, there is something larger than that in swimming. It is an experience that can develop the qualities of real manhood. It will call for clean living and self-discipline. Competition will toughen his determination, develop his confidence and self-control. It is an experience through which he can develop his personal powers by his own effort.

If my picture of swimming appeals to him, I want to see him in the water. I hope he has natural ability, but fourteen years of coaching has taught me to stake my faith, above all else, on ambition and idealism.

I want him to aim high, but I expect no miracles. He must work within his capacity which depends on his natural stamina and swimming background. I try not to discourage or frighten him, but I tell him the kind of work that has developed the champions. I expect improvement, and I will get neither his best swimming nor his respect if I am soft with him.

When my squad has been swimming a few weeks and is getting the swing of hard work, I begin to sort the wheat from the chaff. A big lad with fine natural ability tells me he needs more time for study and must quit swimming. I discover he is spending every afternoon with the blonde he met at the freshman dance. Another rationalizes that it is unnecessary for him to train hard in order to develop. Others have their stories to which I listen with varying degrees of sympathy. But there in the water, doing their work with little comment and no alibis, is the gang that will be the varsity team. Among them is our freshman whom we interviewed as a candidate for swimming.

He is a slender lad with no marked ability, but he is a worker. He is stiff in the water and I explain relaxation and point out a fault in his stroke. But I notice he has power in his flutter kick and I make certain to tell him that most crawl champions owe much to a well-developed flutter kick. In the days that follow, I notice he is driving hard on the flutter board. The expression on his face shows fatigue but he keeps driving. Distance swimming is relaxing him and (Continued on page 174)



"Henry is wearing his toupee—he loves to feel the wind in his hair"



“... and with heavy heart midst the exotic blossoms of this tropical isle where sunset skies bid us adieu, we must at last take leave of this magic isle of Saipan”



"Why, Roger, you've grown a mustache!"



Lady doctors may jolt male modesty, but men can take heart from the fact that no one has yet succumbed from shyness

Her Turn to Treat

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

GENTLEMEN, before long when the doctor says to you, "Let's see where it hurts," you may blush in the sweet old-fashioned way. Chances are the doctor may be a lady.

It probably will take the American male some time to get reconciled to having a female M.D. poke around in unlimited explorations. But he'll have to get used to it. Women are making vigorous protests against being limited in their opportunities for medical education. They raised howls against this educational short count before the war but didn't get very far. Then the global manpower shortage made it necessary to press them into service.

Generally, previously, the ladies were allowed to do the dirty work such as trotting around with bedpans and gradually working up to caddying for surgeons, handing the gentlemen their slicing irons and checking up so the patient didn't leave the premises with a bellyful of metal.

What has forced freedom of opportunity for the maid who wants to be an M.D. was, as you might expect, brainlessness of the smug and superior male. Even if the military encouragement of female medical aspirants hadn't made imperative the education of more women into M.D. degrees, the women would have pushed themselves into medical schools because they've learned the schools have been trying to keep them out.

Men doctors have maintained it's economic foolishness for women to spend time and money for medical training, when a large per cent of those receiving such training get married and don't practice. That assertion is wrong. Women do marry, but they also continue to practice medicine.

The largest class of women specializes in treating children. A close second comes psychiatry.

It's well known that there are very good fees in psychiatry for the civilian trade. It's a branch of the business that deals largely with the well-to-do and rich. The poor are just plain nuts. Psychiatry isn't for them until they blow their tops in armed service or get into a jam with the law. In the latter case, they hock their all to hire a smart criminal lawyer. He brings in an expert psychiatrist to prove the defendant was goofy when the crime was committed.

A good psychiatrist can prove the defendant was completely screwy at the moment of pulling the trigger, but has recovered sufficiently to be allowed to go to work and earn the psychiatrist's fee. That's a kind of business women are temperamentally qualified to handle expertly. A bright woman always can come up with the right answer, especially if the jury is composed entirely of men.

It is highly probable that the female psychiatrists will profit substantially and quickly as a result of the general increase in women M.D.s. The professional ladies will two-time the male patient with the enthusiastic but unsuspecting co-operation of the public at large.

For instance when a fellow goes to a woman doctor while there are men doctors available, people are going to look at the fellow and begin to ask each other "What's wrong with the guy?" They won't mean what's physically wrong, either.

Very few of those who question the patient's choice of a female M.D. may be logical enough to concede that the woman doctor may be a damn sight more competent than the men doctors in the neighborhood. Consequently, gossip will go around and get back to the patient who, in his weakened condition, will wonder if he really is mentally on the beam. He will tip his problem in a vague way to the lady doctor who has been treating him for some malady of his liver or lights. She, in turn,

will tout him to a lady psychiatrist, in accordance with a custom of shilling for specialists which men doctors established many years ago.

That'll make two fees the patient will have to pay just because his friends couldn't keep their mouths shut.

Or, if the male patient happens to select a rather weather-beaten female M.D., who looks like a holdover from the horse and buggy days, and by-passes a young woman doctor who is very therapeutic to the vision, his acquaintances are going to think him crazy. What they will think if he chooses to be the patient of the glamorous doctor also probably will be a bum rap on the ailing mortal, and on the doctor too.

It'll take some time before the notoriously nosy and suspicious public gets accustomed to thinking that a gentleman between the ages of sixteen and sixty goes to a woman doctor entirely because he needs medical or surgical attention.

There actually is no more reason in this allegedly enlightened era for a man to be under suspicion for being a woman doctor's patient than there is for a woman being talked about for being a male doctor's customer.

However, reason probably has very little to do with the situation.

If a gent should be sick in bed at home and his wife should be absent from the house while a photogenic woman doctor called, chances are the catty neighbor women would be peeking from behind their curtains. Then, after the lady doctor had emerged, the neighbor women would rush to the telephone and compare observations.

"Gert, did you get a load of the glow on that woman doctor's face?" one cat will purr, and another will respond: "Did I? I just called Hortense and said to her that I wasn't sure who was treating whom. If you ask me I think the patient is a long, long way from death's door."

So, if the woman doctor's patient gets well, the suspicious neighbor women think he's been stalling and if he dies, those cats will meow that the late lamented departed this world as the result of too much of a good thing.

Men doctors had a time when they incurred the same risk of mali-



cious feminine chatter. Now they've got that fairly well under control by having present, when they treat their women patients, spectators who usually include the M.D.'s secretary, a nurse, and the patient's next of kin. If the patient wanted to have herself examined in the midfield between the halves of the Army and Navy game, that would be okay to the male doctor as his protection. He learned long ago from deans of his profession all about the perils of the make and the shake that endanger the unwary able-bodied M.D. Earlier than that, doctors had learned of the even worse handicap of female customers' modesty that either kept trade away or curtailed the medical examinations to the degree that put a heavy premium on guessing or sheer genius.

It was this unwillingness of women patients to tell all or show all to the doctor that gave women their first chance to get specialized medical education.

Now the ailing male is due for a period of possible embarrassment in being treated by women doctors. Regardless of the jolt that'll give his modesty, it won't cause any permanent injury to his shy nature.

There are no recorded cases of soldiers or sailors in military hospitals succumbing to the expert and uninhibited attentions of Army and Navy women nurses. In fact, many a youth who was rather

badly beaten up in battle reports that no minor items accounting for his successful convalescence were the curves, the feminine touch and soothing mysteries of a hospital attendant of the opposite sex.

Sex rears its pretty head long before the woman doctor gets around to the patient. That's one of the major reasons why doctors generally have been against admitting women to medical schools. Said Sir Robert Hutchison, M.D.: "I am no friend to co-education, especially during the years of adolescence. Nymphs and shepherds may play together, but if they work together there is apt to be a lot of time lost in dalliance."

Just how the nymphs and shepherds are getting along together with their studies, there's no telling. But it does look as if the British male public is not troubled by the prospect of having to telephone a nymph in case of sickness.

The determined drive American women are conducting to break the bars denying them medical education makes it reasonably certain that you are going to have some young woman look you over from the bald spot on your conk clear down to your bunions, and miss nothing.

And brother, you'd better be sick, or you may get your fresh face slapped. #



It grieved Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde to think their pretty Julie might marry a soldier who offered nothing but love

Tale for Rich Children

by CLAUDE AVELINE

Dives et pauper obviaverunt sibi, "the rich and the poor . . ." utriusque operator est Dominus, "created He them." It is He who has posed the conditions, and imposed them with wisdom, in order that they might serve, so to speak, as counterweights, and thus between them maintain the balance of the earth.

—Vauvenargues

ONCE upon a time there was a young girl as delicious as daylight. Her blonde hair shone like a ray of sunshine. Her eyes had a brilliance beyond compare. Her cheeks were dew-fresh and sweet. And her smile was a transport of happiness to everyone she smiled at.

At her birth, seemingly all the good fairies of the earth had en-

compassed her with their care and endowed her with their gifts. Her heart was as pure as her appearance was perfect. Faultless, absolutely. As in the very nicest fairy tales, her name probably should have been either Sweetness or Light. But her name was Julie Safegarde, and she worked at the side of her mother who was, well hardly a modiste, but a modest little neighborhood dressmaker.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde led a life from which all swank was excluded as a matter of course. Mr. Safegarde, a bookkeeper no more brilliant than the next, earned by his careful calculations just about enough to keep him and his from starving to death. And Mme.

Safegarde, thanks to the agility of her own fingers and to her daughter's taste, managed to diminish slightly the little family's fear of the morrow. But she had seen her best years, and so had her fingers. And for his part, Mr. Safegarde complained that every day his eyesight was worse than it had been the day before. So there was nothing to safeguard, so to speak, the declining years of the two elder Safegardes. And in that connection another worry naturally added even more weight to their burden of care; they hadn't been able to put by a thing in the way of a dowry to assure that the perfections of their Julie would be vendible at their true value.

However, they lived united and very nearly happy, in a little flat in the Rue des Bauges, not far from the Bois de Boulogne where Julie, every Sunday before the hour of high mass, strolled slowly in arm with Roger Tulle.

He was her happy fiance, and they were counting on getting married soon, although both Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde had tried very hard to talk their daughter out of any such idea. Roger Tulle, insignificant buck private in the French army, not only had no trade but didn't even seem to want to take advantage of his army service to learn one. He acted as if just being in the army was a full-time job in itself. When my young readers shall have donned whatever uniform to which they may be destined, they will see that Roger Tulle was right.

But Julie's parents thought otherwise. Mr. Safe-



"They saved the piano—I've been getting tough breaks like this all my life"

garde had never himself served under the Tricolor, having enjoyed feeble health. But nobody could be more severe than he about questions of duty in general, and military duty in particular. In his elder wisdom he thought he could distinguish, in poor Roger's complaints, an anarchist's disaffection with the army and his duly constituted superiors. As for Mme. Safegarde, she shrugged her shoulders whenever Julie carried to her any of the sage observations of this superior young private, and said: "Think of the luck of that boy, to be in Paris!"—as if the very fact of being in a Paris garrison held some great advantage to youngsters like Roger Tulle whose family lived no nearer than Bourgneuf.

To tell the truth, Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde contemplated the possibility of this marriage with displeasure. That their daughter had to approach marriage without a dowry hurt them deeply, helpless as they were to do anything about it. But that she should marry a boy as poor as herself—that cut them to the quick. It mattered little to them that Roger Tulle's love for their daughter was all the stronger in that obviously he loved her for herself alone. No, they had always dreamed, for their sweet and lovely Julie, of a Prince Charming—who was well fixed.

However, with no prince in sight, they put up with the little private. It's better, for a young girl in the big city, often going out alone, to be engaged even to a bumpkin without prospects than to be engaged to nobody at all. The modest ring that Roger Tulle, his heart beating wildly with his love, had one night slipped on Julie's dainty finger, seemed to them to have at least a certain value in that it served as something of a chaperon. And there was need enough for such service. "To think how I send my daughter right to the devil, to buy my supplies," sighed Mme. Safegarde, "and as attractive as she is..."

What Mme. Safegarde termed the devil was the Rue Turbigo, site of the offices of Hamollin & Perdriel, wholesale dressmakers' supplies: flowers, feathers and ribbons by the gross. Julie went there once a week and brought back to her mother big cartons filled with artificial flowers, feathers artfully made up into various shapes and forms, and innumerable ribbons of all sorts of sizes and colors.

Julie was well liked at Hamollin & Perdriel, where the salesmen seemed to accord her an exceptional deference. And if the old women who were employed there as feather-workers seemed to whisper among themselves a bit too much at her comings and goings, all the rest of the employees treated her with nothing short of perfect politeness, as if in due tribute to her beauty and charm.

To get to the salesroom Julie had to go down a long corridor which led past the always open door of a big private office, hung with heavy apple-green drapes which gave it a somber air. A lamp, always lighted, always shone from its place on the huge Empire desk onto the bent-over, gleaming, bald head of Mr. Gustav. That would be Mr. Gustav Perdriel, one of the owners of the firm, a dumpy little man whose principal claim to distinction, in the eyes of the world as indeed in his own, was the possession of some dozens of millions in gilt-edge securities.

Each time that Julie passed his door, Mr. Gustav would look up, then get up and come out to speak to her, his flaccid lips dripping amiable politenesses which the old feather-workers could never quite catch, but which set their whisperings going like the sudden buzz of an aroused swarm of flies. What got them, of course, was that Mr. Gustav, who barely deigned to acknowledge the polite greetings of even the biggest buyers who came in and out of the place, should lavish his own, with such effusive insistence, on every least fitting in and out of a little baggage like that. Julie listened with due deference to Mr. Gustav every time, but her thoughts, of course, were with Roger Tulle.

One night when Julie and her fiance had received her parents' permission to go to the movies, and while Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde were tarrying over their cup of camomile tea, the doorbell rang.

Worried, Mme. Safegarde hurried to open the door. "Mr. Gustav!" she cried, stupefied.

Mr. Safegarde knocked over his chair in his haste to get up.

"Now don't disturb yourself, Madame, nor you either, my dear Mr. Safegarde. I'm just paying you a neighborly visit, that's all."

He lived in a huge apartment in the Avenue Raphael, not so very far away at that, as purely physical distances go.

Mme. Safegarde was suffocating with joy. "Ah, Mr. Gustav! What a surprise! What a delightful surprise!"

"And what an honor!" Mr. Safegarde hastily amended, bowing low. "Now as it happens, although Julie very rarely goes out..."

Mr. Gustav accepted the chair which Mme. Safegarde offered him. "It's precisely because I know that Miss Julie is away," he said, "that I have come here. I learned from her today that she was going to the cinema with her... her fiance, I believe?"

Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde hesitated to reply.

"Let's say with her intended, then," he continued. "And as I wanted to talk to you about her, I actually chose to get together with you without her present. Oh there's nothing to worry about, neither for her nor for you, quite the contrary. I am interested in your daughter, I may say in fact that I am very much interested... I had the opportunity to talk to her on many occasions, and for me, at least, most happy occasions. The few words that we have exchanged have intrigued me mightily, and provided a most pleasant distraction. She is charming, your daughter! And of such a gracious personality—charming, altogether charming. When is she getting married?"

The abruptness of the sudden question upset Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde, who hesitated again, so Mr. Gustav went right on: "Oh, not immediately, I realize, since the young man is still in the army. And then, too, perhaps there is a possibility that you are not altogether decided? Ah, what a pearl you are giving to the happy man who will marry her!"

He kept silent, with an absorbed air. Mme. Safegarde asked timidly, "A cup of camomile, Mr. Gustav? Potluck?"

"Potluck is as it should be, but thank you, no, dear Mme. Safegarde. Especially as it's late and doubtless you were about to retire..."

He rose from his chair.

"Well, here it is. In case Miss Julie is not absolutely set upon marrying the young soldier—it's possible, after all, anything's possible—I know someone who is no longer so young and isn't exactly any Adonis, but is a man of affairs, a substantial man who would know how to appreciate your daughter as she deserves to be appreciated! He's a businessman and at least there's one thing to say for him, he certainly isn't poor. Let's face it, for a person as fine, as delicate, as your daughter, it's all very well to say that wealth doesn't make happiness, it doesn't... heh, heh... it doesn't exactly impede it, either! Whereas grubbing and slaving... well, I won't say it. And how about yourselves, for that matter, hasn't the time about come when you could do with a little repose, a life without worry, both happy and secure?"

Mrs. Safegarde was suffocating again.

"Ah, Mr. Gustav, it couldn't be true! Who is he?"

"Now, Mamma," interposed Mr. Safegarde, "Mr. Gustav might well have his reasons for not wanting to say."

"No, my dear sir, I have no such reasons! I love your daughter and I ask you for her hand in marriage. There! But I know all about the young hero and that he's reason enough for you to wave me on my way, just like that. And then, too, there's Miss Julie herself to think about. Well, I'm leaving Paris tonight for Dinard, where I have a property. I'll be back in one month, to the day. My very first call, upon my return to Paris, will be to see you. Until then, madame, good-bye; good-bye, sir; don't trouble yourselves, I can find my way..." And he was gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde flew to the window. Through the slits of the shutter they could make out the lines of a vast blue automobile, into which Mr. Gustav climbed without (Continued on page 123)



"Since our rehearsal there has been a slight change in the cast—Mr. Smith replacing Mr. Brown"



BYWATERS

As historian, naturalist, teacher and critic, J. Frank Dobie demonstrates the finest qualities of the Lone Star State

Portrait of a Texan

by STANLEY WALKER

A THOUGHTFUL old gentleman, given to brooding over the character of the people, once observed J. Frank Dobie, Professor of English at the University of Texas, walking down Congress Avenue in Austin and remarked, "There goes Texas." Thousands of men and women in Texas would agree with this appraisal, which of course was meant as a compliment. It means, simply, that here, in one man, reside most of those good qualities which might be distilled from that great hybrid race which likes to call itself Texan.

For here is a man who finds no contradiction in being an aristocrat in tastes and a thoroughgoing democrat in manner and action. He looks Texan—that is, like the best of Texas. His eyes are blue, and of disarming honesty. His wind-tanned skin is clear and firm. He is a short man, stocky, and he walks with a rolling gait, as do so many men who have been in the saddle. He smokes a pipe. His humor is dry. Innocent of pretense, he would be at home in any spot on earth, given a little time.

Like most Texans who manage to poke their heads a bit above the surface of mediocrity, Dobie has aroused many critics, and perhaps a few enemies. For example, one little gadfly, John Lee Smith, Lieutenant Governor of Texas, likes to poke fun at Dobie, criticizing him for occasionally wearing cowboy clothes, for taking a stand on public questions; Smith has even had the effrontery to question the authenticity of Dobie's ranch background. Some profess not to know what Dobie means when he attacks "fascists" in Texas. Others find it hard to forgive him for having been, in the main, friendly to the program of the New Deal. Still others, who believe that a teacher is essentially no more than a hired man, seem to think that Dobie, while accepting a salary for teaching at the University of Texas, should stick to his knitting, aloof from issues outside the classroom.

It is possible that the stiff-necked Board of Regents of the University of Texas, if they had had the courage, would long since have fired Dobie from the faculty. But even the regents sense something of the affection with which the man is held among men and women out in the sparse ranch country, in the bayous, and everywhere else that people have had a chance to meet him. Without consciously striving for it, he has made himself a sort of symbol, a bridge between the old Texas and the new.

Because most persons in Texas are familiar with Dobie, it is natural enough that many should be surprised when Eastern critics refer to his writings as "literature." Why, he doesn't look or act like a man who would write "literature." Likewise, many persons were puzzled when Emmanuel College, Cambridge University, invited drawing plain old Dobie to be visiting professor of American history in 1944.

Then the news came that Dobie was a hit in England, that Cambridge had given him an honorary degree and had referred to him in fine Latin phrases—"de bobus longicornibus quod ille non cognovit, inutile est aliis cognoscere," meaning roughly that what he doesn't know about longhorn cattle isn't worth knowing, and "petasatus inter togatos homines," meaning a sombrero wearer among the men with togas.

Back home in Austin early in

1945, Dobie found the University of Texas in a turmoil brought about by the firing of Dr. Homer P. Rainey as president. Characteristically, Dobie aligned himself with the pro-Rainey forces on the side of what he considered the principle of academic freedom. He even declined for the time to resume his teaching of Southwestern life and literature at the university. He did some writing, delivered a few lectures, carried on his enormous world-wide correspondence, and talked with friends in his garden beside Waller Creek.

There was talk that he might be a candidate for Governor. But he knows that, even if he had much stomach for politics, he probably could not be elected. He carries the incubus of having taught school; he is regarded as too pro-New Deal and too friendly to the Negro; he does not make a particularly good political speech; he has shown no marked talents for administrative work. Some of his friends think, however, that, although the governorship may be out of the question, he might be the ideal man to represent Texas in the U.S. Senate. Probably nothing will come of this talk, and Dobie will remain what he has been for so many years—Texas' staunchest friend and sharpest critic.

Dobie's soundest accomplishment is that he, more than any other man, discovered Texas for the Texans. A competent historian, he went back of the bare outlines of Texas history and found folklore, and romance. Dobie has the poet's eye and heart. Many a boy or girl came to his classes at the University of Texas from communities which they had always regarded as inexpressibly drab, good only for making a living, and not a very good living at that. Dobie opened their eyes.

His students came to understand that the coyote, to the Southwest, may have an importance as great as that which Reynard the Fox had to English life. The nine-banded armadillo would repay study. Even the jackrabbit might have its charm. Texas flowers and shrubs were another absorbing field. Old stories, worn threadbare by retelling around the fireside, were sometimes good enough to preserve.

These ex-students are scattered in many places and are engaged in multifarious activities, some of them profitable and very dull. But they remember Dobie. If he did not enrich their lives, then their lives were not worth enriching.

And while this was going on, the education of J. Frank Dobie was also in progress. He devoured more and more poetry. He kept digging into natural history. He is not an expert botanist, but he knows more facts, more lore, than many who call themselves experts. He appreciates the cold fact, the tall tale, the preposterous lie, for what they are. He has dredged up quaint characters out of half-forgotten Texas history. He has made long journeys to seek out tales of lost mines. He has collected stories of bear hunting, of the terrible alligators in the swamplands, of the screaming mountain lion and its fondness for horseflesh, of the once great longhorn cow and its remarkable intelligence—these, and a dozen other matters. He will take a pack mule (Continued on page 187)



"There's no fire—Henry just likes his toast well done"



AMERICAN BEAUTY

Nancy Valentine

Photograph by William Stone

Frisly as the 14th of February . . . as French as fine perfume . . . Away from the camera, Nancy is all American Girl and has spent most of her eighteen years splashing in Long Island Sound and riding in Island horse shows. She's definitely sub-

urban, finds New York City "much too big." She's always having to ask policemen how to get to her next modeling assignment. On the other hand, she finds the *real* country "much too quiet." She's never been out of New York State, but

hopes her dramatic lessons will ticket her to Hollywood. *On men:* "I think men tend to ask a girl too many questions about herself. After all, we're entitled to a little mystery." Vital statistics. *Height:* 5' 7"; *Weight:* 113; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 23"; *Hips:* 33½".



THE ROUNDUP

The Texas Ranch Girls

Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

This yippee-ki-yi quartet are cow-girls who rode this year in the World's Championship Rodeo at New York's Madison Square Garden. All under twenty-one, they took time off from college to take part in the big event. Sitting astride the fence, on the upper

left, is Billy Lou Thompson. She's been riding since she was three, on her father's ranch—the Lazy H—near Snyder, Texas. Draped beside her is Patricia Clark who hails from Georgetown, Texas. Beautiful but also brainy, she wants to do post-

grad work at Columbia University. The redhead getting pal-s-y with her Palomino (Clipper, by name) is Miss Nancy Bragg. She's a daring trick rider—also right handy with a rope. And aboard Clipper, Marianne Estes from Richmond, Texas.

Among the fine performers so far ignored by the Academy are Irene Dunne, Garbo, Barbara Stanwyck and Margaret Sullavan

Not Enough Oscars

by WARREN BROWN



WEITHAS

WHEN Bette Davis took her first Academy Award statuette home and put it on her mantel, her sense of humor demanded that she do something to humanize the little man's smug attitude of lofty submission. So she deflated the little guy by glibly dubbing him "Oscar." And thus were Hollywood's sacred Oscars born.

But despite such an irreverent christening, those little Oscars are sacred idols within the boundaries of moviedom. That golden statuette tells an actress and all potential employers and fans that nine thousand executives, producers, artists and technicians in the film industry think she's tops. Of course, there are skeptics in Hollywood the same as every place else and they claim the awards are the results of vote trading to build up a newcomer or lend prestige to an established star. Maybe so. In the seventeen years of Oscar-giving, comparative newcomers have won the statuettes eleven times. However, and fortunately for the prestige of the award, all but one have gone on to prove they were equal to the public demands placed on winners.

Three times, in the cases of Bette Davis (first time out), Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman, Hollywood has been conscience-stricken and awarded Oscars for not-so-outstanding performances because it ignored really good ones by each actress in the previous year. But despite such tardy gestures, almost everyone has to admit that a great many "best performances" go unhonored just because there aren't enough Oscars.

Take the case of Irene Dunne. After singing the lead in Florenz Ziegfeld's *Show Boat* for upwards of a hundred weeks on the stage, Miss Dunne was "imported." The new and sensational Vitaphone made it necessary to import a lot of stage talent when sound tracks revealed silent glamor girls whispering sweet nothings in a strong Jersey accent and tragedy with a Kansas twang. When Irene arrived in Hollywood, she was given a nauseating little thing called *Leathernecking* to test herself in. Then she was told to sit this one out—there weren't any musicals ready.

To a gal who had pounded her way from the pavements to the boards on Broadway, that was a challenge. At the time there was a contest almost as big as the Scarlet O'Hara search to find the right girl to play the lead in *Cimarron*.

Irene entered, fought and won the straight dramatic lead, and shot the course way under par. The critics raved, the public showed its approval with cold cash despite the Depression, and Irene Dunne was a new dramatic star. She kept right on shooting under par through such tear-jerkers as *Back Street* and *Age of Innocence*, but there weren't any Oscars on her mantel. Maybe it was lack of variety that hampered her chances—all right, she came to Hollywood as a musical star so she'd try some song fests. With a good voice and solid thesping, she set a new standard with *Roberta* and *Show Boat*. If there was ever an Oscar-winning musical performance, one of those was it.

By this time, Irene Dunne may well have been somewhat perplexed. What does win an Oscar if it isn't drama or music? Comedy? Well, she hadn't tried that but it was worth investigating—after all, Claudette Colbert had won an award for it. When *Theo-*

dora Goes Wild left a howling trail across the nation, every dramatic actress in Hollywood wanted to try to follow Irene Dunne's lead. Some almost career-wrecking pictures were the result; and Irene, as if to say, "Oh, it isn't really so difficult, see," made *The Awful Truth* and beat her own record for sophisticated slapstick. Still no Oscar.

Maybe Miss Dunne lost interest in awards—maybe she never did care for one. At any rate, now that she has conquered all of the movies' various fields, she has settled down to alternating between drama and comedy with an occasional dash of music. With the offhand casualness of the expert, she turns in such performances as *Love Affair* and *The White Cliffs*, either of which would flatter the haughtiest of Oscars. And while she keeps right on setting standards, she's not alone.

Greta Garbo reigned as queen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for thirteen years without once having to say "Thank you" for an Academy Award. Some say Garbo is no actress—she just suffered in silence better than anyone else in picture after picture. Except for the silence, the same criticism has been leveled at the twice-honored Bette Davis. However, on two notable occasions the Swedish Bernhardt surpassed herself and won gratifying acclaim from the critics for *Queen Christina* and *Camille*. While other tragediennes were nervously hoping the public would overlook their ill-advised attempts at comedy, "Garbo laughed." Although public opinion has changed in regard to Russia, *Ninotchka* still stands as Hollywood's most literate and witty satire and Garbo's performance in the title role is still remembered as one of the screen's most polished jobs. Whether it was *Anna Christie* or *Anna Karenina*, Garbo was never given an Oscar to keep her company in her solitude.

Like Irene Dunne, Barbara Stanwyck was imported from the musical comedy stage. She had been a smash hit in the dancing-dramatic role of Bonny in *Burlesque*. Whether assigned to tragedy or trivia, Miss Stanwyck maintained a fine level of acting. But Oscars obviously aren't given for a sustained standard of performances, for several winners have been chosen before anyone knew whether they were discoveries or flashes-in-the-pan. But Barbara

has risen above herself. The feeling she gave the role of *Stella Dallas* was so captivating, the public took Stella to its heart via the radio and cherished her through years of degradation. Again, if it's versatility that is demanded, how about the highly entertaining bit of buffoonery known as *The Lady Eve*? Or, since millions of Americans still believe that Luise Rainer got her second award in *The Good Earth* for sheer physical stamina, look at the Gargantuan task Miss Stanwyck performed in *Union Pacific* where she held her own in opposition to a De Mille epic. What is the stuff by which Oscars are won? *Double Indemnity*? Apparently not.

Still another import, though at a later date, was the highly individualistic Margaret Sullavan. The breathless Maggie romped through *So Red the Rose* and *Only Yesterday* in such high style the critics and public were ecstatic, but not the voting members of the Academy. Though her volume of pic-



tures is slim because of an affinity for babies and Broadway, each new picture is welcomed with acclaim whether it be *Shop Around the Corner* or *Three Comrades*—but no Oscars are in the welcoming committee.

Admirers of fine acting were puzzled when the work of both Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon in *These Three* was not honored. Neither Miss Hopkins nor Miss Oberon were one-picture wonders either; both had given good performances before and have given them since. But the skeptics point out that an actress does not give a "best performance of the year" unless she has a large studio somewhere in her cheering section, and *These Three* was an independent Goldwyn production. Fortunately for Miss Hopkins, she has a fine sense of the ridiculous and a big Broadway following, plus an occasional opportunity to outcream Bette Davis in such pictures as *The Old Maid*.

Many point with justifiable pride to Ginger Rogers' Oscar and praise the recognition she won after coming around to drama following a highly successful musical career. They forget that Joan Crawford completed the same cycle in *A Woman's Face* and remained unhonored.

Ida Lupino was just another cute blonde among Hollywood's nebulae when, without fanfare, she turned in critic-catching acting

in *The Light That Failed* and *They Drive by Night*. She wasn't new in Hollywood and the chances of her becoming star material seemed slim, so no political vote trading was negotiated, say the skeptics. But when the studio found Ida elected to stardom by the fans, they accepted the unexpected gold mine with much pleasure and found her well enough established to be free from the needs of Oscar prestige.

Jean Arthur is another who suffers the awardless and recognitionless fate of good actresses with a large popular following. With more than two decades of picture making to her credit, she has contributed fine acting in the last few years alone to such pictures as *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *The More the Merrier*. Rosalind Russell, early in her career, cast aside sophisticated humor to play to the hilt the leads in *Craig's Wife* and *Night Must Fall* but without reward. Now she drifts along in a comfortable groove with a popular following and doesn't seem to be interested in bidding for Oscar's golden blessing.

No one will deny that Greer Garson, Janet Gaynor, Jennifer Jones or the others deserve the Oscars they probably cherish, but neither can they deny that any of the actresses mentioned deserve an Oscar, too. There just aren't enough Oscars. #

**When you have seen a plane disintegrate
in air you know there is no hope, and the
sergeant dreaded meeting Davis' family**

The Black Duty

by HARRY GLICK

WITH a grin that was beautiful in its shyness, his mother set the plate of sizzling veal chops and mashed potatoes and gravy in front of him. The aroma alone was tantalizing. "Did you get this kind of meal in New Guinea?" she asked.

He laughed outright. "Like this? Sure, sure. Sometimes even better. Sirloin steak or roast pheasant every other day. And on Sunday! Sunday, I'll have you know, they gave us nothing less than broiled lobster."

His mother understood, and her grin deepened to a smile of utter satisfaction as she placed the dish of green peas near his plate. It

was only his third dinner since he had returned from overseas, but she still pleased in asking him how he enjoyed the meals she made him. Everything "down under" in New Guinea had been bully beef and C rations, he had told her, and he had never failed to compliment her at every meal.

He had just started to cut the first chop when the telephone rang. His mother ran to answer it. After a moment she returned. "It's for you. Long distance."

He made a curious grimace as he left the table. The operator asked if he were Sgt. James Taylor, then told Springfield to go ahead.

A feminine voice said, "Is this Sgt. Taylor?"

Then she went on. "Well, this is Nancy Johnson. Perhaps you don't know who I am, but I'm Don Davis' fiancée." That was enough. He knew what was coming next. "I tried to write you, but I guess you left before my letter arrived. Sgt. Rocco wrote me that you had left. Then I saw in the paper . . . how you were home. I wonder if you would mind . . . would it be all right if I came up to see you? There's so much I'd like to ask you. You were Don's best . . ."

The snap of her voice out of control was clear even over the phone. It made Jim squirm. "Yes," he said. "I guess it would be all right. I don't know how much I can tell you . . ."

Almost a full minute elapsed before she was able to respond, and then it was to ask him to repeat what he had said.

"Oh, that would be wonderful of you," she gasped. "I know how you must feel, but this means so much to me. You don't know how much. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Mr. Taylor. Would tomorrow be all right? I could catch a train at 2:45 this afternoon and be in by—by 4:55 . . .?" and her voice trailed off meaningfully.

He tried to hide the weariness of the trapped as he said, "Well, if you can get in that early, possibly I could meet you at the station. I'll reserve a room at the hotel for you."

"Oh, but I wouldn't want to interfere with any



of your plans for tomorrow. I know how very busy you must be..."

It was a duty, and he knew that there was no way out of it. And the realization that he should have contacted her first only served to aggravate him the more. Now Charlotte would be mad, and he would have to explain it all to her till she understood. His mother was but a few yards from his elbow and whispering sibilantly that the chops were almost ice cold and had lost their flavor, when the operator interrupted to tell them that the three minutes were up.

On his way back to the table he told his mother about it. Told her how Don Davis had gone down on a certain mission, and "Now, she wants me to tell her that he may be still alive. Well, he isn't. I can't lie to her, no matter what she wants to hear. I hate to do this."

"You mean he was shot down?"

Jim nodded as he resumed his table operations. It was true, the chops had grown cold. His mother was protesting that he had never mentioned it in his letters.

"What difference would it make?" he asked. "You didn't know him. He just came from Massachusetts, too, that's all, and we were pretty good buddies. But now I'll have to call Charlotte and call off that date for tonight." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "You know, she called me Mister."

At first Charlotte put a pout in her voice and sounded openly suspicious, so that he grew suddenly peremptory with her. "Well, that's the way it is. I'm sorry if you don't want to believe me. I'll call you in the morning." And because he was afraid that she might call back and that he would have to apologize humbly, he made for the front door. There was a pinched frown in his forehead that drew his dark eyes together in nervous contemplation.

He had seen Nancy's picture because Davis had, besides a large portrait of her, a number of small snapshots with her in them, and he remembered how he had always thought her to be an exceptionally good-looking girl. But the girl who met him at the station bore only the vaguest resemblance to those pictures. Thin to a point of frailty, her face pale, hollow and gaunt, her dark eyes large and staring, and walking with the uncertainty and hesitancy of bewilderment, she looked as if she had hurled herself utterly into the depths of profound mourning. It was a shock to him.

With her were Don's father and sister, Claire. She recognized him at the same instant, and she hurried forward to greet him, a bright smile suddenly changing her thin face completely.

"James Taylor?"

"That's right," he said as he took her extended hand. "I thought it was you. Don had pictures of you."

"I recognized you from the snaps Don sent home, too. You look like your pictures." Then she introduced him to Don's father and sister.

For a while they stood around discussing the various pictures they had, like anyone staving off hearing or discussing some bad, unpalatable news. She recalled the picture of Don and him in shorts, arms across each other's shoulders; and the one taken in front of a B-24 right after a mission. "I bet we must have almost as many pictures of you as we have of Don," she said, but her smile was almost grim with desperation.

Claire interrupted. "Pardon me, Nancy, but I don't think we want to stay here all day. We'd better start for the hotel, first, and freshen up a bit, don't you think?"

For a moment, Nancy paled unaccountably, then she nodded in quiet agreement. Jim carried her bag and Claire's despite the polite protests from Claire and her father. Nancy walked without a word by his side.

While the girls went to their rooms, Mr. Davis invited him to step into his to wait for him.

Don's father was a short, stocky man with little hair left, but with a good-sized middle that stretched his belt to the last hole. Around his chin and jowls, his face was loose and easy, but around his small nose, and his grey eyes, and his forehead, the skin grew taut and smooth. His greyish eyes looked as if they had never

seen anything but sadness and sorrow, a seeming lie to the apparent jollity that the rest of the face and body betokened. Don had had the same grey eyes, Jim remembered, though otherwise he had resembled his dad but slightly.

"God, this heat is killing me," Mr. Davis moaned as he mopped his brow, then took his tie off, and then his shirt the collar edge of which was already stained with a line of sweat. "I bet this is every bit as hot as it was in New Guinea. How about it?"

"Well, not quite. We had some pretty hot days there."

"Well, then, Jim, all I have to say is, I don't know how you stood it. I know an old, fat codger like me would melt away the very first day. Ha-ha. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea if I went down there for a day or two. Might do me some good, eh?" Then he added, "While I wash and shave, how about you calling up for some drinks. We'll have plenty of time before we meet the girls. Make mine a Tom Collins."

Jim lit a cigarette and made the order while he could hear the intermittent splash of water from the bathroom. He was well aware of his own nervousness. It still hadn't left him. Waiting for them to ask the inevitable question was slowly becoming an inhuman torture. He moved into the chair that caught the full breeze from the small wall fan.

"How were those native girls?" Mr. Davis asked from the bathroom.

"Pretty much on the gruesome side."

"Not like those in the movies, then."

"Nothing like those at all."

The knock at the door was the bellhop with the drinks. From the bathroom, Mr. Davis hollered, "Don't you pay for them out of your money, Jim. Come in here and I'll give you the money."

He gave Jim a five-dollar bill and told him, "Start in on yours. Don't wait for me. I'll be through shaving in a few minutes."

After the bellhop had gone and after a few more splashes, Mr. Davis said, "I suppose it's pretty great to get back." But this time the tone in his voice could not hide the strain behind it. Nervously, Jim inhaled deeply as he wished he could see Mr. Davis' face instead of talking to a voice. He didn't know how to answer the question, and in his mind he could see those sad grey eyes filling with emotion.

"Yes. It is," he said dryly.

Mr. Davis suddenly appeared in the door of the bathroom, his towel in his left hand. He had finished shaving. Jim took note of the fat, soft, sloping shoulders and the hairy arms and chest—all through his cigarette smoke.

"I promised Nancy I wouldn't do this till she was around, too," he said. "But I have to. He was my only son. I guess you know that, too."

Jim nodded but looked at the stub of his cigarette. There was

only one more drag left. He took it, then slowly letting the smoke pour out of his nose and mouth, he ground the last of it out in the tray. Mr. Davis was waiting patiently.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Davis. I wish I could tell you there was something to go on, but there just isn't. What's the use of lying and pretending. I know how you must feel, and I'm—"

"Would you care to tell me about it?" He hadn't moved a muscle, as if he were hypnotized. And his intent eyes never wavered.

"How about your drink?" Jim asked.

"I'd appreciate it very much, Jim..." he persisted.

For a moment, in his nervousness, Jim didn't know whether to seize his own drink or light another cigarette. At length he said, "All right. All right. But it isn't nice. The ship he was in blew up right over the target. It was on one of those strikes on Balikpapan, in Borneo. Pretty rough target. They got a direct hit from ack-ack. They were flying off our left wing and I was at the left waist guns, so I saw them. It wasn't pretty. They didn't have a chance."

Mr. Davis hesitated before he said, "They say that sometimes... sometimes they've been known to bail out..." It was almost a question.

Jim now reached for his drink. Once in his (Continued on page 153)



Never-told-tale of "Killer" Dempsey's
bout with a young fighter who stuck
out his chin for that murderous left

The Match Macabre

by ART COHN

PRIZEFIGHTING is a racket-business that panders to man's inhumanity to man. Each week in a thousand cities it reconfirms the obvious fact that if a human being is struck often and/or hard enough he will wind up in a hospital, loony-bin or morgue.

Of the many cruel men who left their mark on the profession, none was as merciless as Jack Dempsey. He was a mean, brutal fighting man—as every fighter should be if he must be a fighter—he was addicted to the paralyzing rabbit punch behind the ears; sometimes he didn't even stop punching at the bell, being too preoccupied with the business of bashing an opponent unconscious to be concerned with technical niceties; he lost the chance to regain his title because he refused to go to a neutral corner after flooring Tunney but stubbornly insisted on hovering over him, waiting for him to rise so he could club him again.

Paul Gallico once wrote that Dempsey began "as a rough, tough nobody, a hard, mean, life-battered hobo, a kid with little or no education, truculent, bitter, disillusioned, restless, digging food and living out of an equally hard, rough world in which there was never any softness or decency; a tramp, and a misfit at heart. I can see him then as a surly, dangerous inhabitant of that spiteful nether world, just on the borderline, a world of steely toughness, foul language . . ."

The tales of Dempsey's ruthlessness are legion, but the story of his most fantastic fight has never been published. Only a handful of men know it and I shall set it down just as Gus Wilson, who saw it, told it to me.

Gus is a sad-eyed old gaffer, with the face and gentleness of a St. Bernard, who haunts Main Street Gym in Los Angeles, dreaming of the champions he had and hoping for one more before he dies. In his day he was the greatest trainer in the business. He swung a towel for Jack Johnson. He came over from France with Carpentier. Then he switched to Dempsey's corner and for four years was his faithful shadow.

They were killing time in their hotel suite before an exhibition at Denver, one spring afternoon in the 1920's, when Jack received a call from an old pal who had always been good for a deuce in his hobo days.



GOLINKIN

"Champ, I've got a kid who's dyin' to meet ya; can I bring him up?"

"Sure," Dempsey piped in his shrill voice.

A few minutes later a middle-aged man walked into the room with a handsome young giant, about 21 years old, 6 feet 1 and 210 pounds of bone and muscle.

"Jack, meet the next champ," the elderly man said as he nudged the boy toward Dempsey.

After they had a drink and cut up a few touches, the friend turned to Jack and said, "There's a favor you can do me."

"Name it and it's yours."

"It's for the kid, Jack. He never had any folks—at least he never told me about them—and I sort of brought him up. He's a born fighter, you oughta see his left, he's got everything except experience. That's why I brought him up from Wichita; I was hopin' you'd give him a word of encouragement and maybe let him work with you in an exhibition. It's a helluva lot to ask, I know, but the kid worships you and he can fight. Will ya give him a break—for my sake?"

Dempsey has never forgotten a friend or a kindness.

"Okay, Kid," he said. "Be at the arena tonight and at Richmond next Monday; you'll work with me in both shows. Hey, Gus! Give him a couple hundred for expenses."

The boy and his guardian embarrassed Jack with their profuse thanks.

Those who were there that night will never forget it. The boy possessed a magnificent body and good bearing until Dempsey crawled through the ropes. From the moment the bell rang the kid started, not fighting but talking.

"So you're the Champ!" he snarled. "You're nothin' but a stinkin' war slacker, that's what you are . . . You've always been a yellow-livered ——— and always will be . . . So you think you can fight, huh? Here, you big ———, hit me here!"

With that he stuck out his chin tantalizingly and dropped his hands to his side. The boy must be meshuggah, ringsiders thought, and some shut their eyes. They didn't want to see his handsome head torn off. If Jack had let the kid have the left, he would have been a goner. Because it was loaded with dynamite. Jack knew that you can't trust a sucker. Everyone wants to belt out a champion, even in an exhibition, and a patsy frequently attempted to cop a Sunday.

A million-dollar property was at stake, the first false move by a square usually was his last: Jack would give him the left.

"What's the matter, ya——, are ya too yellow to hit me?"

The boy continued screaming hysterically but Dempsey ignored his unprotected chin, grabbed him in a clinch and told him to behave himself. The kid continued to torment him, taunting him with filthy names, cursing and challenging him—him, Jack Dempsey, the most dangerous fighter alive. The temptation to level the dirty boy was great, but his loyalty to a friend was greater. At last he gave Gus the eye, time was cut short and a spare prepared to finish the show. As the boy left the ring he looked as if he wanted to cry.

That night, back at the hotel, Dempsey's old friend wept his apologies.

"I'm sick about it, Jack," he said. "Please forgive the kid; he didn't know what he was doing. I've talked to him and he feels terrible. He said he just blew his top and doesn't know why. I guess he got so excited being in there with you he didn't know what to do."

"But he sure knew (Continued on page 160)



"It's just another one of his tricks to make me jealous"



"Aw, I don't care—I live in a dream world anyway"



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THE PIRATES' SURRENDER *by Ken Riley*

The account of the pirate schooner's capture was received with contrasting emotions by the people of New Orleans

The Louisiana and the Bravo

by HODDING CARTER

ON the morning of September 13, 1819, Captain Jairus Loomis, master of the Revenue Service Cutter *Louisiana*, had a proud report for the Collector of Customs at New Orleans.

Under heavy guard, eighteen dejected rascals were disembarked at the mouth of Bayou St. Jean from the *Louisiana* and her sister ship, the *Alabama*. Tied up alongside the two cutters were the pirate schooner *Bravo* and its rescued victim, the *Filomena* of Pensacola. From the *Louisiana's* deck, Revenue Servicemen, who were the original Coast Guards, had already gently carried ashore First Mate Daniel Hazard and three fellow crewmen, all wounded. On August 11, Loomis had been ordered to sail the *Louisiana* from New York to the New Orleans station. She was a trim new vessel of fifty-six tons. Until August 31 the voyage had been uneventful. But on that day, cruising north of the Tortugas in company with the *Alabama*, Captain Loomis had sighted a suspicious-looking schooner alongside a little merchantman. On the schooner's foredeck was mounted a brass six-pounder, no armament for a peaceful ship.

As the *Louisiana* approached and hailed the schooner, the stranger had turned tail. The *Louisiana* had gradually overhauled the unidentified privateer until her crew could make out the name, *Bravo*, on the fugitive's stern.

Again Captain Loomis had hailed the fleeing schooner, and received for answer, a volley of musket fire. The *Louisiana* had returned the fire and grappled with the *Bravo*. Onto the pirate's deck the Revenue Servicemen had swarmed, swinging cutlasses and muskets. Six pirate crewmen were killed before the rest begged for quarter. Then the *Louisiana* and the *Alabama* had escorted the pirate schooner and the *Filomena* through the Rigolets into Lake Pontchartrain and to the custom's landing at Bayou St. Jean.

The swart Frenchman who had given his name as Jean Desfargues, was the pirate's captain. His lieutenant was this other, Robert Johnson. Desfargues had insolently produced a blank, undated letter of marque, signed by "A. Humbert, Lieutenant-General and Governor of Texas." Desfargues had said, also, that he was authorized to attack Spanish vessels and to replenish his provisions from "neutral ships," making payment for such supplies with "bills upon a certain merchant of New Orleans."

The good citizens of New Orleans crowded before the customs house to congratulate Captain Loomis. But there were other Orleanians who did not rejoice. For the *Bravo* had been built and fitted in New Orleans and had then been purchased by agents for Jean Lafitte. Lafitte ruled in Galvez Town now, on the coast of Texas; only four years ago, he and his pirate gunners had been feted as heroes, for fighting on the side of the Americans at the Battle of New Orleans. And before that the Lafittes had sold smuggled or pirated goods in such profusion that almost everyone had patronized them. This talk of hanging Jean Desfargues, and Robert Johnson, Lafitte's own friends, was incredible.

Nevertheless, the pirates of the *Bravo* were tried in U. S. District Court and sentenced to be hanged on May 25, 1820.

As soon as he learned of the *Bravo's* capture, Jean Lafitte hurried to New Orleans and lawless elements in the city, including former Baratarian pirates, tried to start a reign of terror. To combat the outbreaks, the city instituted night patrols by volunteers.

After the convictions, Lafitte sped to Washington with letters of recommendation from New Orleans merchants, planters and politicians involved in his operations. He gained from the President a sixty day reprieve for the sixteen crewmen, and one of them, John Tuckers, was later pardoned. But on May 25, Jean Desfargues and his lieutenant were hanged from the yardarm of a U. S. naval vessel moored at the foot of St. Ann Street. And the fifteen other wretches were executed early in 1821.

The last recorded exploits of the *Louisiana* took place in September, 1822. In company with the U. S. Ship of War *Peacock* and the British Schooner *Speedwell*, she brought in five privateers. By this time, piracy in the Gulf was all but ended. ##



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

Mixing it up with Jack Moffitt, saluting the sweet singer of Macy's and posing a problem for the hacks who write mysteries

This Man's World

by PAUL GALLICO

HAVING lightly side-stepped a couple of swings tossed at my noggin by the Messrs. George Jean Nathan and Gilbert Seldes in consecutive issues of *Esquire*, I am now about to return a punch pegged at me in the Christmas, or "Peace-On-Earth-Good-Will-To-Men" number, by a party named Jack Moffitt, or Junior, as I prefer to think of him. But it will have to be in slow motion.

It is very difficult to conduct a rousing brawl through the columns of this magazine, due to the length of time it takes for an insult to travel from the system of the writer to the ready copy for sale on the newsstands. For example, Junior jabbed me in 1945, and here it is well into 1946 before my counter is registered. By that time, you, dear reader, have quite forgotten what it was Mr. Moffitt said in the first place to arouse my ire, and if I tell you, then all I am doing is perpetuating his original nonsense, and giving it two rides for the price of one.

Well, anyway, Junior, or Mr. Moffitt, as he is called in *Esquire*, chides me for cruelty to our own picture, *The Clock*, a turkey which I reviewed in *Esquire* some months back, and he flies to the defense of M-G-M, producers of this *schlafmittel*, with the same evangelical vehemence with which Mr. Seldes celebrated sanctities of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mr. M. sounds very much to me like a young man who was once patted on the head by Louis B. Mayer and never quite got over it.



RAVITZ

Personal Appearance: Paul Gallico

Six-foot-three Paul Gallico is a big man and he packs a wallop with his typewriter. Another of the versatile littérateurs to emerge from a brilliant generation of sportswriters, Gallico made plenty of press-box history in his newspaper days, including the time he let Dempsey knock him out at a training camp. Recently he's been turning his talented hand to fiction, articles and occasional Hollywood forays. As a war correspondent, he straddled a jeep into Paris, along with the first of our soldiers. He will go to England next year to supervise the filming of his recently recorded "long short story," *Snow Goose*. A *New Yorker* and a Columbia alumnus, Gallico spends his summers on his New Jersey farm, assiduously avoiding farming. Both in his *Esquire* column and in person, he's as definite in his views as the impact of a Mack truck.



REISMAN

I will pass over such inaccuracies as naming me as the author of the original story when it states quite clearly on the credit title of the picture, as well as in my own review, that the original story was by Paul and Pauline Gallico, and tackle one of his sillier paragraphs which to my great regret I am forced to quote as follows:

"Mr. Gallico should have converted his story into a mustard plaster if he wanted to hold it so close to his chest. Metro-Goldwyn did not jimmy open his window and steal his yarn in the dead of night. Before a comma was changed, the author signed a bill of sale and accepted a check. This gave the purchaser the right to make any changes as it deemed necessary to please the public. Since *The Clock* is said to be Metro's third top money-maker for the season, and since the motion picture industry cannot afford to be precocious, the adaptors seemed to have guessed right."

We have here a very revealing picture of a young man who flies into ecstasies when his horse comes in third. I have never been a show bettor myself, though they tell me that by cautiously picking your spots you can sometimes realize as much as forty cents on a two dollar investment, which gives you a portrait of the movie industry and its *minnesinger*, young Johnny M. I like to lay it on the nose. That's what the Missus and I were shooting for with *The Clock*, and if certain parties who shall be nameless had kept their grimy paws off it, all of us would have landed in the winner's circle. In addition to making a fine picture, we wanted it to be M-G-M's *first* top money-maker of the year. That would have made us very happy. I hope L.B. has had words with sub-geniuses who interfered with the nobility and scope of our project.

However, if Jr. had had a touch of the reporter in him, he could have checked the background of *The Clock*, in which case he would have discovered that it was purchased by Metro at the request of Mr. Clarence Brown who had just completed *The Human Comedy*. We came out to Hollywood to discuss the story with him, and the three of us saw eye to eye on every detail. We then came back east and wrote it for Clarence Brown, though this was not specified in the contract. That will teach us. Not that Minnelli didn't do a fine job of direction with the material given him, but Brown would have produced the picture as well as directed it, and none of those jobbers and hack middlemen would have wedged so much as a toe inside his door. By the time the original script was finished Mr. Brown was no longer at Metro, which was our tough luck, and the piece fell into the hands of the Philistines. And really the only thing that seriously baffles me is why M-G-M bought *our* story for a large piece of change and then made somebody else's picture. The company could have saved money, and my wife and I would have been spared arterial tension.

As for Moffitt's critical handspring to the effect that Mr. Robert Nathan, one of the adaptors, succeeded in placing upon the screen an emotion which never had been there before, namely, the tender reverence of a young husband toward his wife, Oh my eye. The original story was full of emotions which had not been encountered on the screen before, all of which Mr. Nathan, in his eagerness to keep his card in the Screen Writer's Guild, carefully flattened out. I doubt if Mr. Nathan or Mr. Moffitt would recognize an honest emotion if it bit them in the ankle. Otherwise, why didn't Moffitt comment on the absurd incon-

gruity of having Judy Garland read the wedding service in the church instead of Robert Walker, after their dreadful experience in the marriage mill of the license bureau, and why did Nathan write it that way completely contrary to the original scenario given him? That second ceremony was the boy's gift to the girl, and in it he was all things to her, man, lover and priest.

It's been a lovely row. And here it is March. By the time Mr. Moffitt gets a new edge on his snicker-snee and breaks into print with his rebuttal, the leaves will be turning again, unless Esquire crosses me up and sends him galley proofs. But it's been nice meeting him. So long, Junior.

The New Poetry

YOU may set me down as a great lover of modern lyric poetry, and the other day I came across a beautiful song modestly tucked away, well, not quite modestly at that, for it was part of the copy in a full-page Macy's ad in the newspaper having to do with a feminine garment apparently known as a "bra," the use and purpose of which of course I wouldn't know, and if I did, I certainly wouldn't be spreading it abroad in a family magazine.

Anyway, the text, if put into verse form which I hereby do without extra charge, goes like this:

"Give yourself a beautiful bra.
Bras bring up your spirits—
As well as your beauty.
Sheer wisps of lace, mere moonbeams
Of shining fabric, lightly whipped
By designing fingers
To give you new high-tipped lines!
Let our bra consultant pick the
Perfect gift-lift for your figure.
See the whole frothy
Collection,
In New York's largest Bra Centre, Macy's 2nd
floor.

I love the poem, because it is full of beautiful pictures, pictures apparently that only a newspaper can get away with and still circulate through the mails. The thought of a gift-lift moves me strangely. I am sad and glad at the same time. Across my stream of consciousness move the moonbeams, lightly whipped by designing fingers, giving everyone new, high-tipped lines. A new line, with a high tip. That's my dish. Thank God for poets.

Insoluble Literary Problem

GATHER around here you guys and dolls who read mystery and adventure stories because we've got a problem to hash out and maybe you've got some ideas. Okay. I'm a fiction writer, but I'm also a sucker for a good spy-mystery-secret-agent-adventure story. I love 'em, and I read 'em as fast as I can get 'em, John Buchan, Graham Greene, Eric Ambler, Leslie Charteris, Dashiell Hammett, and a host of new people who write good thrillers. And I've tried writing them myself. And do you know what to me is the greatest problem in trying to ring a new twist? Why it's simply the difficulty of keeping the hero alive once he falls into the clutches of the villain or villains, as he invariably does about the middle of the story.

You see, they go something like this. In the beginning, the hero is pretty damn smart and pushes the villain around, or gets the best of him, or challenges him and gets away with it and you feel pretty good. Here is a guy who knows how to take care of himself.

But about halfway through the yarn, the hero slips up and whango, before you know it he is in the clutches of the super-spy, the arch-schemer, the head of the gang. All right. Now I'll talk first as a reader and then as a writer. As a reader I see that I am on page 153 with the hero bound hand and foot to a chair in the cellar of the lonely house on Abblegabble Street. The villainous *Von der Schmutzfink*, Chief of the Gestapo, comes down to gloat over his helpless captive. Upstairs are ten henchmen all armed with submachine guns. Others of the gang have all approaches to the house covered. So what? I note that the book has a total of 310 pages, or 157 more to go. What have I got to worry about? You can't carry on that many more pages without a hero. So I relax at the very moment that the writer wants me to reach for the smelling salts.

But it's even worse from the point of view of the writer. Now I'm writing the story. My hero has been a sap, and *Von der Schmutzfink* has got him. *Schmutzie* is standing over the chump with a Luger, a knife, a phial of cyanide of potassium and a couple of hand grenades. How in La Helle am I going to keep my sucker alive so as to have him around when the last chapter comes up?



Not a wooden but a wood duck

Indiscriminate shooting in the early 1900's almost reduced the wood duck to a species of splintering decoys. Its kinship to civilization was its undoing, for the wood duck sometimes nested in the hollow of the old apple tree in the farmyard—and was too available for trigger-happy hunters in the spring. Also, lumbering has eliminated many of the natural nesting places in timber regions, and the female is sometimes deluded into building her nest in an abandoned chimney. These strictly American birds live, breed and migrate mainly within the United States. They are found throughout the northeastern United States and in Southern Canada. In winter they range as far south as Virginia and Mexico. Smaller than the mallard, the handsome wood duck male has a long crest of metallic green, with blue, purple and white lines.

It's always the same old device. *Schmutzfink*, or *Garcia*, or *Takishima* or *Antonio*, or whatever the name or nationality of the guy in charge, has to start to talk. That's the moment they have to pick to get gabby. You know how it goes: "I ought to kill you at once, Colonel Gatesby of his Majesty's Scotland Yard Office of Strategic Services, Department of Justice, Secret Service, F.B.I. But I will not do so. First you shall hear how I stole the plans for the Atomic Radar Electronic Bunsen Burner Ionic Gas Mantle Submarine High Altitude device which is hidden in the third drawer of the wall safe in the rose bedroom upstairs, the combination of which is 9-16-4-5-24. But you will never make use of this information. It's all over, Colonel Gatesby. But I will not kill you now. I have a special death reserved for you, etc., etc. . . ."

I'll say he has. He's going to talk him to death, except that my hero has a very tough layer of muscle in the vicinity of his ears which acts as protective insulation.

But kidding aside, here I am with this situation on my hands and having to write it, and I know that if the villain has a single brain cell working he will simply walk into the cellar without saying a word, out with the shiv and cut the sucker's throat from ear to ear, go back upstairs, whistle up the gang, climb into the high-powered car and beat it. And I'm out of business on page 153. They don't pay off on that. But it does make sense, doesn't it?

The newer crop of mystery-adventure writers try to get around that awful moment of impasse where the villain has the chance to end the hero for good and all, or be forever branded in the mind of the reader as a triple-plated 18-karat boob, by beating the hero to within an inch of his life. They describe the beating in detail, registering every lump that appears on Colonel Gatesby's conk, which all has a certain sadistic appeal, but it still doesn't turn the trick, and that inch looms up to haunt them and the reader to the end of the book.

You would think that with so many adventure spy books having been written, all containing the same situation, that any self-respecting villain would buy one of those little framed mottos "DO IT NOW" and keep it on his desk as a reminder. And the next time he got a hero in his clutches he would use not only the sticker, but the heater, the poison and the bomb as well. But they never learn. "Aha, Captain Slade, so you thought to outwit Glub the Blug? I believe the tables are turned. But I shall not kill you now. Oh no. You shall die the lingering Death of the Ten Thousand Bad Jokes. But first, let me reveal how . . ." Oh God, there we go again. But what are we to do? Can you figure out any answer?

I cannot think of any solution. I only (*Continued on page 128*)

When you strip and advance to your tub
in a foreign land, there is one thing
you can count on: it won't be like home

Your Bath Is Ready

by NEILL C. WILSON



GREENE

WELL before the Japs inflated themselves with gaseous dreams of empire and blew up in the world's face, the steamship *China* of the old Pacific Mail Line touched at Nagasaki for coal. As coaling-up is a grimy business, you and your cabinmate set out in jinrikishas for Mogi. That was a fishing town over the hill.

You passed the two missionary ladies from Hiram, Ohio, fellow passengers on your little ship, sipping tea. Your cabinmate, who was an old China hand, had other ideas for you and himself.

Your ricksha men trotted you past farmers standing almost up to their cone-shaped hats in rice water; farmhouses with thatched roofs and paper windows; little shrines under gnarly pine trees; tiny pigeon-toed women gliding along with their eyes cast down; and doll-like children with smaller children strapped to their backs. In a village street, a woman crouched in a tall slim barrel.

You called to your friend in the ricksha, "Is she treading grapes, or just sitting on 'em?"

"Neither. She's bathing," he replied. "Japanese style. Old national folkway."

You looked again. You blushed and tipped your hat. She smiled without embarrassment.

Your friend the Singer Sewing Machine salesman explained: "Japs bathe several times a day. Guests in the house have first dips, then master, then eldest son, then wife, then other kids, then servants. If the barrel were bigger they'd all get in at once, including callers."

At the end of your ride for Mogi, you were set down at the door of a tiny inn. A small maidservant came out, smiled prettily, dropped to her knees, and brushed off your shoes.

Said Singer, "We'll just about have time."

You heard a toothy hissing. The landlord had come up behind you and was bowing low. He said: "Bath riddy, jintrimin. Prease go with Ne-san."

"But," you protested, "I had a bath on the ship two hours ago."

"Have another," urges Singer.

Ne-san proves to be the little maid. She leads the two of you into the inn and down a strip of matting to a paper door. Beside

it is a bench. "You prease," says the landlord, who has pattered after, "take crothes off here."

"Here?" you echo.

"Japanese folkway," encourages Singer, as he obeys.

You do too, with falterings. "But—" You indicate Ne-san.

"Think nothing of it," directs Singer. "She doesn't."

When you're ready, Ne-san slides aside the door.

You enter a shed walled with matting. The air is foggy but warm. The room has a vat in the floor, six feet square. Water is waist-deep in the vat, and a submerged bench runs around the four sides. The landlord has shuffled off but Ne-san, all smiles and good will, stands by with bucket and brush.

"Let her scrub your back," Singer advises.

Ne-san gives you a fine simonizing and starts to Marfak Singer.

"Get in now," he counsels you, "and soak."

You sit down on the bench and Singer joins you. He has thoughtfully brought smokes. Except for the scalding water up to your chin and the complete lack of regalia, it's like sitting in the lodge hall back home.

Suddenly you hear excited voices, and a wall panel slides aside. Shooed into the room by Ne-san and her bucket are the two lady missionaries from Ohio, all ready for the state that is akin to godliness. Peering through the fog, on the six-foot pond they perceive a pair of lotus lilies with cigars in their faces. They depart, screaming.

Undismayed, you continue to roam the world and to inspect its folkways. As some people collect Oriental rugs, others amass scarabs and still others stuff up on cathedrals, you gather experiences in foreign bathtubs. It is very cultural.

You discover why Finland wins the palm for having the most inhuman bath; so you apply at Helsinki's big bathhouse, the Uimahalli, and get it all and a cup of tea besides for forty cents.

A middle-aged, strapping daughter of the North, resembling those no-fooling matrons who used to carry ten liters of beer on their fingers in the Hofbräuhaus at Munich, leads you to a curtained cell. You strip, and no nonsense about it. She conducts you past a plunge where many men and youths are disporting, and tosses

you into the steam room. Benches go up the wall in three levels. She hurls water from a hose on to a hot stove. Then and there, even on the bottom bench, the room turns into the interior of a boiler.

Before you can yell, she plays the hose on the stove again. The pain of steam in your nose and lungs is insupportable. You appeal to her by signs. She laughs, guides you out of there to a wooden table. There, with the muscular arms of a shot-putter, she lays you out and falls upon you with a bucket of suds and a stiff brush. She pounds and prods and thumps and runs Sibelius' *Finlandia* up and down the soles of your feet and, as you roar with laughter, she shifts over and bangs diapacons out of your tummy. Then she heaves you to a shower and gives it to you cold, out of tanks that are somewhere up around Murmansk. When the shower is done, she pushes the sleeves of her white smock up on her arms and whacks you from head to foot with a bundle of birch twigs. That over, she takes you to a café table beside the pool, throws a towel over you and orders you a cup of tea. You feel wonderful.

The process is called the sauna. It's what made the Vikings vigorous.

England, on the other hand, is for sissies. And the hallmark of English bathing is pre-warmed towels.

Every bathroom in London is provided with a row of hot pipes, and there on the pipes is your towel, toasting cozily. This (Continued on page 135)



"The \$175,000 dinner includes dessert"



“Young man, what happened to the bus that used to stop at this corner?”



"I'll be a little late tonight, dear—I'm experimenting with some dynamite"



Most applauded of the G.I. comedians, he panicked the lads all over the Pacific by his meaningful thrusts at the Brass

I Give You Jack Paar

by **SIDNEY CARROLL**

I HAD been hearing stories about him for ten thousand miles. I know it started somewhere in the Solomons. It was at a USO show in the jungle one night, and I thought the comic was pretty funny and I made the mistake of laughing out loud. The kid sitting next to me, a Marine private, seemed to resent my laughter. He turned and said, "You think this guy's funny? You should hear Jack Paar!" And then the kid sitting next to him turned to me and said, "Yeabo! That's my boy!"

That was the first time I ever heard Paar's name. I was to hear it many times in the next few months. All through the Solomons, whenever I'd hear Marines discussing the shows they'd seen and the ones they hoped to see (an endless topic of conversation), I'd hear the inevitable names of Bob Hope and Jack Benny, and cross references to certain specific "dolls in them shows." But then somebody would bring up Paar's name, and that would be the clincher. Hope and Benny had left some fragrant memories behind them, all right, but this Paar, whoever he was, was obviously the favorite of favorites. Among the entertainers who were going out into the jungles in those days to make the American residents laugh, Paar was having more success than anybody.

Who was he? I began making inquiries among the Special Service officers, and what I found out was little enough. This Jack Paar was not a USO entertainer—he was just a G.I. himself. He was part of one of those Special Service units made up exclusively of G.I. talent. You never heard anything about those troupes because they never had press agents assigned to them—the Public Relations boys were detailed to the USO companies. But the G.I. troupes usually consisted of a jazz band, a singer, a dancer, perhaps a juggler, and inevitably a comic. They went on month after month, untouted, unheralded, like the foot-slogging infantry itself, doing a job that had to be done, making men laugh in some of the most laugh-proof places in the world.

Jack Paar was a comic in one of those troupes. They told me he was best of them all. They told me that he had a terrific line of patter, and that he was very funny, and that was all I could find out about him. But I kept hearing his name again and again.

I did a lot of traveling before I caught up with him. His name kept popping up here and there until I felt I was chasing rainbows. I didn't deliberately follow his trail, but I could feel myself instinctively getting closer to the great man all the time. He was up and out of the Solomons before I could see him. He passed through Tulagi three weeks before I did. When I got to Fiji they told me he had been there—and they looked at me with pity, and perhaps with contempt, because I had not seen him.

"You never heard Paar? My achin' back—he's got more noive than any bastid I ever seen!"

That was a new line on him: Not only was he funny, but he had nerve. What kind of nerve? I began to feel as if my journey to war would be incomplete if I never saw Paar. He was panicking them all over the Pacific Ocean, and he was always just out of my reach. And then I caught up with him.

It was in New Caledonia, and it was an accident. I didn't know he was there. I was out at a field hospital called MOB 107 one day and a Special Service captain named Carter told me there'd be a show for the wounded men that night and would I care to come? I must have hesitated. I must have been remembering some of the USO shows I'd seen, dishing out what was supposed to be entertainment to the troops. And Carter must have sensed my hesitancy. "You'll like this one," he told me. "It's not USO—it's just a Special Service troupe

—all G.I.s. And it's got a kid in it named Jack Paar, who'll kill you." "Paar?" I asked, and I tried to look unconcerned. "Well—okay."

The theatre out at MOB 107 was up on a little hill, far above the hospital barracks. The seats were perfect; they rose at a forty-five degree angle on that hill and every seat in the house had a perfect view of the stage. If you sat high enough you could look over the proscenium of the stage, over the hospital roofs, out to one of the most beautiful bays in the world. The New Caledonian earth is brown and the water a bright blue, and there are islands shaped like animals in that bay. Along about sunset, just before show time, there was an imperfect light over the bay, a dim blue haze. I had spent many such nights, sitting in just such open air theatres, waiting for the movie or the show to come on, watching the sunset. They were all beautiful nights. When you were waiting for a show the war seemed many miles away, and that kind of anticipation always made the landscape serene and beautiful. That night at MOB 107 was full of particular anticipations, and it would have been beautiful beyond words except for the fact that when I looked around at the audience I saw legs in splints, and many wheelchairs, and men with bandaged stumps on their shoulders. At least, I thought, this Paar boy picks himself some audiences to make laugh. And while I was figuring his chances of creating general hilarity among these men who'd been torn to pieces and who generally didn't give a damn about laughing at anything any more, the sun went down and the lights went up, and Paar came out and the show was on.

Well, his technique is not like Hope's; it is not exuberant. It is not like Benny's—he assumes no special character. He plays—himself, straight. He is a thin, calm, unhurried, good-looking youngster who just stands up there and talks into the mike. He describes himself as an aging Donald O'Connor. Self-assurance is written all over him. The night I saw him, he came out on the stage smoking a pipe. He gave me the impression that he happened to be smoking a pipe just before curtain call, and it was a natural thing to go on smoking the pipe when his cue came to go on. I submit, in an aside to all professional m.c.'s, that that was, technically speaking, an extraordinary thing to (Continued on page 192)



"You don't have to give up golf altogether—just stop keeping score"

There could be no happy ending to the love affair between the wild red roan and the thoroughbred Cloverton filly

The Wild Stallion

by JACK TOOKER



CURRY

JUNE in Northern Arizona is a time of magical transition between the wet, snowy spring and sultry summer, when tall pines check the breeze for creatures without wings. The wild turkeys cease their gobbling, save an occasional answer to a sawmill's shrill whistle. On Bill Williams Mountain, wild strawberries, blackberries, elderberries, raspberries riot in rivalry of bloom, while the grass is as green as a palace carpet right up to the snow line.

Farther north is the Cacatrac country, between the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad and the Grand Canyon. It is the winter range of many bands of wild horses, mostly descended from Arabian stock which was brought into the country by a number of Spanish explorers as early as 1542. Many are stunted, though toughened, from inbreeding, while others seem to retain their original Arabian character.

In the transition season between early spring and summer, the wild horses return to the mountains and their summer range. The red, or strawberry, roan was the stallion leader of one of these bands. His summer range was high up on the slopes of Bill Williams Mountain, among the tall spruce and fir, in the green, open parks and in Hell's Canyon off the south side of the mountain.

One brilliant June morning the red roan looked off over his equine domain from the sheer, high point of a rocky ledge. A full-sized Arabian throwback, he was a beautiful thing, his red dappled coat shining like satin in the sun, the wind gently rippling his long, silvery mane and tail. Now and then, he nickered. Red Roan was always lonesome for pleasant or unpleasant company—rival stallions to kill or mare-mates to steal and wed after his polygamous fashion.

Clear and sweet this morning came an answering call. The stallion threw up his head. That voice was not from any mountain lass of his knowing. It was a gentle voice, and it sent a thrill tingling up his agile spine.

The mare that had answered was Cloverton, a blooded filly in the stables of Mr. Dermont, manager of the Saginaw-Manistee Lumber Company. The equine belle of the stables had made a reputation as a record quarter horse, best of the Dermont racing stock.

Red Roan called again and the Cloverton filly answered. For several minutes they talked horse talk at a distance, and the burden of their plaint would have made a moralist blush.

Chet Dermont drove up in his car in the middle of the courtship by wireless. He listened a moment, then walked out to the high corral, where the mare was looking wistfully off high up the mountain.

"You'd better forget it, lady," he called out to his prize young mare. "I know you're coming three, and we've got to watch you. It won't be that fellow anyway that you pair up with. I never breed my racing mares under five years old, and then not to any wild stock."

Dermont's mill office was so close to Cloverton's stable that he could talk to the filly from an open window. After he sat down to his desk, he picked up a high-powered field glass. He trained the binoculars on the parks and meadows above for the horse that was trying to lure his filly away.

Had he known the character of the red roan, he would have used his long range rifle as well as the glasses.

The wild stallion's calls were deceiving as to actual distance. After considerable searching, Dermont located what looked like a bronze statue on the edge of the cliffs overlooking the stables and the mill office.

Dermont whistled under his breath, for he was a connoisseur of horse flesh. Never had he looked twice before at anything but a thoroughbred. Red Roan had been registered Arabian by Dame Nature, who has a reputation for going animal husbandry one better.

Again, the mare answered the distant picker with a shrill whinny. She had no inhibitions regarding Red Roan's papers. She was a true democrat.

It was shortly after this that I had occasion to visit Dermont in his office. While we were discussing the wild horses, the clatter of galloping hoofs on the hard road outside drew our attention. Bert Savage slid his mustang to a stop a little later outside the mill office. He came in with the clanking spurs of the range rider.

"Howdy, Mr. Dermont—hello, Jack," he greeted us with that western breeze.

"Howdy, Bert," we chorused.

He addressed the mill manager directly. "Just came over to admire your stock and see if we can't arrange a race."

Bert Savage had a race horse named Blue that Cloverton had beaten recently.

"So you're looking for revenge," Dermont chuckled. "Well, Cloverton beat your Blue fair and square and she'll do it again."

"Maybe for a quarter," Bert came back, "but how about a mile? My Blue horse can't get started in a quarter."

Dermont did not laugh this time. "You're right, Bert," he admitted. "My filly hasn't the lungs for a mile at top speed. I'm hoping she'll develop mile lungs later on. If she does, I'll accommodate you."

A shrewd racing man, Dermont was as careful as a boxing promoter about matching his protégés. He seldom raced his blooded stock against local horses. The Blue horse had been one of a captured wild herd and, like many of them, he was fast. The cowboys were always catching wild horses, some of which were big enough to be fine saddle stock, and their lungs and legs were developed for distance running by tough survival in a mountainous, lion-infested area.

Bert Savage was about to say something when



"We wear out about one a month—my husband is always swearing on it!"

he heard the red roan neigh again, the filly answering as she lifted her pretty head.

"Hey, what horse is that?" Bert asked, looking up the mountain.

"One we've just been admiring—but not in my corral," Dermont said. "Here, take the glasses and look at the prettiest wild stallion in these mountains."

Bert Savage took the glasses and aligned them on the ledge we pointed out. He looked a long time.

"You're right," he finally said. "That's the strawberry roan. He's an outlaw. The dudes call him 'Red Roan.' Better look out for that filly of yours tonight. That roan is a lady killer."

Dermont laughed. "No wild horse would dare come into town, even after a four-legged daughter as sweet as mine."

"Don't be too sure about that, mister," Bert said. "That stallion has made monkeys out of all us cowmen. Only last week he killed Bill Neglar's big sorrel stud an' stole three mares. He's chain lightning when it comes to the getaway. Not a horse in the country can touch him."

"Well, if he does come down here that corral ought to stop him," Dermont concluded with confidence.

Dermont's thoroughbred racing stallion was fully alert to the neighborhood of the Cloverton filly. We could hear him pounding his box stall that day. But Cloverton paid little attention to the thoroughbred imprisoned in the stable. There was glamor in the mellow tenor voice calling from the open. Wild nature lurks near the surface in all horses. They respond to the lure of freedom and to the champion who is king of his range.

"Better watch your corral," was Bert Savage's parting admonition. "Look up your stallion and that mare tonight. That strawberry roan will kill your stud and steal the mare."

I sided with Bert Savage that a box stall was the safest place for the filly, but Dermont could not be worried. As far as he was concerned, the red roan did not exist. Besides, an emergency arose that day at the mill, and he had plenty on his mind. After putting in some overtime, he arrived home late for dinner.

Mrs. Dermont met him with excited talk about her experiences of the day. "Oh, Chet, I saw so many wild creatures today! It was simply remarkable. A flock of turkeys came right down into the yard. A doe with two spotted fawns came down and drank out of the duck pond. And what do you think—high up on the cliffs stood the prettiest wild horse, calling to some other horses in town."

"Yes, I know all about the wild horse. He was calling our Cloverton filly. She's lovesick."

"Oh! Are you sure she can't get away?"

"She can't get out and the wild horse couldn't get in, even if he had nerve enough to come in under the glare of electric lights."

Mrs. Dermont hadn't the experience of Bert Savage with wild horses. But like most women she had that intuitive understanding that surpasses cold reason. She, too, was worried.

That night, Chet Dermont lay awake only a short time listening to the noises of the night. He was tired and fell asleep early. Not so his wife. She was still awake when the love calls of horses began to fill the night. She did not sleep until very early morning when everything was suddenly quiet.

At breakfast, the Dermont telephone rang. It was Andy the stable boy. "What did you do with the Cloverton filly last night?"

A ripple of alarm disturbed Chet Dermont's equanimity.

"I left her in the corral, Andy—why?"

"She's gone!" Andy nearly wept aloud. "The two top bars is down an' I can't find hide ner hair of her."

"What are you standing around for? Get out and look for her. Find her!" Dermont shouted.

"I already done my best," Andy replied, "I b'lieve she's been stole away. I'm leavin' ever'thing jest like I found it."

Dermont cooled down quickly. There was no one to blame but

himself if the worst were true. "I'll be right down," he said, hanging up.

Mrs. Dermont studied him quietly. Then she asked: "You don't think she was actually stolen, do you?"

Dermont shook his head. "No—just some devilment of that Bert Savage," he quipped at random. "He tried to tell me that if I didn't lock the mare up, that wild strawberry roan would steal her. I'll bet Bert has hidden her somewhere, trying to throw a scare into me. They're all jealous of me for having the fastest quarter horse in the country."

"I'm not so sure," Mrs. Dermont said, uneasily. "After all that neighing I heard last night—and then everything still all of a sudden about three o'clock . . ."

News travels fast in a small town. I was one of those on the scene when Dermont arrived at the stables that morning. A crowd had gathered, with officers of the law in charge, careful that none of the signs and clues were obliterated. They knew how valuable the mare was and that if she really had been stolen, Dermont would move heaven and earth to get her back and punish the thief.

City Marshal Perkins met the mill manager at the car.

"It's a clear case, Mr. Dermont," the marshal said. "But I don't know if the law covers it. It's that strawberry roan stud that stole your mare. His unshod hoof tracks are all around the

corral, and his teeth marks are on two of the top rails. He worked them loose some way, jumped into the corral and forced the filly to jump out."

Dermont was heartbroken. He would rather have lost all the rest of his young stock than the Cloverton filly.

Bert Savage came through the crowd, conspicuous in his ten-gallon hat, chaps and high-heeled, spurred boots. He had none of the sly reserve of the practical joker. His condolences were sincere.

"You're lucky, though, that he didn't kill your stallion too. He would have if he could have got to him," Bert said.

"It's all my fault," Dermont admitted, sadly. "I was warned, but I just couldn't believe any horse alive could get over that corral. That Red Roan must have a brain like a man."

"He sure has," said Bert. "And I'd like to have the colt your Cloverton filly will have by that wild stallion."

"All right," Dermont snapped, beginning to show fight. "You fellows are always yelling for a distance race with that filly. Now is your chance to show what your horses are made of and what they can do. I'll give two hundred and fifty dollars and her foal by that four-legged Lochinvar to the man who catches her!"

Bert whistled. "That's some different from a race."

"I don't see why."

"You wouldn't. You don't know

wild horses. We've got the strawberry roan's brains against us as well as the mare's speed. And every day she stays with him and his wild herd, the harder she'll be to catch. She'll go wild mighty fast, and with her knowledge of men she'll be harder to get than a wild-born horse. She'll learn to go places a man can't ride. But one of these days I'll lead her into town and collect that two hundred and fifty reward, Mr. Dermont."

Shorty Emmett, foreman of the Neglar ranch, with six of his best cowboys, including myself, took the trail of the lost filly and her mountain lover. The Red Roan must have realized the probability of pursuit for he took no known trails on his elopement. It was game trails that he followed. He well knew the importance of a clean getaway, and he drove the filly before him, over rocky ledges, through jack pine and spruce thickets where a mounted man could not follow. We had to make long detours, each one costing us precious time.

After the runaways had crossed the divide at last, the roan stallion really demonstrated his cunning by crossing a large rock slide where the trail was hopelessly lost. Then the outlaw doubled back to watch his pursuers from a high point.

We dismounted and looked for tracks, (Continued on page 147)



"Face the door, please"

Of worn brickbats that rend the air
waves, talking cows and the odd idea
of America which Hollywood exports

Notes and Queries

by GILBERT SELDES

The Young Sadists

NEXT Sunday night, will you please listen to all your favorite comedians and note the percentage of cruel jokes. They may be self-directed, a bit of light masochism, or straight jabs to someone else's jaw.

The saucy dummy in Bergen's hands turns out to be relatively mild compared to the snarling and smearing that goes on between comedians and stooges and band leaders and announcers. Fred Allen's trademark is the bags under his eyes; Benny gets it (and takes it) right and left from Rochester and Mary Livingstone: in *It Pays to be Ignorant*, mutual insult is essential, and justifiable; and so it goes.

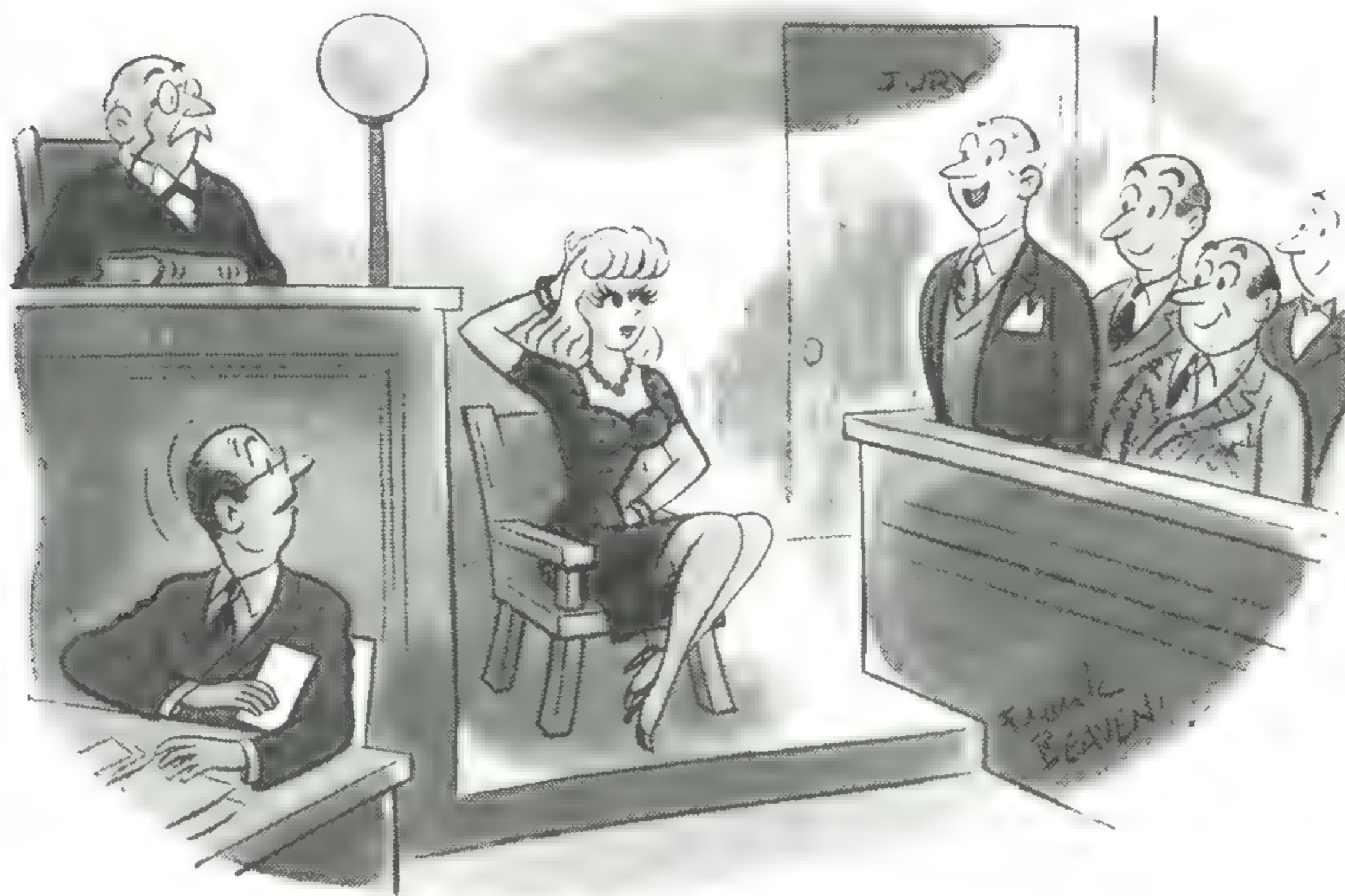
Only Jimmy Durante seems to love everybody, and his boy (that said that) rejoices and weeps with him.

Maybe a philosopher will discover some deep meaning in this mania for cruelty. All I say of it is that it begins to bore me. It's a translation into popular terms of the smart wisecrack, the insults that pass for wit in the comedies of Noel Coward; there's a speak-easy-age staleness over it and I feel that other sources of humor must exist beyond the physical deficiencies and imputed meannesses of the comedians.

Shut Yo' Mouf

Until recently the average musical short has been the low point in all my movie going. But I have suffered lately and now I lean back with something like joy when a second-rate band, two acrobats, a no-good girl in a bad evening dress and a smirking band leader appear.

For I have seen the talking animals. A fiend in human form has found a way to place a hideous rubber-like false front on a cow, making it move so that the beast seems to sing. As a ninety-second novelty, it served. It has become a featurette. After a huge success with a popular ballad, a second has appeared. Naturally the idea of "Would you rather be a mule," etc., appealed to the makers.



"We find the prosecutor guilty"



It's not my business to tell you why I stay away from the movies—but you can see how I mightn't be exactly attracted.

Variation

Some months ago I noted that Archibald MacLeish was, to all effects, our Minister of Propaganda.

In keeping with times that change, his place in the State Department has been taken by William Benton; the poet yields to the publicist. At the same time I think there has been a gain—the functions are becoming clearer. Of course we will still not say the awful word, but we will be expounding the American point of view. You will note that a lot of the emphasis goes to presenting ourselves in a good light abroad. Yet I always feel that we, ourselves, might be better-informed—but not indoctrinated. It isn't easy—it is dangerous; but the easy way, which is to do nothing, has its pitfalls, too. If any large part of the people now do not know why we fought the war, there's been a break in communications somewhere.

Challenge to Johnston

Hardly had Eric Johnston taken over the spot of Will Hays, when he was challenged by Samuel Goldwyn to think hard and fast about a coming "gangster cycle" or its equivalent. Being forced to think is always good; but I wonder whether Mr. Goldwyn's fears for the movies aren't excessive. Hollywood rode the gangster picture to death; but in itself, the material was right for the screen and brought a sense of connection with our daily lives—in spite of being presented foolishly.

Challenge to the World

In this connection, I note a pretty violent argument in the newspaper *PM* concerning *Mildred Pierce*. (I haven't seen the picture yet, so I am dealing exclusively with "ideas.") My friend John McManus didn't think a picture of sordid murder was just the thing to present us in a favorable light to our recent allies—not to mention liberated Germans. Max Lerner, chief editorial writer of *PM*, disagreed; readers wrote that the ideal of free expression was taking a hell of a sock right from its presumed best friends. McManus cogently replied that if the screen were really a picture of America, showing its grandeurs and miseries, he'd have no complaint.

I gather that in a world of Hollywood make-believe, the sudden eruption of vileness seems too exceptional.

Disappointment

Fifty Australian brides of American soldiers have returned down under—finding the United States quite displeasing "and not like the movies." Maybe if they had seen *Mildred Pierce* instead of *Christmas in Connecticut* they wouldn't have been so put out.

Is it possible that what's pure escape and foolishness to us, is considered the shape and form of life itself when foreigners see our pictures?

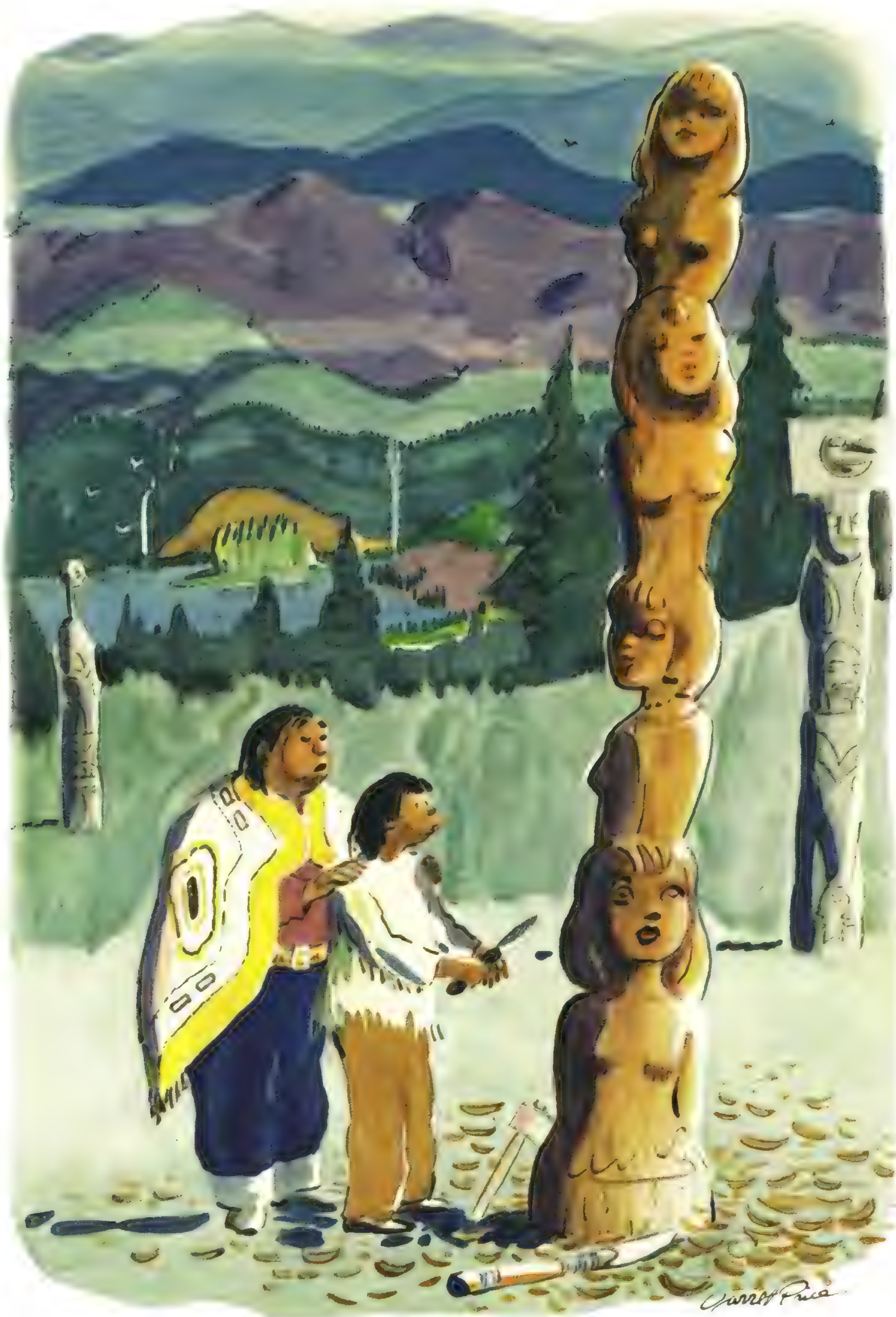
That's something else for Eric Johnston to ponder.

Accent

Radio and the movies are the most effective representations of actual human beings ever invented. Yet how many times can you say "This person is speaking and acting like an ordinary human being?" Or do you prefer it that way? ##



"I was offered a part in a Broadway play; no housework, no cleaning, no children, and no washing—all I have to do is yell, 'SOUP'S ON!'"



"What's on your mind, Son? Tell Dad"

The Castillo Is Lighted

Eleven o'clock on El Día de Guadalupe: the villagers cheer while the tourists clamor, for who can find this Jorge?

by P. FENT ROSS



ON Guadalupe Day we always had an especially beautiful *castillo*. The night before there was a *torito* in the plaza—one of those gay little papier-mâché bulls in a framework of fireworks that goes dashing about on the head of a man, whirling its pinwheels and letting off skyrockets.

All day on El Día there were processions and celebrations in the church, and down in the plaza people were buying the special candies and cakes and candles that are made only for the Day of Guadalupe.

And that night there was a *castillo*. So at dusk we all trudged up to the Church of Guadalupe, which perches high on the mountainside overlooking the village.

The *castillo* stood darkly in front of the church, its great central pole reaching forty feet into the air, its elaborate framework of fireworks, with the papier-mâché *charros* and bulls and dancing girls, waiting only for the lighting of the fuse to set them off into color and brilliance and action. The lighted village, lying steeply below was very beautiful, and the soft December night was filled with music. We ate *tacos* and drank *refrescos*, and watched the dozens of balloons lighted and released behind the church, to float off over the town and down to the distant valley.

And now it was eleven o'clock, time for the *castillo*. Everyone looked for a good vantage place. Some of us climbed to the top of the cliff beside the church, and the roofs of all the near-by houses were covered with people. Those who could not climb onto anything sat under the trees, far enough from the *castillo* to be safe from the flying heelchasers.

Jorge the carpenter was supposed to light the fuse, and Jorge did not appear. Some of the men walked around inspecting their own work, making sure the pinwheels were secure and that all was in order.

The little group of tourists began looking at their watches in the light of the oil flares. Here and there the low hum of conversation and laughter suddenly took a note of excitement. Where was Jorge? Who would have thought that Jorge would not come? But what had happened to him? Certainly he was at the *fiesta* earlier in the evening, but no one could remember seeing him for a long time.

At twenty minutes after eleven, Manuel the *fontanero* announced that he would go in search of Jorge. But no, there was sudden protest and more laughter. Did not everyone know that if Manuel went, even though he encountered Jorge he could not be expected to return? Manuel protested volubly that of a certainty they did not expect him to get drunk—at least not more drunk—on the Día de Guadalupe. But Elias the shoemaker, who was known for a sober man at most times, would go with him. So Manuel and Elias set off down the side of the mountain.

"But why are we waiting?" asked one of the tourists. "They said the *castillo* was to be lighted at eleven o'clock, and it is now almost half past."

"Jorge, the carpenter, is to light the fuse and he is not yet here," explained Alfonso. Alfonso was a waiter at one of the hotels and could speak English.

"You mean they are waiting for some special man to light the fuse? Can't someone else do it?"

"Pues, no. You understand, of course, that of the committee that makes the *castillo* each man has his own part to do. Jorge has been chosen to light the fuse. It is his privilege. Unless Jorge himself invites someone else to do it, he must be permitted to light the fuse himself."

"But why? Anyone can light a fuse! Why keep all these people waiting when it is already late?"

"It is the custom." Alfonso lifted his shoulders expressively. Then he smiled. "But the night is beautiful, and they will return soon. It does not matter."

"Well, I don't know how they expect people to wait all night. I for one—" but the tourist did not finish his speech.

"Ah, see! Now Porfirio and Jaime are going in search of the other three!"

There was a great cheer for Porfirio and Jaime. People came down from their perches and ate more *tacos* and drank more *refrescos*. There was speculation as to whether or not Jorge had been found. Then after awhile Emilio and Guillermo set out on the search. There was another cheer. The thing was taking on the air of a mystery now, and adding piquancy to the *fiesta*. It was very funny and there was much laughter. Most of the small children were asleep but the *fiesta* had come to life again. The band stirred itself and launched into gayer music. Everyone was having a fine time except the tourists. Some of them gave up and went back to the hotel, but the man who had protested was still waiting.

At last the *Presidente Municipal* decided to do something about it. He himself would go in search of Jorge and the searchers. The mayor was an important person and a man of action. Dressed in his *charro* suit and big ornate hat he was a figure to command respect. He marched off down the hill to cries of *Ole* and *Bravo* and *Viva, el Presidente*. Something would happen now, they said gleefully. Something always happened when the *Presidente* walked like that. And something did.

In less than half an hour we heard a burst of song from the streets below. *Panchita*—all about the lovely Pan-chi-ta, with her *ojos bonitas* (quite ungrammatical) and *boca chiquita*—sung lustily but with great tenderness by enthusiastic male voices.

Then around the last curve of the street came Jorge the carpenter. The *Presidente* himself held one of Jorge's arms, and Elias the shoemaker held the other, and the others who had gone on the search trailed unsteadily after them. Singing happily Jorge was propelled into the circle about the *castillo*.

"And now we are here!" announced the (Continued on page 159)



"Today I'm going to try to go all the way on my skis!"

You Can Afford to Fly!

If you want to fly a plane—not in the distant future, but right now—Strato Club may point the way for you

by GRANT WILCOX, JR.

ANYONE who is modern, progressive and truly alive instinctively wants to be a part of peacetime private flying. Much has been written about its possibilities. So much, in fact, that people have been bothered by the apparent contradictions as to costs, methods, and future possibilities.

Forget the prophecies! Come on and fly *now*. Fundamentally, the future won't be too much different from the very agreeable present.

The first step is to pick a reliable operator at your local airport and hire both his equipment and his instructors. By a reliable operator we mean a responsible citizen who is proud of his business and equipment and carries adequate insurance so that you incur no liability through your flying. It would be nice to follow such a procedure until you have soloed; then you won't be investing any of your hard-earned money until you are satisfied both with yourself and with flying. The second step, after you solo, is to join or form a *good* club. In this way you can fly for less than half the cost of an operator's service and you will gain these real and substantial benefits: you will have pride of ownership, you can pick up and go whenever you need to, and you'll learn far more, both about flying itself and the essentials of aircraft maintenance and care.

The more you fly a plane, due to the wider spread of fixed expenses, the cheaper it is per hour or per mile. For that reason, it



is not yet economical for one man, in moderate circumstances, to own and operate a plane for himself alone. Yet, if a ship is flown regularly and reasonably often, it can be as cheap or cheaper per mile than running an automobile. In making that statement we include in our over-all figures, depreciation, hangar rent, gas, oil, repairs and insurance.

To get these benefits of flying but at a low cost, a group of eight Detroit men (just as other men have done all over the country) got together in the Fall of 1942 and bought a plane. It was a Luscombe 8, built in 1938, with a 50 h.p. Continental Engine, and still in excellent condition. Now more than seven years old, it flies like a new ship. In over 1200 hours of flying (approximately 96,000 miles) covering a seven-year period, this plane has had but two major overhauls on the engine and only one wing recovering. That's economy!

These men formed a syndicate and bought this Luscombe by investing less than \$200.00 apiece in a ship that had already done yeoman service for four years. It had originally cost \$2005.00 including accessories. With but \$200.00 invested per man, including insurance and all other assets, they figured this way: Suppose that, through some misfortune or error of judgment, the ship *was* cracked up beyond economical repair. Such a loss, it was agreed, was low enough per man to be relatively minor, particularly after any salvage value and money in the treasury were distributed in final settlement. Meanwhile, each man needed to fly but forty hours to liquidate his investment entirely, considering the differential between our club rates and those of an operator. From there on all was gravy.

So eight men interested in flying formed our Strato Club. They wrote and adopted a constitution, elected a director, a secretary and a treasurer, and went into business. Since then there have been twelve other partners (never more than eight at a time nor less than six) and the present group is entirely different in personnel from the original eight. The armed services claimed six of the original men and two of these were killed in combat. The ship carries two gold stars in their honor.

There was, at first, the question as to whether to band together as a partnership or a corporation. A corporation has many desirable features, particularly limitation of liability, but it also calls for fairly complicated legal procedures and multitudinous reports. The partnership, on the other hand, is flexible and easy to manage. Its one bad feature, mutual liability, was solved in early 1944 by reasonable insurance coverage.

Our constitution and bylaws have been the result of a year and a half of Strato Club operations. While we don't propose that our constitution is perfect, we do know that it has worked exceedingly well under a variety of circumstances. How well *any* constitution and set of bylaws work depends largely on the quality and common sense of the club's personnel.

To keep expenses equitable, regardless of how much more one man flies than another, our treasurer keeps four main accounts in his books:

1. The Ownership Fee Fund
2. The Insurance Fund
3. The Operating Fund
4. The Capital Reserve Fund

Against the Ownership Fee Fund is charged hangar rent (\$23.50 per month including lockers), registration fees and any other fixed expenses that go on



Fly it yourself—in five hours

It may take you a little more or less time, but a good number of beginning pilots are cloud-dodging solo in the Erco Coupe after only five hours of instruction. This two-place private plane was developed by the Engineering and Research Corporation. Besides being easy to fly, it is one of the safest small planes—cheerily designated by its manufacturers as "spin-proof." There is effective lateral control at all speeds. Also, the tricycle landing gear reduces ground-looping or nosing-over hazards. This low-wing monoplane, of all-metal construction except for outer wing panels, performs on a 75 h.p. engine to the tune of 110 m.p.h. cruising speed, 525 mile range, and 14,000 service ceiling. The wide-vision windshield has a sliding hatch overhead, giving a convertible cockpit, plus a green plastic sunshade that can be pulled forward.

whether the ship flies or not. These charges and insurance fees are what we call the "price of ownership" and are prorated equally among the partners as monthly dues. Just now, even with present high costs, they run only \$5.28 per man per month. Cheap enough to have an airplane at your disposal whenever needed.

We charge ourselves, due only to these present high costs, \$3.00 per hour for flying time divided as follows: \$.60 (or 20%) into the Capital Reserve (more about that later) and \$2.40 into the Operating Fund. The ship burns approximately \$1.00 per hour in gas and oil (cruising speed 80 mph) thus leaving \$1.40 for general maintenance and repairs, 100-hour checks, 20-hour engine checks and for engine majors. Meanwhile, every 100 hours we pay (to a duly certified A&E mechanic) \$35.00 for our periodic inspection and \$10.00 each for four 20-hour engine checks. Note that the figures we quote are unusually high, but still the operating cost (including depreciation) is as low as $3\frac{3}{4}\text{¢}$ per mile at a cruising-speed of 80 mph. If insurance and hanger rent are added, figured on the basis of 40 hours of operation per month, the cost only goes to 5¢ per mile.

As you noted, 60¢, or 20% of every flying hour, is put aside as Capital Reserve. Thus at the end of 1000 hours the book value of the ship has been written down by \$600.00 which, with an all-metal ship, is quite adequate. To insure that this fund grows at a reasonable rate of depreciation, any member who flies less than three hours in any month pays 60¢ into the Capital Reserve Fund for each hour he has not flown short of three. Thus a minimum depreciation (approximately 10%) is guaranteed.

With this Capital Reserve Fund on hand, the man who flies little gains as much in a monetary way as the man who flies a lot and he (the infrequent flier) is not paying for excessive obsolescence or wear that he has not produced. All this, we believe, is important to club harmony. Furthermore, this Capital Reserve Fund can also be used to buy any item that increases the capital value of our ship or equipment, such as an extra propeller, or to cover unforeseen expense.

As a good business practice, we carry reasonable insurance. Namely, \$10,000-\$20,000 public liability, \$10,000 property damage, \$10,000 passenger liability and full "on-the-ground" hull coverage. None of us can afford to fly on a shoestring—we've too much at stake in our homes and in our savings.

Our total insurance bill this year (on the highest "commercial including instruction" rates, mind you) was but \$224.95. "Private" and "named pilot" policies are considerably lower. Our method of collecting is painless, however, for we put aside 1/12 of the previous year's bill each month, taken from our \$5.28 per man dues, and, when renewal time calls around each year, we have the money ready. If a new man wishes to buy up the interest of an old partner willing to sell, and he is acceptable to all the remaining partners, his purchase price buys $\frac{1}{3}$ of all assets, as they stand on the books at that time. If, however, a *completely* desirable new partner is not available, the remaining partners simply buy up the open interest until the proper man does appear. Although we do not have a clubhouse, we do have two large lockers in the hangar at Detroit City Airport for which we pay 50¢ per month. In these we keep our schedule book, notices, earphones, microphones, cushions, tools, battery charger and the usual repair material. Each man schedules his time in the schedule book. This book is law, and no man ever thinks of interfering with the schedule by being late in returning or by taking the ship up during the time of another schedule.

Any men who are still students arrange for their own instructor from an approved list and pay him direct. Incidentally, the student stays under a certified instructor's guidance until he earns his private ticket. Flight time (and the amount spent for gas or maintenance) is recorded in the ship's temporary log and paid for along with dues at regular monthly meeting time. With eight men you'd think there would be conflicts about flying time, but there are not. Often the ship goes off on cross-country, week-end or business trips with very little rearranging of schedule.

For safety, long term economy, and pride of ownership, it is essential that any airplane be kept in top shape *always*. In our setup we all have definite assignments, close to our own particular interests, for which the director is responsible in the over-all picture. It is his job to perform weekly inspections and co-ordinate the activities of each sphere of detailed responsibility. Because everyone participates, we all feel closer to each other and to the ship itself. For these reasons, and because of our plane's unusual performance in economy, climb and take-off, we are a proud group of men. Our wives find one another's company pleasantly compatible



HURRELL

A star from the East (New Jersey)

Under a glittering night club spotlight and decked out in gold ankle-bells, Beatrice Kraft is as charming a divertissement of alluring mystery as was ever summoned for a maharajah's pleasure. However, her neck-dislocating movements and coy gestures are acquired characteristics for the Englewood, New Jersey, beauty. She began in amateur theatricals but her interest in this dancing led her to become a leading exponent—and the owner of a large library of Eastern lore. Her dances are authentic but she can't play it straight, to the customers' delight. Jazz rhythms creep in and some sly kidding, which turn high Hindu art into hilarity. Cast as a beguiling "Honey Pie" in the musical Sadie Thompson last season, she may forsake the oriental in movie roles, for she's just as alluring in a sweater and skirt in a good old American way.

and arrange picnics and parties for the whole group, including the children, several times a year. Incidentally, our children all love to fly and are, perhaps, the greatest boosters and proudest of all.

Sure, we've had damage, but never any arguments over it. On one occasion one of our boys cracked a propeller landing in a stiff, gusty wind while returning from a football game in Ann Arbor. Although there was some question as to whether it was his fault or not, he bought a new prop and charged it off to his own personal experience account. On another occasion a stone thrown up by a tire on a muddy field nicked the propeller so that it needed reconditioning. In this case, since there was no personal element involved, payment was made from club funds. Perhaps the worst damage ever incurred since we have owned the ship was due to a nose down. During taxiing, the left wheel broke through the sod covering a deep washout on an otherwise perfect field. The propeller was broken, the left wing tipspar bent, the left landing gear upper leg broken off, the jack strut broken in two places and a hole punched in the bottom of the fuselage by the lower landing gear leg as it folded under. Because it was strictly a ground accident, our hull insurance covered us completely.

If, however, a man is violating club principles, CAA regulations or merely exhibiting poor judgment and sheer recklessness, he pays for any damage or sacrifices his entire share. Furthermore, we may, as we once actually did, toss a reckless man out of the club by buying up his interest before he could hurt either himself or the ship. While many fliers gripe miserably about CAA regulations, we feel that they are fair, and, in the main, extremely sound.

Our ship never leaves the ground without a partner occupying one of the seats. A partner and a certified instructor can fly together; a partner (if properly certificated) and any passenger may fly; or, finally, two partners may fly together, provided one has a private rating or better. A student partner may go up as a passenger with a non-partner, the certificated pilot doing the flying, but the partner is there, for obvious reasons. Should the ship be stolen (that is, taken without authorization) insurance then covers.

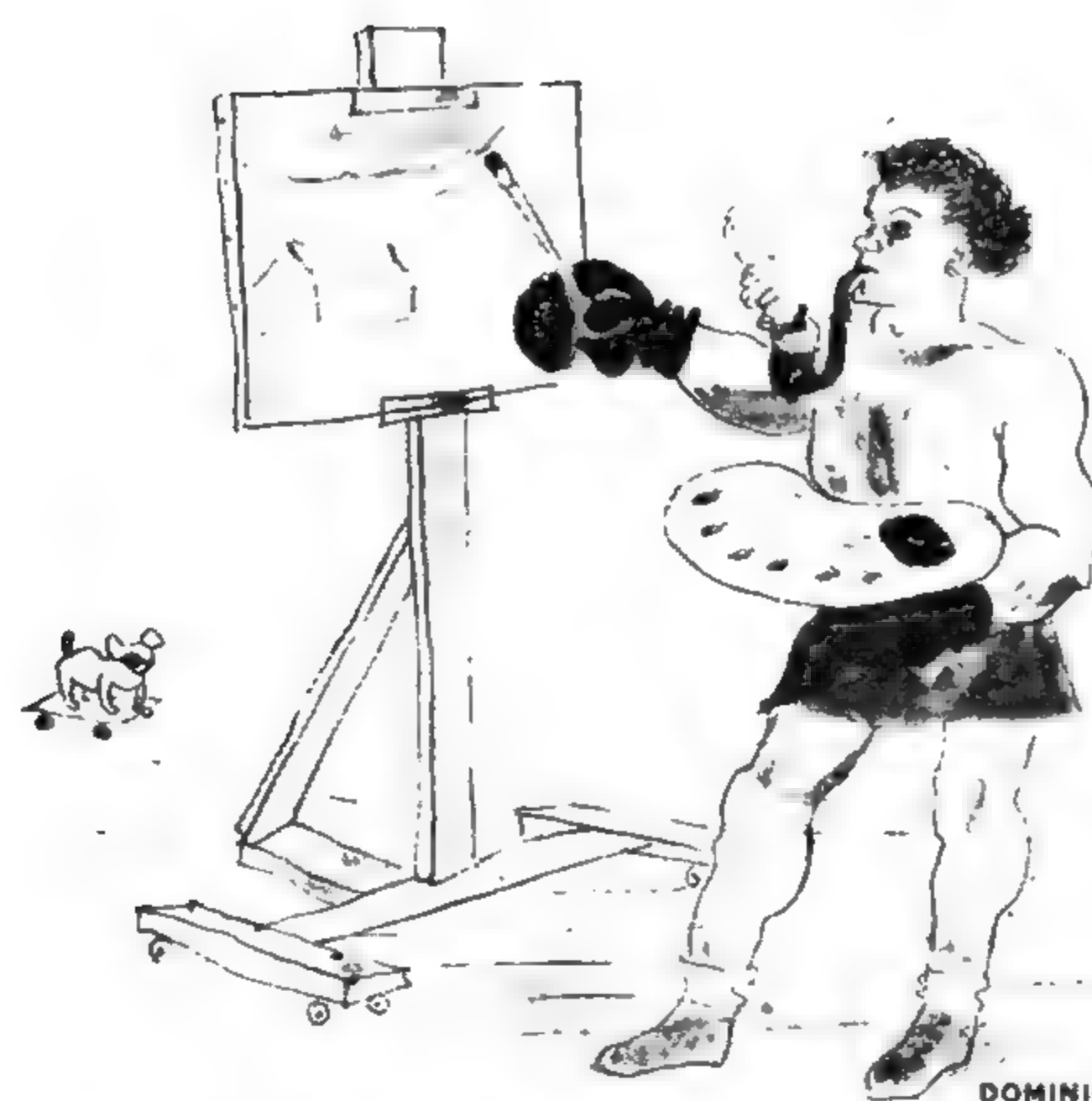
Since its first trip from the factory in New Jersey to its home in Detroit, our plane has been to New Orleans, Florida, and all through the South, East and Middle West. In the last year it has, on several occasions, been used for business trips to Columbus, Chicago, Indianapolis, and all through lower Michigan.

These comments are only highlights of our flying and club experience. They are typical of hundreds throughout the country. As flying becomes more popular these hundreds will multiply into thousands. We, as a club, are determined *not* to be left behind. ##

**A true story with an O. Henry twist:
Mickey Walker, the great boxing champ,
makes a comeback on a different canvas**

Painter with a Punch

by **PAUL GALLICO**



NOT long ago, I was innocently anking along 57th Street in New York, minding my own business, when I saw a notice outside the ACA Galleries that there was an exhibition on of paintings by Mickey Walker, and so I went in and walked up one flight to see what the little rascal I had known as "The Toy Bulldog," and "Smiling Mickey Walker," was up to.

I went around viewing the twenty paintings, from the nostalgic little canvas *Off to School* to the colorful *Hay Field*, and the huge and beautiful winter setting, *December Masquerade*, and came out popeyed, hied me to a telegraph office and wired Esquire that here was something worth writing about, and what about a story. Later I drove out to Mickey's home in Cranford, New Jersey, and spent the afternoon with him cutting up old touches and shooting the breeze about his work, and the following is what I picked up. And if you are looking for some clowning, or a gag article about a prize-fighter and former ring champion turned serious painter, ha ha, skip this piece and amuse yourself with the funnies scattered through this volume, because the guy is on the level, and by George, so am I.

Mickey Walker was born on July 13, 1901, in the Keighryhead section of Elizabeth, New Jersey, a neighborhood as Irish as the suburbs of Dublin. He was born with a black eye, and he was also born dead. Old Doc Riley who attended the accouchement took his stethoscope from the apparently lifeless newborn and applied himself to saving the mother. While he was proceeding successfully about this business, Mike attended to his own destiny by suddenly commencing to tick. A cough, a sneeze, a yowl, and there he was, the son of an Irish bricklayer from Massachusetts and an Irish mother who was a Higgins, the sister of a successful architect, and fourth cousin to John McCormack, the Irish tenor. It was Mickey's grandfather on his mother's side who first brought McCormack to this country.

It was intended that young Mickey become an architect, and he actually studied draftsmanship and architecture for two years at Columbia night school and Mechanic's Institute before he was

heaved out. He was also kicked out of the Sacred Heart School. These heavings occurred because he was always fighting. There was an uncontrollable, welling truculence in the boy, raised in the toughest neighborhood in New Jersey, that was forever exploding into a punch on the nose for somebody. Even today, mellowed at the age of forty-five, he has to hold himself back. In the presence of an overbearing type he wants to spread his legs, set himself and slug.

And so the youngster did not become an apprentice architect. Instead he commercialized his weakness and became a professional boxer and one of the best damn fighters in the entire history of the American ring. At 147 pounds he became the world's welter-weight champion, and when he lost that title he fought at 160 pounds and became the world's middleweight champion and retired from that class undefeated to fight light heavyweights and heavyweights. Talk about your Joe Walcotts! Mickey Walker had him lashed to the mast in accomplishment.

Those were the days when I knew Mickey first, because I used to cover his fights. As if the pugnacious little bull terrier didn't have enough color by himself, he was managed by Jack Kearns who took him on after Jack split with Dempsey.

I've just been looking over Mickey's career in the record books. The list of names of the men he fought reads like a Who's Who of the prize ring during the Golden Decade.

Included are Jock Malone, Lew Tendler, Dave Shade, Harry Greb, Pete Latzo, Joe Dundee, Tiger Flowers, Tommy Milligan, Mike McTigue, Paul Berlenbach, Leo Lomski, Ace Hudkins, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko, Bearcat Wright, Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, Paulino Uzcudun and Maxie Rosenbloom. They range from welters all the way through to heavyweights, two of whom, Schmeling and Sharkey, became world's champions. And Mickey never scaled more than 165 pounds. He fought 138 major professional bouts, losing seventeen of them, five by knockouts or technical knockouts, and himself scored fifty-one knockouts.

Those were days, from 1919 to 1934, the (Continued on page 197)

An Appraisal

IN October, 1945, the walls of the A.C.A. Gallery bloomed with twenty paintings by Mickey Walker which showed unmistakably that the ex-pug meant business, possessed genuine quality and was going places. His charm is that of the primitive self-taught painter. But the exhibition showed various levels of accomplishment, ranging from the awkward to the almost subtly poetic that made you wonder where or how he got it, as in the delicate *Main Street*, *The Barn* and *Victoria Beach in Africa*, all reproduced in this portfolio. The twenty paintings shown in the exhibit represent an astonishing revelation of sentiment.

A two-headed calf always gets lots of attention. Mickey seems a little bewildered because his publicity has apparently left the art world cold. Museum directors are not falling all over each other to buy Walkers. At this writing Mickey is still an ex-prize-fighter who also paints. He would like very much to be taken seriously as an artist. But the time to make a permanent place for him will be five one-man shows from today when critics will judge his work without reference to his ring eminence. Art distinction comes more through endurance than by the good old one-two. Can you take it, Mickey?—HARRY SALPETER



OIL (24" x 37")

VICTORIA BEACH IN AFRICA

This is one of the places the artist visited during the USO sports show tour which he emceed last year. He hadn't been sketching long when, looking up, he saw himself flanked by hundreds of interested, undressed natives. In the interlude between the sketch and the painting he changed his point of view, for the painting shows the beach as it might have looked from the water.

Reproduced through the
courtesy of the ACA
Galleries, New York City



OIL (24" x 40")

THE HAY FIELD

Mickey had been painting a very short time when he sat down to the hay field, the original of which he found at Germantown, New York, where he was spending the summer. To those who say the painting is in too high a key, he replies the original hay field was no less colorful.

A Group of Paintings by MICKEY WALKER



(23" x 30")

THE BARN

When Mickey was a gentleman farmer at Shrewsbury, N. J., he owned these buildings. The sky gave him trouble, was repainted several times. A painting of the manor house belongs to Jack Dempsey.



OIL (19" x 30")

MAIN STREET

This painting, one of his most successful, originated in a pencil sketch which the artist made during a half-hour stop-over in Saugerties, en route from New York to Germantown. He stuck the sketch in the glove compartment of his car and forgot all about it until a year later. The painting was finished in November, 1944.



OIL (43" x 62")

DECEMBER MASQUERADE

A recollection of the country around Murray Bay, Canada, where Mickey trained as a lumberjack. The man in the foreground has just hooked a supply of fresh fish from a hole cut through the ice of a near-by lake.



OIL (13" x 16")

FISHING SHACK

The original sketch was made at Manasquan Beach in New Jersey where the Walkers went bathing last summer. Mickey tried to paint the shack and the surrounding outdoors exactly as they looked. When his picture had been finished, he brought it down to the beach and showed the canvas to the owner of the shack who approved the art and said Mickey had got everything just right.



HOLLYWOOD LUMINARY

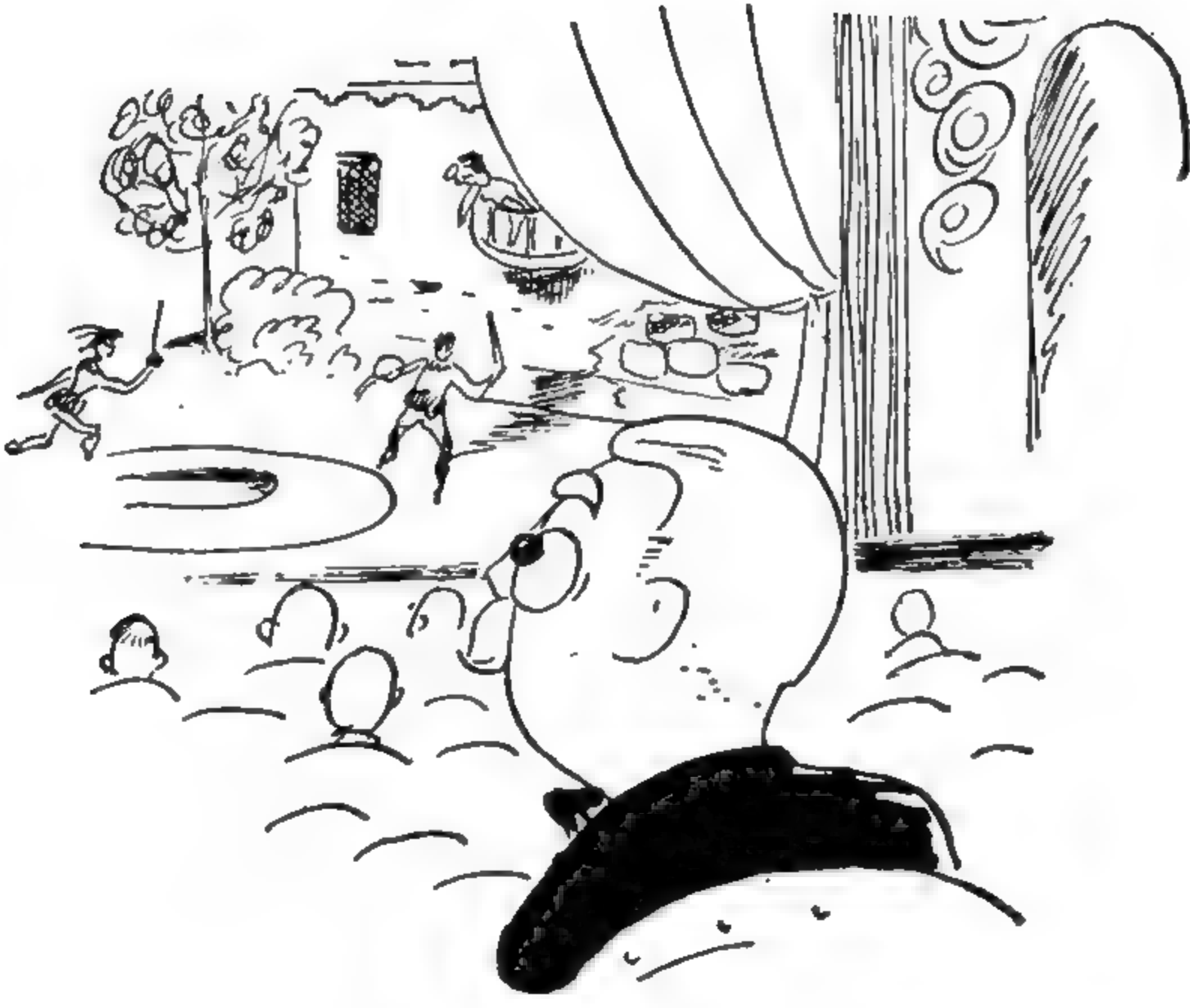
Burgess Meredith

Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

It isn't every man who can beat a hat into this shape as efficiently as Burgess Meredith. Since the early thirties he's been perfecting his knack of taking a fine hat, sitting on it, bashing it in and kicking it around until it surrenders the style he made

famous in *Winterset* (with the brim down all around). His trench coat is an English military type of processed cotton with a removable wool lining. He's very definite—unvacillating—in his clothes preferences. His suits are always double-breasted. And he

almost always wears bow ties—which he has in great variety. An ex-captain of the AAF, he now follows a distinguished career in the theatre with brilliant work in the movies . . . most recently as producer of *Diary of a Chambermaid*.



During a season devoted to dramatized pamphlets, what is so rare as a play?

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SEVERAL months ago, Frank Sinatra, crooning darling of the bobby-soxers, dispatched himself to Gary, Indiana, at the invitation of the mayor and organizations advocating racial tolerance, to address the high school students in an attempt to influence them to call off their strike against Negro fellow students. Frank drew an audience of 5,000 boys and girls and, according to the *United Press*, "sent" them with his interpolated singing, but not back to school.

Frank's impassioned pleas, couched in language calculated to turn even a rhinoceros' heart, were lost on his auditors who, though they listened politely, showed unmistakable signs and portents of preferring their crusading pet in a blues singing capacity, as was duly substantiated when the meeting was over.

One girl, interviewed by the press on her reaction, allowed, "His singing was too divine for words, but who wants to listen to such talk?"

Another gave it as her considered opinion that "His speech may have calmed down a few people, but it didn't do much else; all he did was to tell people off."

A third student, a male, backed them up. "There are too many fixers trying to fix up the world today; what we need are more singers." And so on.

It seems to me that these kids reflect pretty accurately the feelings of many theatre audiences as well, as various recent plays have attested. It isn't that, like the kids, the audiences insist upon singing above everything else and reserve their sole interest for musical shows. But, like the kids, they give implications of being fed up with playwrights who regard themselves as doctors of the world's ills, who lecture them on what is wrong with them, and who make them wish that they had spent the evening at *Carousel* or *Show Boat*.

That they are beginning to gag at being instructed in their hypothetical social, political, economic and other malaises seems to be indicated by quite a few statistics, as the producers in the last two seasons have begun to find out. *The Day Will Come*, which preached racial tolerance at them for two and one-half hours, was consigned to the storehouse after twenty performances. *Men to the Sea*, which pleaded for the faithfulness of servicemen's wives and pleaded so vociferously you could hear it a mile away, lasted for just twenty-three. *Sophie*, which yelled for a tolerant attitude toward foreigners, managed only nine. *A Place of Our Own*, which argued lustily against pressure politicians, was lucky to get eight. *Common Ground*, which heatedly urged racial tolerance and the brotherhood of man against the powers of Fascism, desperately managed a forced sixty-nine, and those at cut rates.

Foxhole in the Parlor, which went at its audiences with hammer and tongs in an effort to persuade them that they were personally responsible to God for the world's peace, was booted off after forty-four, also at cut rates. *The Assassin*, which orated on the virtue of a common stand against anybody who stood in the way of the democratic ideal, drew hardly enough trade for even thirteen showings. Only *Deep Are the Roots*, which pleads for the Negro and racial equality, has got by on its own, and largely, if we may trust the opinions of its trade, on the score of a pseudo-sensational scene in which a white girl tells a Negro that she loves him and wants to marry him, which would probably draw audiences today, as it did years ago, were it incorporated into even something like *Popsy*.

The acceptance by audiences of *A Bell for Adano* with its pro-Democracy theme may not strictly be listed in the propaganda play catalogue as propaganda plays are here defined. Though unquestionably propaganda, the propaganda was not loudly

and independently proclaimed as in these others, but was allowed to filter naturally and easily through the drama itself.

In using the phrase, "got by on its own," in connection with *Deep Are the Roots*, I have in mind the latest Robert Sherwood play, *The Rugged Path*. What measure of audience interest it has attracted is attributable not to the play but to the presence in the cast of Spencer Tracy, the moving picture actor returned to the stage after a fifteen-year absence. This Tracy is a sentimental memory among theatre goers; there was considerable curiosity over what his acting would be like after so long an immersion in the film swamps; and people went to see him, irrespective of the play, as they probably would have gone to see him if he had appeared in something by Joe Blotz.

This *The Rugged Path* represents the evils of propaganda drama full-fledged. Sermonizing against the corruption of American newspapers, against isolationism, against those Americans who do not hold themselves personally and individually responsible for the preservation of the world's peace, and against several other such items which annoy him, Sherwood, after the curtain has been up for less than twenty minutes, forgets all about the necessity of interesting his audience in cumulative drama and tries to hold its attention instead with harangues on his favorite indignations. He doesn't succeed. His audience says to itself, "Doubtless he is right, but we've heard it all so often before that, right or wrong, it's damned dull and why in heaven didn't we go to see *Harvey* a second time?"

By nine-thirty, after Tracy, in the role of an idealistic newspaper editor who resigns his job and goes forth to learn the why and wherefore of things, has been talking steadily about crooked isolationist newspapers, the audience's eyes and ears begin to droop. By ten-fifteen, after he has been talking steadily about the need for Americans to wake up and assume an individual responsibility for the permanent security of world order, it is half asleep. And by eleven, after he has been talking steadily about the shining light of Democracy and its being the only hope for the salvation of the cosmos, it is dead to the world. It isn't Tracy's fault, his performance is all and more that could be desired; it is the playwright's. You can't make bricks out of straw, but appar- (Continued on page 150)



"He wouldn't let me chart the fever—only the expenses"

No matter how damaging the evidence,
Sam refused to believe King Shipley
would commit murder over an old hoe

A Nose for Flaws

by RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS



LOCKE

BEN DUNN, sheriff of Colusa County, Florida, his hard-bitten face very alert and almost happy, jerked his head around at the sound of the jalopy. Then he frowned thunderously at young Sam Robbins, who was both a deputy and a brother-in-law. He shoved his rifle into the hands of the nearest member of the posse and strode toward Sam's car.

"Now, look!" said Dunn harshly. "I've got the Shipley brothers holed up in their shack on the canal. King killed Ira Hall, and Jim is standing by him."

"Well, now!" said Sam brightly.

"It's open and shut. I'm fixed with enough deputies and volunteers to take 'em. I don't want you poking around, understand. No flaw picking! King's guilty as hell!"

"You sho' s'prise me, Ben," Sam Robbins said. "Big crowd see King do it? Or just a few folks?"

"He did it, and he's refused to come out."

Sam Robbins was worried. "Shucks, Ben, you know those Shipleys are right nice honest folks, though a mite simple—"

"Don't go pulling that on me!" Dunn warned. "Sure they're honest. But they're violent men. Soon's it starts darkening up we're goin' in after them with me in front." He looked toward the Shipley place, screened by a windbreak of Australian pines and a grove of coco palms.

"Rushing 'em will be a brave and a vote-gettin' thing, if King done it," Sam said, easing slowly out of the car. "I won't be in yo' way, Ben, p'ticularly if you're goin' first."

"What you lookin' at my posse like that for?"

Sam's eyes had been somewhat surprised, rather than critical. Tom Chester and several other regular deputies had nodded to him with neutral courtesy. But besides these there were Ad Merritt, the meat market man; Pete Bauer, who fished for a living like the Shipley brothers; and Bill Hall, nephew of the man who'd just got himself killed off.

Ad Merritt gripped a rifle, and around his thick waist was buckled a holstered revolver. He still looked like a town man to Sam. Pete Bauer carried a double-barrelled shotgun. Bill Hall, a stringy

man in his early twenties, clutched a pick handle between his knees while he cleaned his spectacles on the tail of his shirt.

"I think, maybe, you could use me, too, Ben," Sam said. "Just fo' askin' questions an' general shootin' work."

Ben Dunn blew up at mention of questions.

"You get going on the concrete!" he said. "I won't have you messin' me up with flaws. Get! That's orders."

He put his back to Sam and walked over to Bill Hall and stood him in the middle of the sand road to detour spectators.

"I can't have you gettin' shot up," Ben said. "You're a witness."

In silence Ben Dunn recovered his rifle, jerked his hand to his posse and headed along the track toward the Shipley place.

With a sigh Sam put one foot on the running board. A moment later he took his foot off, sighed again and rested his long body against the scaling fender.

Bill Hall put on his thick glasses and stared at him with a smirk. "You got a theory old King didn't do it?"

"Got nothin' but orders to git," Sam said. He glanced at Bill. "Witness, hey?"

"I'll say," Bill replied. "I'm the one that heard Unk and King goin' it."

"No!" said Sam, impressed. "Talk or fightin'?"

Bill hesitated. "Fightin' talk," he said. "Unk ordered me off pretty brisk to the fo' acre bean field, but I come back in half an hour an' found Unk with his head cut in by this hoe they'd been fightin' over."

Sam Robbins nodded. "What hoe was that?"

"Well, Unk's daid and cain't do me no harm," Hall said slowly. "It was Shipley's hoe. Unk had sort o' picked it up over here where King had left it leanin' again' that live oak."

Sam Robbins looked through the pines at stacked-up piles of assorted junk in front of the paintless, sway-backed farmhouse.

"Quite a few things Ira sort o' picked up."

"He didn't steal that stuff," Bill said. "He didn't have to steal it. Mostly it's junk other people didn't want."

"Now you right theah," Sam agreed. "Yo' junk now?"

"Sho' is," Bill said. "And the place, too. It's wuth something, being that Ad Merritt's big piece, that he's figgering to make a tourist development out of, is next to it."

"You figgering on selling out to Ad Merritt?"

Bill shook his head. "The bank won't lend him 'nough to get started on his own d'veloping, not even when the war ends. I think Unk was wantin' to sell to Ad. But I know how Ad's fixed."

Sam straightened up. "Looks like you'll be 'round heah, then."

"Sho' does, less'n them Shipley's get me, too."

Sam Robbins peered through the palms in the direction of the Shipleys'. The quiet sounded bad. Both sides were waiting.

Sam sighed. "Got orders to hit the concrete." He headed north on the Federal, but in front of the Hall place he braked hard. He stared in astonishment at disorderly stacks of old lumber, a ratty, splintered chicken house on end, five crumpled cars forming the start of an auto graveyard, with rusted, useless farm machinery alongside, a big rubbish heap, evil smelling with perpetual smoke rising from it, a couple of pigs rooting in an enclosure of old iron beds, bits of chicken wire, boards and flattened tin cans. The recent heavy shower, wetting the ground, seemed to have stepped up the smells surprisingly.

"Much worse'n I remember it." He sniffed. He got out of the car and walked up the littered



"Never mind the dishes, Olga—we just sold the house as is"

path. From around the back of the dilapidated building came old Bob Trumbull, who was chief, and all, of police.

"I'm in charge o' the scene o' the crime, anyhow, for Ben," Bob said complainingly in his high old voice.

"He needed a trained p'liceman for that; anybody can go get shot in a posse," Sam explained.

Trumbull was pleased. "You want to see it?"

"Sho' do, Chief," said Sam. He followed the policeman's wavering footsteps around to the back of the house.

"It was better befo' they took the body away," the chief said, stopping and pointing to a spot on the damp sand. "Right over there 'twas. Ira spattered plenty when that hoe got him. You can see all the footprints pretty good where they fought around, though it looks like King Shipley scuffed out some of 'em befo' he left."

"A right messy killing," Sam murmured, and his eyes slid hastily from the brown patches and spots on the sand to the footprints and the smoothed-out parts.

"I was in it from the start," Trumbull squeaked. "Full o' beans I am; born in Maine. Bill Hall sent a boy for me. I went right over to Shipley's to pick up King, but Jim grabbed my gun when I wasn't looking and threw it a mile into the scrub and King trampled my handcuffs into the sand, and they both run out o' there and told me to play cops and robbers somewheres else. Insulting, they were."

"Sho'!" said Sam.

"I called up Ben Dunn then and he come out with two dep'ties and they found King around back in the boat grindin' valves, and one dep'ty made a grab for him and King knocked him over into the canal and then King saw Ben comin' and he run in the house an' shut the door. And Jim Shipley parleyed with Ben through the window an' said they'd both come to jail if ev'rybody'd gone crazy and Ben Dunn told him to stay where he was, that he wanted King alone. And when he started for the door Jim fired his shotgun over Ben's head. And then Ben said he'd have to get organized. An' by now he's organized, I reckon."

He looked wistfully across toward Shipley's.

"You're right important, keepin' people off that sand," Sam assured him. "Can't get no 'lectrocutions 'thout evidence."

"That's so," old Bob said, comforted. They stood and stared at the drying sand where Ira Hall had died.

"Posse been trampin' 'round heah?" Sam asked.

"Not a one of 'em," the chief asserted.

Sam sighed. "Time I was mo-seyin'." But near the front of the house he stopped, twitching his nose.

"Something sho' smells pow'rful bad to me, and I could be smellin' with my haid as well as my nose."

Without hope, he swung around the opposite side of the house through Hall's half-cleared farm land to the rear corner where the adjoining plots of Hall and the Shipleys were backed by Merritt's property. Ad's land had been untouched since the twenties, when boom optimists had run streets through it, streets which were now unrecognizable in the choking growth of palmetto scrub.

Sam glanced at the downing sun, searched his head and still found nothing. By the canal the palmettoes gave place abruptly to mangrove saplings that grew right down the bank. A lively easterly breeze was driving rafts of water hyacinth bonnets up the canal. Sam stopped. He looked at the masses of hyacinths.

"Boy, you be just askin' Ben to rip yo' badge off yo' shirt," he warned himself.

Across the canal a nine-inch alligator plopped into the water. Sam wormed his lean, sun-dried length through the thin trunks over innumerable roots spindling up from the shallow bottom. Reluctantly he dabbled a hand. The water was no cooler than restaurant soup, but Sam shuddered.

On the bank he slowly removed hat, shirt, trousers, shoes and socks and weighted them down with his revolver. Even more slowly he lowered his feet into the unpleasant bottom. Muttering protests,

he submerged to the chin. He dragged a clump of hyacinths from the bank and, with his head concealed in the middle of them, pushed out into the canal.

"They could be cottonmouths fooling around, and that boy alligator could have a mammy."

Half on the bottom, half supporting himself with froglike kicks, he accompanied the hyacinth bonnets on their slow drift up the canal. His eyes turned more anxiously to the opposite bank, where Ben Dunn would have an armed deputy watching, then to the Shipley house. But nobody yelled; the only sound he heard other than the wind ruffling the mangrove tops was the roar of a shotgun from the land side of the Shipley house.

He drifted past the old Shipley sea skiff, moored bow and stern to the brothers' coquina stone bulkhead, and gradually eased his hyacinth raft against the bank a few feet further on. He raised his head a few inches.

"Jim! King!" he called softly. "Jim! King!"

A shotgun barrel stuck out the window. A grey head appeared briefly.

"Sam Robbins!" It was King Shipley. "Dern you! Whut you doing theah? You know I cain't shoot you cold."

"You shoot Ira, King?"

"Me? No. Nor Jim didn't. Ben send you?"

"I was hopin' you didn't," Sam said. "I want in."

"You got a gun?"

"What, and spend an hour cleanin' the salt water out of it? I'm 'most frozen."

The gun barrel disappeared. Within, King conferred with Jim, who stuck his bald head out to nod at Sam.

"Move lively up the bank and to the door, Sam. We ain't insurin' Ben's dep'ty crost the canal won't shoot a hole th'ough you."

Sam moved. A rifle cracked before he was in the opening door. As a hospitable gesture to Sam, King fired back. Jim darted to the landward side of the house and momentarily shoved his shotgun out a bullet-starred window to show he was on the job.

"Tain't dark enough for 'em yet," he said. "How you, Sam?"

"Make yo' welcome," King said politely. Sam looked around. All the windows had bits of cloth or clothing tacked over them, leaving only a slit at the bottom. The curtain, roughly dividing the house into kitchen and the rest, was pulled back.

Sam moved to the landward window and cupped his hands.

"Ben!" he cried. "Ben! They got me captured."

From the coco palms came a heartfelt, explosive expletive from Ben Dunn.

"Swearin' never got a man nowhere," King said severely.

"Ben likes a fight," Sam explained. He began wringing out

his underwear. "An' he was figgering on rushing you boys. Nothing pers'nal, you know. But he cain't have me shot up in heah—not while he's married to my sister."

Jim rubbed his bald head. "You could leave," he suggested. "We're right affronted by these goin's on. If Ben thinks he can take King to jail and not me—'Tain't decent, even!"

"We don't go no place alone," King said.

"I'd like to stay long enough to cool Ben off."

"We ain't saying you ain't welcome," King explained politely. He moved the coffee pot over onto the stove. But his forehead was wrinkled, and he fidgeted with his shotgun.

Sam sat down on a stool, borrowed the makings, and began to roll a cigarette. He declined an offer of clothes.

"What happened over at Ira's?" he asked, looking at his bare toes and wriggling them.

"I wrestled him for our hoe but he was too spry for me," King Shipley said. "Seems ridiculous, a neighbor stealin' a hoe, but it's ours. When I couldn't take it off'n him I come home to talk to Jim about it."

"We was still talkin' when old Bob Trumbull come pokin' his gun at us," Jim said. "Tain't safe, letting (Continued on page 168)



"... send a taxi up to 303 North Meridian Street"

**Adventure proves the truth of the theory:
"the only interesting love story is a fight"**

Concerning Panic and Pixies

by JACK MOFFITT



HOLLYWOOD owes its success to its ability to capitalize chaos. Right now the town is mystified by the public refusal to accept war pictures. Reconversion requires mental retooling. And there isn't much time. The endless river of celluloid must be kept flowing. It reflects Hollywood's state of mind even when it doesn't reflect the state of the union. So, being mystified, the movies deal with mysticism.

For this, we are well equipped. Almost everything that happens in Screenland is mysterious. We have won so many battles with the powers of darkness that the devil himself is discouraged. Every poltergeist he has sent here has remained to become an associate producer. A thousand Pucks have forsaken their buttercups to settle down as costume designers and dance directors in Beverly Hills. Banshees sing on the radio. Fallen angels frequent the bars. Trolls organize themselves into learned societies and issue faceless statues to outstanding hobgoblins. Centaurs hold rendezvous with earth spirits on dude ranches. The little people talk like big people. Vampires set themselves up as agents and settle for ten per cent of your life's blood. They won't even fly in the window to get it. You have to mail it to them. The air is filled with the chants of rival Merlins. Every witch has not one, but dozens of familiars. We suffer from an embarrassment of eldritch. We are so well adjusted to the supernatural that only the natural can frighten us.

The Three Strangers begins with the interesting occult suggestion that a guy's date book can turn over a new leaf on every Chinese New Year. According to eastern legend, the goddess Kwan Yin will encourage blind dates and pickups on this holiday by opening her eyes and her heart to any three strangers who gather to supplicate her at midnight.

(For the sake of your wife and wee ones, I'm getting this information to you late. The Chinese New Year, I am told by the consulate, was on February second.)

A guide in Peking once told me that Kwan Yin was the Goddess of Mercy. But Thos. Cook and Son don't know everything. In *The Three Strangers* Kwan Yin is about as kindly as Irma Grese. Each of the mortals who asks her for a handout takes a hell of a

beating before she gets through with them. But their battle royal with destiny results in the most expert and artistic film I've seen this month.

The first of Kwan Yin's petitioners is portrayed by Peter Lorre. He is a fatalistic little drunk whose negligent attitude toward life takes him in and out of the death house. He seems to find this faintly amusing. Lorre underplays the role with a sureness that atones for much previous hamming. He's been getting so many phony parts lately that he's been obliged to become dangerously cute in order to make them interesting. Finding himself in a strong role, he relaxes and plays it honestly. He shares the love interest with Joan Loring, the same young actress who spread Cockney allure amid the chalk dust and wet slate pencils of the schoolroom in *The Corn Is Green*. In that bit of special pleading, she was asked to make you believe that a Trinity scholar (and a future genius) was being persecuted when he seduced a sixth grade girl in a pinafore. Ten months after her first false step (and one month after having a baby) Miss Loring showed up as the defiant mistress of a rich race track tout. She was expected to make you believe that, too. Miss Loring was the first woman in Welsh history to race the Primrose in track shoes.

Fortunately, with Mr. Lorre she is not required to do everything a hard-pressed author could think of in order to make a weak hero look good. His heroism requires no such elaborate servicing. He looks lovable and acts lovable. The girl who probably got a little tired of scholarship in *The Corn* plays her new role adoringly—as though she doesn't understand a single word he is saying. This is the safest kind of adulation that a man can receive from a woman. When she understands, it always leads to arguments. Maybe this is the reason that, by all artistic standards, I found Lorre and Loring the month's outstanding pair of screen lovers. And, as you'll note before this article is over, they're up against some high-powered opposition.

Kwan Yin's second votary, Geraldine Fitzgerald, is supposed to be rich—and also supposed to be something that rhymes with it. Had Alexander Knox foreseen her moral lapse, since she appeared as his second wife in *Wilson*, he'd probably have appended a plea for wife-beating to the original fourteen points. In *The Three Strangers*, Miss Fitzgerald's interpretation of aspiring womanhood hardly recommends her for the honorary presidency of the Girl Scouts. Or for Easter egg rolling on the East lawn of the White House. But she rolls everybody else. She impersonates a double-crossing socialite with a tense and frozen hysteria that suggests devils lurking behind ice. Her restless characterization creates a personal suspense, quite apart from that of the plot. She looks as cool and deadly as an arsenic Tom Collins. She even delights in bedeviling herself.

The third supplicant is Sidney Greenstreet. American critics are notoriously prone to hail fat actors as great actors. But Sidney really deserves the fulsome adjective for his work as the third stranger. Not even Emil Jannings (back in the days when all Germans were geniuses) could rival Sidney's stately smugness as he believes Miss Fitzgerald is luring him to her boudoir. He fills the screen with that sublime vanity which occasionally places the male animal in the same zoological group with the jackass. The happiness of a fellow shaped like a Stradivarius is infinitely pathetic when he believes he has aroused the yearnings of a dryad. From such absurd heights we see Greenstreet fall to satiric depths. He makes his role a tragedy of hi- (Continued on page 180)



"George is getting a divorce and is asking custody of the maid six months a year"



Esquiregraph No. 15

Mickey Rooney

Ravitz-Palazzo Photocollage

Andy Hardy . . . we mean Joe Yule, Jr. . . . pardon! . . . Mickey Rooney has been a bouncing example of American Boy since he joined his parents' vaudeville act at the age of four. Exuberant and versatile, he's collected a Pacific Southwest junior

singles tennis championship, mastered the drums and most band instruments, crashed Tin Pan Alley with songs like *Have a Heart*. Via movies he immortalized the little toughy, *Mickey McGuire*—became the kid next door to everybody in

the many-reeled fortunes of the Hardy family. He won plaudits as Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a special Academy Award in 1940 for Outstanding Juvenile Actor. He was a G.I. entertainer in Europe for a year in Special Services' jeep shows.

Have a Heart. Copyright 1938 by Irving Berlin, Inc. Assigned 1939 to ABC Music Corp., 799 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Fifth in the series of questions on clothes combinations. Kindly keep this page right side up, like the gentleman we hope you are, until you're ready to check your score

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

1. Yes, bow ties are perfectly okay for town wear with double-breasted suits.
2. No, there are too many stripes in this outfit. A plain shirt and figured tie would give pleasing contrast to his striped suit.
3. Yes, blue and brown are a well-approved fashion, and especially adapted for this type of semi-formal wear.
4. No, too much plaid. A plain or figured tie would be better.



RAVITZ

It's gotta be this or that . . . and when it comes to clothes you're gonna be right or wrong. Here's your chance to test yourself and play critic on the outfits of the four joes above . . . Better think twice on these questions because we admit we're not above planting a trap to trip you up . . . but if you outsmart us and score high, the laugh will be on us. So let's get at it . . . Letting your eyes travel from left to right, in the good habit of journalism, we'll start with the first man. You'll note that he's wearing a bow tie with a double-breasted daytime suit. You usually see bow ties with single-breasted informal jackets. *Are they correct with double-breasted suits?*

Next man, next question. This second happy fellow wears a striped worsted suit, a striped broadcloth shirt and striped tie.

Fashion says we must take heed of pattern in assembling outfits. *Has he made a good selection of patterns?*

The problem of the third man is combination of colors. He has paired blue and brown . . . brown tweed suit and blue shirt, blue and brown striped tie. *Is it good style to wear blue and brown together?*

The fourth man, in the pork-pie hat and semi-formal clothes, also presents a problem in pattern. He wears a tartan plaid tie with his Glen plaid suit. *Is that good?*

Made up your mind on these questions? Now turn the page around and compare your answers with those of Esquire's fashion staff. Give yourself 25 points for each correct. At that rate, 100 (as always) is good; 75, fair; 50 or less, poor.



A dossier on the seven men from way down yonder who comprise Bunk Johnson's band

New Orleans Comes to New York

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

IT happened before, of course. It happened twenty-one years ago when Louis Armstrong and other New Orleanians played a radio program on a local station. Clarence Williams, friend and song-writing collaborator of the man he calls "Cuz" (Spencer Williams), arranged the first airings of New Orleans jazz out of New York and has yellowed clippings to show for it. They're amusing, now that jazz is musically recognized and recognized musically by a wholesome majority. They didn't lace into jazz, as the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* had a few years before. Instead, they were surprisingly gratuitous in their praise of it. It was strange, new—they may have even used the word *savage* or *primitive*—but at any rate it had something stirring and electric about it, not because it was off the beaten track but because it had something to say.

What that something was has been the elusive quarry of jazz critics from the earliest critics (let's give them credit for being that for once, they were there long before you or me or Panassié), the writers for a Negro paper, the *Chicago Defender*, who began saying their say in 1910 or so, to the yearlings who argue it out on Fred Robbins' new radio program. The latter is on wov New York but there's something similar, possibly, in your neighborhood. On Fred's show, collectors of both sexes argue fast and furiously, not merely as to musicians but as to what that "something to say" is.

They have reached an esthetic point that seems almost impossible to define (though many will disagree with this). La Rocca said jazz was "Musical revolution in 4-4 time." He said that when most of our readers were in knee pants, some in swaddling clothes. He also said, "We played from the heart—what we felt."

Benny Goodman has made similar statements. Duke Ellington said, "It's something you have inside you or you don't have . . . in any case that is where all jazz music is."* So you see, jazz is not only where you find it but where you feel it, and the province of "from the heart" statements goes all along the line, from Basin Street to 52nd Street. There are, of course, measurements, esthetic qualifications and the like, but then some simple statement such as "He drove down the blues," tells one much more than reams of theoretical writing. That comes later, merely to confirm the simplicity of what has been said before. And we may find a parallel in jazz development where the fine-spun, sometimes abstract, hot choruses of today have found a more abstruse vocabulary for what New Orleans musicians had said so simply and, to many of us, so beautifully.

While Bunk was coming out of the rice fields, getting his teeth repaired and a new trumpet to to blow on, he became somewhat of a legend in jazz. Legends are hard to defend. Who can say—unless one believes in the witnesses at hand—how Buddy Bolden played? But with Bunk the legend came to life. The San Francisco Museum sponsored a concert, Orson Welles broadcast him on a West Coast network, staid Boston found him a hall and finally he came to New York, to a hall named for the man who had once had a plantation there—2nd Avenue's Stuyvesant Casino. Now you could both see and hear the legend, the dignified dark face topped with white hair, the bright youthful eyes and the glint in them as his trumpet rose for a chorus. New Orleans, once more, had come to New York.

At the band's opening (mentioned in a previous article in which the pianist, Purnell, was unwittingly confused with "Slow Drag," the bass player) there was no dancing. To some of the customers this may have been due to the strangeness of the music. Not the beat, which is always there when Baby Dodds is on drums, but the somewhat polyphonic

nature of New Orleans jazz itself. "Get off my part!" Willy Cornish of the old Buddy Bolden band told the writer before his death, was an admonition that hit somewhere between harmony and counterpoint but was closer to the latter. Then there was also the tonal structure of this type of jazz, a little off the beaten diatonic track. Bunk and his boys brought all of that to New York, with the help of Eugene Williams and William Russell.

This event set up a new marker for jazz. New Orleans had had it. Chicago had had it. Now it actually seemed that the much-maligned town of New Amsterdam had come into its own. It had had many momentous milestones, as Wilder Hobson and a few other critics had noted, but it waited until 1945 to become the busiest jazz town of the country—from way downtown in Greenwich Village to the 52nd Street bistros, you could hear just about any type of jazz you wanted. Eddie Condon gave concerts featuring Sullivan, Ray McKinley, the lanky and lovable Pee Wee Russell and other exponents of improvised jazz. Blue Note sponsored concerts, and the Newspaper Guild at their annual press ball had both the Condon mob and Duke Ellington. (The two mobs got along swell, which should prove a moral to all jazz critics.)

At the Garden, that night of the Press Ball, there was dancing and it was very similar to that which happened once the Bunk Johnson band and its audience had become acclimated and acquainted. Probably at the opening night at Stuyvesant Casino, the phenomenon of no dancing was because New York jazz listeners had come for the first time to hear the band in person.

And so, for the sake of our readers, many of whom have not had the pleasure of seeing a floor crowded with people who found it easy and natural to jitterbug to a New Orleans band—here is the line-up. Willie Bunk Johnson, leader and cornet (now trumpet), born 1879; Alcide Louis Pavageau "Slow Drag," bass player, born 1888; Jim Robinson, Santa Claus' gift to his mama and papa, December 25, 1892; Lawrence Marrero, banjo, 1900; Warren Baby Dodds, drums, 1896; George Lewis, clarinet, 1900; and, finally, pianist Alton Purnell, about thirty-four years old.

This covers a lot of territory in time and experience, yet few of



"What stinks, Parkins?"

*From Panassié's forthcoming book, as yet untitled for American publication

the men have left New Orleans for any length of time. Baby Dodds, Bunk and Jim Robinson are exceptions, but none of them except Baby was known to jazzfans until their discovery a few years ago. Most of the musicians had worked at other trades to make a living, but had continued to play music intermittently for money and always for their own enjoyment.

When he wasn't working as a plasterer-insulator, Slow Drag took his three-string bass—"Little bass"—to the halls of New Orleans where stomps and blues were played, and to the bayou country, where Creole gives way to Cajun, and couple-dancing gives way to the quadrille, conjuring up memories of the French

occupation with its polka, mazurka, minuet, schottische and waltz.

Pavageau (as one might expect) talks Creole, and his English has a trace of accent in it. His father was born in France, and he himself in a section of New Orleans where French goes into dialects, street songs and the art of playing the string bass. Alcide started out with a toy instrument, as so many New Orleanians have done. He followed the funerals in the now jazz-famous "second line" of kids who played on toy instruments or acted as "band boys" to their elders. Alcide—or Slow Drag—gives the appearance of one who is slightly stoop-shouldered, as though leaning over a bass had given him an occupational stance (Continued on page 114)

**On this lonely Sabbath, Thomas knew he
had erred in teaching the boy to fear
both his earthly and Heavenly Father**

Thy Will Be Done

by **GAVIN GORMAN**



MARGULIES

THE wind, whipping the maples bordering the yard, exposed the soft undersides of the leaves to the light of the sun. Though the silver transitory light, contrasting with the darker green of the surface of the leaves, caught his eye, Thomas Carson was unaware of the beauty. When the wind played with his beard, he captured the soft ends with a buff-leathery hand that snagged on the grey fringe as though a twig had caught on fine seaweed.

Thomas wasn't accustomed to a chilling breeze upon the delicate skin over his Adam's Apple, nor did he like the feel of the sun shining there either because he was reminded of the exposed underside of the leaves on the trees. The hair blowing back from his ears gave him an undressed feeling, too. Sighing audibly, he noticed

that Frieda avoided his eyes when he glanced toward her. "It's going to rain."

In answer to his sullen words, Frieda stretched her arms out even with her shoulders to catch more of the cooling breeze. "Too bad." The wind carried her voice off in a cloud of white collar and fluttering organdy ties under her chin. When the strong gust had subsided, she collected the floating ends with the weight of her little-boned fingers. "They'll come."

Thomas sank back more solidly in his chair. Suddenly, the breeze subsided. He glanced furtively up the road and again glanced over toward Frieda. "If Noah doesn't hurry he'll get caught in the rain." Again he caught at his disobedient beard. "The boy never was dependable. Do you suppose they ever go to church?"

Too quickly, making her anxiety obvious, Frieda spoke up. "There's a church across the street from the new house."

"Not a Dunkard church," scoffed Thomas, shaking his head in despair. "Not a cent will he get if he doesn't settle down. Not a cent."

When the rain clouds had hidden the sun, Thomas Carson arose from his maple rocker on the worn, hard ground. He picked up a hat from the bench beside him with one hand and, before putting it on, rubbed the thin grey hair over the top of his head with the other hand, following the pompadour back to the nape of his neck, then around, touching the full-flowing hair cut the length of his ear lobe and almost completing a circle or motion by rubbing darker sideburns and stroking a sensitive upper lip that had been cleanly shaven that morning. There his hand hesitated, giving the circle of motion an incompleteness when his fingers dropped downward in a tangent to stroke the softness he enjoyed feeling which carefully hid the chin and neck above his tieless shirt front.

Because it was hot, Thomas pushed back a lengthy frock coat by clasping his hands at the small of his back while walking to the rise of the front lawn to scan the road. He was still dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit because he knew his daughter-in-law was a "fancy-dresser," and previous contrast with her lace and frills had made him feel ashamed of his overalls and blue shirt. But his pride didn't lessen his impatience or his unnecessary suffering from the sultry heat. The air had become close and damp during the lull of the wind. "Now the devil is meditating," his grandfather had said to him years ago when Thomas was a boy and the wind stopped like this.

However, Thomas wasn't displeased with this self-inflicted punishment. Noah, certainly, would bring Alice and the baby out this afternoon. He liked Alice, and the perfumed air about her was something new in his experience of living. He



PHOTOGRAPH BY RAVITZ, SETTING BY MAXON ASSOCIATES

A man and his desk and the future

In the business of turning the World of Today into the World of Tomorrow, this industrial designer begins on his desk—and with his desk. You note that the working area is larger than usual, and the odd shape gives more space in the spots needed and less where it isn't. For his suit, which is on the conservative side but is as functional as Modern Design, he chooses a worsted with self herringbone weave. The jacket has natural shoulders and only a slight indentation at the waist. Like many men who become attached to mesh shirts in warm weather, he's an advocate of this comfortable weave for the year-round. Its netlike effect, not apparent at a distance, is marked with a fine white stripe. His tie is a note of Mother India, being authentic tie-and-dye. (To make each spot of color, a hunk is tied off with thread and dipped in dye.)

felt the first drop of rain and looked up at the clouds in the sky. Ah! He could encourage them to stay later than usual by pleading the customary excuse, let the roads dry off a bit.

As Thomas turned from the terraced rise of the lawn, which inclined gradually downwards to the iris-bordered gully by the road, he saw Frieda hurrying toward the kitchen door. Her grey skirts billowed before her, touching the turf in a breezy fashion and leaving a silver streak of swept grass. Thomas read her hopeless thoughts in her quickened step and her purposeful gaze at the clouds.

"It's raining," she said while holding her hand up, palm upwards, and looking back. She brushed a drop of rain from her white organdy shawl collar. This was a new dress and bonnet worn to church in the morning for the first time, and kept clean by use of a heavy sack apron while she set out the cold pork and homemade strawberry jam and bread for their dinner, long ago eaten at the kitchen table. If Thomas insisted upon wearing his frock coat and best trousers all day just to impress Alice, then she would dress in her best muslin, too. Thomas never realized the extra work it meant for her to stay dressed in her church dress. Organdy mussed and muslin creased, while his wool suit looked the same no matter how many times he wore it or how long at a time. Thomas never spilled food upon his vest because he hooked his huge napkin over the brass collar button which she saw only when he lifted his beard to perform this ritual every time he sat down to eat a meal. She hurried into the house by way of the kitchen door.

Thomas moved slowly towards the barn. He heard the screen door bang and knew Frieda shared a disappointment with him because Noah wasn't coming. Thomas' face was now void of that hopeful cheerfulness displayed to Frieda. For so many years he had known only the patient, hard lifting and pushing of a farmer's existence which kept him too busy to understand the perplexity that comes from time to time to meditate upon the cause and effect of psychological disappointment. Now, at the age of fifty, he was enjoying the wealth from the constant use of spittle on his palms, but was also experiencing the loneliness of a God-fearing Dunkard who had little association with his fellow men and less reward of love from his two children whom he had driven to insurgence by flaunting his domination during their upbringing.

Noah was a man and grown with a spirit of rebellious independence from home ties and from any Godly influence. Thomas Carson, although he never before permitted the thought to affect his prayers, was admitting to himself now, as he walked towards the barn, that he had been a harsh, unyielding parent trying to force religion and a desire for conservative spending on his son, with the result the boy wouldn't go near the Dunkard church, and gambled his money in defiance of that forced worship and hoarding of his youth.

Unconsciously, Thomas bowed his head and stumbled, dimly seeing the stones along the path leading to the barn door. "I've erred. O God! Forgive my stupidity. The boy. O God, forgive me!"

Automatically Thomas caught the drooling hay from the loft in his dexterously-maneuvered pitchfork, then tossed it to each trough up and down the length of the barn. Two thousand dollars would turn Noah's head and the money could come from the jar of savings hidden under the side porch. Since Noah chewed tobacco he wouldn't mind using money saved from the sale of the weed that had been classed as "dope" by the deacons of the church. Some way he must win the boy. "God! Thy will be done."

The mules and horses were neighing, braying and kicking in their stalls. Each wanted to eat faster than the other. One mule kicked out, probably not at Thomas but in defiance against the loud clap of thunder. In trying to side step the kick Thomas fell against the stall siding in such a way as to dislodge the termite-eaten post from its upright position. The rafters and the roof cracked and groaned under the slow crumbling. Thunder and the noise of the falling timbers were wild crashing to Thomas who called in agonized fear to Frieda and then to God who had never failed him.

The thunder, the rain, the creaking timbers and the bellowing of the animals matched his voice with even pitch. Strength spent in holding up the rafters gave him little wind for his call. The ceiling sagged lower. Thomas, his face purple with exertion and straining muscles, resembled a gourd bulging with rough rinds. His knees buckled under him.

"Frieda! Frieda!" He looked up at the ceiling, now only a foot from his head. "My God help me."

The mule fell under the weight of the oak rafters. Thomas and



HOFFMAN

Cook's Tour: Lucien Heyraud

M. Lucien Heyraud has sustained his Gallic earnestness about food through years of managing great kitchens in European cities, to his present post as principal chef at Romanoff's Restaurant, in Beverly Hills, California. As you see in the picture he is supported by the owner, "Prince" Mike Romancff, who once inspired more legends than Gulliver, and finally settled down to be the West Coast's most successful restaurateur. Third member of the group is Mike's bulldog, Mr. Confucius, who is listed in the Los Angeles phone book and is a distinct personality in his own right. Returning from chien to chef, here is a famous Heyraud recipe: Slowly cook a tender breast of capon in butter; then place it in a bed of sliced white mushrooms cooked in cream and sherry. Top with a coating of fresh tomatoes. Stew and flavor with a pinch of chopped shallots. Place a few heads of cooked white mushrooms on top, and coat the whole with a rich cream sauce. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and glaze in the oven till golden.

the animal were pinned to the earthen floor where they lay side by side, just two living creatures, only aware of each other now.

A black, straight-brimmed felt hat rolled across the floor and then settled, crown up, in a small pile of hay. Dust and dirt greyed the black Dunkard coat with its rows of black cloth buttons down the single-breasted front. The long grey beard fell across the flank of the mule. Thomas' eyes closed after staring at the light from the open door, through which he looked for help in answer to his silent prayers. The mule stirred as though to stand.

Frieda Carson was watching the storm from the kitchen window. She was displeased because it had rained, and Noah hadn't come with the baby. She wasn't held under the spell of Alice's feminine charm although she did like the girl. Alice didn't understand Noah. Noah needed nurturing, fostering and healing emotionally and Alice didn't want to listen to Frieda.

During church, Frieda had sat contented, listening to the sermon, singing, and praying because she had been so sure Noah would drive out to the farm during the afternoon. Because he hadn't come for several Sundays, she counted upon seeing him today. Now, she couldn't reconcile herself to the loneliness because the rain had come. In a spirit of impatience she stomped her foot and started looking on the shelves of the safe for some leftover food to set out for supper. When she saw the cold boiled potatoes she decided to fry them. Thomas was disappointed too, and she knew he would forgive her for cooking on Sunday the moment he sat down to eat. Besides, he had selfishly wished it would rain, when they were driving to church, in order to save his tobacco in the fields. Thomas wouldn't smoke or chew because the church was opposed to the use of the weed. Yet, he grew it year after year with seemingly no profit. Deliberately, on a Sabbath, she held a match to the kindling in the stove.

On the kitchen table was the cake she had baked Saturday before letting the fire go out. She and Thomas would have to eat it up by themselves during the week because Alice had not come to take half of it home with her. With impatience, Frieda paced from the stove to the window facing the upper road. She heard the fat sizzle in the spider and dumped the potatoes, with a skilled turn of the knife, into the pan before deadening the noise with an iron lid.

Again she gazed out the window towards the road. The thunder clapped loudly, and a cool gust of wind blew the kitchen door shut. With a shrug of her shoulders in guilt, because she heard the potatoes popping in hot grease, Frieda sat down, on the small wooden rocker with the split wooden seat, to wait for Thomas. ++

Deacon was an amoral character with no concern over his standing in the zoo

Old Crow, and I Do Mean Crow

by WILLIAM BRIDGES



H. SHARP

I HAVE known a lot of crows in my day, but only one that was a drunkard and followed the ponies.

His name is Deacon, and he belongs to the Bronx Zoo—two guarantees, you might think, of respectability. If so, you don't know crows. They make their own rules, and Deacon was no exception.

Deacon's summer home is just inside the Children's Zoo in the Bronx Zoo and his function is to add local color. He can say "Hello!" and Bow-wow!" quite plainly, and the children are charmed by the talking bird. Hopping at liberty among the shrubbery, he is supposed to set the friendly, informal tone of the place.

But what tone! What an example the Deacon was setting for the tiny tots!

One of the girl attendants in the Children's Zoo first noticed that Deacon was always skipping off in the middle of the morning and again in midafternoon to the open-air restaurant a couple of hundred feet away. They serve beer in the restaurant. The girl was nobody's fool and knew how to put two and two together. She hid behind a table at the restaurant one day and saw Deacon hopping from table to table, cadging a drink out of every fresh glass in sight.

Horrified, she collared him and carried him squawking and croaking back to the Children's Zoo. For a week she tethered him by a string to one leg, but he learned to pick the knots and escape to the beer garden.

I pass over the long, painful period that followed. In short, there was no keeping Deacon away from beer, and it destroyed the atmosphere he was supposed to create, if he were caged or permanently tethered.

As a compromise, the waitresses at the restaurant were instructed to chase him out every time he showed his feathers on the beer garden terrace.

At this point I must introduce a thirteen-year-old boy named Willy. What the rest of his name is, I don't know, but he lives across the street from the Zoo and aspires to be a handy man around the Children's Zoo in another year when he is old enough

to get his working papers. He knows all the animals in the Zoo and is well acquainted with Deacon, both by sight and by voice. It was Willy who first recounted to me the Deacon's liking for beer.

As Willy told me the story the next day, on a certain summer night he was leaning out of his apartment window at one o'clock in the morning. (Why a thirteen-year-old was leaning out of an apartment window at that time of night I don't know, either.) Anyway, Willy heard an awful racket in the street. It was a cat-and-dog fight—a neighborhood tomcat was going hammer-and-tongs for what Willy took to be "a big damn screechin' dog." Above the yelling of the cat Willy distinguished a hoarse series of "Bow-wows!" And he recognized the voice.

Willy dashed to the street just in time to haul off a piebald cat that had Deacon down in the gutter and was taking him apart. Deacon was scrapping gamely, but he had lost most of the primary feathers in both wings and he was handicapped. All he had left to fight with was psychological warfare—he kept trying to scare the cat, with his "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" into thinking he was a dog. He didn't know, apparently, that this cat was a dog-killing neighborhood terror.

Well, Willy rescued Deacon and carried him up to the apartment. "He was drunk as a owl," Willy told me. "You could smell beer on his breath clear across the street. He musta got out of the Zoo at closin' time and went down to the beer stube on the corner. Them bums. They shouldna let him have it."

Willy, the Good Samaritan, doused Deacon a few times in the toilet bowl "to bring him to, the dope," and he figured the best thing to do was to take him back to the Children's Zoo to sober up on his own roost. Willy stuffed Deacon inside his shirt and climbed the Zoo's four-foot fence. He couldn't find the night watchman right off, so he climbed another fence into the Children's Zoo and thrust Deacon into the little box cage where two baby skunks live in the daytime.

As I say, I heard about Deacon's cat fight the next morning and I thought it would be entertaining to take a picture of Deacon on a table in the beer garden, mournfully eyeing a bottle of beer with a "Never again!" expression in the tilt of his head.

A crow can have a hangover, and it affects him just the way it affects you and me. I discovered that interesting fact when I set up the table and the bottle of beer and tried to pose Deacon. He pecked and scratched, he croaked and yelled, he wouldn't get within a yard of that bottle. The things he said in crow language would curl your ears.

I never did get the picture.

To this day, Deacon won't touch a drop of beer. But he has a new interest in life—the ponies. The riding track for small children runs around the circumference of the Children's Zoo and all day long a string of Shetland ponies walks and trots and gallops around the track. They fascinate Deacon. It is worse than his obsession for drink. The moment the gate attendant turns her back, Deacon is on the track croaking "Hello!" to the pygmy gee-gees and earnestly trying to race them.

He can't win, of course, and it isn't the kind of a track that would pay off, even if he did. Furthermore, one of his ponies inadvertently kicked him the other day and staved in a couple of ribs. The Zoo's veterinarian taped him up and he recovered. But he still hangs around the track and cheers the ponies on.

I guess he gets fun out of it. ##



"Well, I suppose you'll want your old job back?"



FOR MERRY SOULS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

A cross-section of smart city wear can usually be sampled in the bar of the St. Regis Hotel in New York, which is a for-men-only sanctuary until cocktail time. Here under the famous Maxfield Parrish painting of King Cole, which the late John

Barrymore loved to contemplate, are some midwinter fashion cues. At the table (let's keep this impersonal) are small check effects with stripes and overplaids. Against the bar, the man at center wears a striped worsted suit and big-figured tie.

Next to him (back view) is a brown diagonal-tweed suit with plain-back jacket, and greenish-tone felt hat. The man at the right is more formal in his Homburg, dark blue worsted suit, small-figured tie and blue-grey herringbone tweed overcoat.



BUILD YOUR OWN

Drawing by Robert Goodman

The future squire, whose favorite reading matter these days is blueprints, brings his city friend out for a little sales talk about breathing pure air and owning your own acres. Incidentally he's sneaking his daily look at the progress of his future

home. The visitor, at left, wears a single-breasted, fly front topcoat in blue lovat tweed. The slash pockets and adjustable tab at cuff are informal notes that make the coat very adaptable. His suit is a diagonal herringbone tweed. Accessories in-

clude a wine wool challis tie with a tan Oxford shirt, pigskin gloves and a natural ash cane. The builder wears a double-breasted topcoat of overall check effect in the shorter length which is proving popular with men who like an illusion of more height.



Folks in North Carolina still recall
his epic fight against the scavengers

Austin Honey and the Buzzards

by PAUL GREEN

I DID not know Austin Honey personally, for he died when I was a very small boy. But from my father and the neighbors I have heard again and again the story of his tragic and dramatic life—a story which has become almost a legend in eastern North Carolina.

Austin was from hardy, God-fearing Scotch stock. He ran a small farm and tended fish traps on the rapids of the Cape Fear River. Like many a good Scotsman in that section he was a stubborn fellow, and he had to be to make a living from his few sandy acres and these traps.

He was not only God-fearing and stubborn, but a bit miserly and grasping for the pence. It was this last trait more than any other perhaps which occasioned the events leading to his downfall. In his haste to get his fish out of the traps and up into Summerville before the other fishermen got there, he slubbered his work. If he happened to find a catch of red rock or bass or shad floundering in the foaming waters that poured through the slats in his traps, he would haul these fish out and into his sack and toss the unsalable cats and suckers carelessly aside. Some of these culls fell on the rocks and spoiled there in the sun.

Uncle Josh, the old colored man who ran the ferry and made shad nets in his spare time, said to him, "Mr. Austin, you better clean up them there dead fish. If you don't, you'll like as not start the buzzards to using around here. And everybody excepting the law knows a buzzard is a plumb dirty mess and tribulation." But Austin didn't listen.

And the great black scavengers began to settle down out of the sky and eat the dead, stinking fish. And from eating the dead ones, they finally began to steal the live ones out of the traps. And then it was that the economical soul of Austin Honey got fired up.

He was a member in good standing in the Little Bethel church and often taught the Sunday School class there. So he controlled himself and refrained from violent language. But one morning when he came down to the river and found a half-dozen of the big ungainly birds sitting around gorged, their wrinkled bald heads nodding in the sun and his traps completely empty, he flew into sudden and spontaneous profanity and cursed them to a fare-you-well.

Uncle Josh, sitting on the bank of the river under a sycamore tree, said to him, "That's mighty pow'ful language you's a-using for a good church member, Mr. Austin, ain't it?"

Austin acknowledged it was and felt properly ashamed. As the days went by, the number of buzzards kept increasing, and it looked as if the main means of his livelihood would be destroyed. They had really developed a sweet tooth for the live fish by this time. But he was a man and held his tongue in. He went off to the hardware store and bought himself a shotgun on a credit, and fired after and around the birds to frighten them. They soon got on to the sham shooting and ignored him. Then he lost his temper and fired in among them, killing several. He should have known better, for the state law was stern on such matters.

He was promptly haled into recorder's court and fined five dollars for each of the dead birds. He explained his case to the judge. And his lawyer pleaded and moved and objected, but no go. The judge was hard-boiled, and Austin in a rage had to stand it and pay up.

Then he did like many a troubled man before him. He sought refuge in whiskey. Straight across the street to the saloon he went, and came out an hour later sod drunk. He began to harangue the air against the judge, and a crowd collected around him on the street corner. There was nothing to do but lock him up. He spent the night in jail.

For this scandalous behavior, the deacons and elders of Little Bethel church called him before them and warned him to mend his ways. He told them that if they would keep the buzzards from his traps, he would. They couldn't promise that, so he refused to repent. And they expelled him.

After that Austin quit church and Sunday School. He went to the bad with profanity, blasphemous language and liquor as the years passed. But he never relaxed his stubborn contest with the buzzards, drunk or sober, nor they with him. If he rose and came to the traps in the dawn, they were there before him. When he sat up at night, they sat up too. When he slept they robbed him, and when he woke they fled before him.

One night when he was about three sheets to the wind, he tried to beat the buzzards away from a big bass in his traps and fell head over heels into a deep, swirling whirlpool below the falls. He came pretty near drowning, but finally made his way down to a willow clump on a little island some several hundred yards below the rapids. And there he stayed, chilled and freezing to the bone, until Uncle Josh and others rescued him.

A few days after this he developed a case of double pneumonia. And by the end of the week it was spoken around among the neighbors that Austin Honey was going to die. And buzzards were the cause.

Then he did a queer thing. He summoned several friends to his bedside. "Folks," he quavered piteously, and with heavy breathing—"folks, it looks like they've about done for me—them buzzards I mean." And his glazed sick eyes rested piteously on their faces.

"Yes, Austin," they said, "it's all too bad." Then they sat silent, for they were God-fearing people, and they thought he had summoned them to pray for him that his wickedness might be forgiven and he be made ready to pass over the cold river of death into the promised land. But never a word about praying did he speak.

"I've got a dying request to make of you," he said hoarsely—"a dying request. And you know that the wishes of the dead are sacred." They nodded agreement. "Then listen to me," he went on waveringly, "and do what I tell you. When (Continued on page 178)



"Would it be possible to see my wife a second?"

**Grip, control and swing: therein lies
the secret to playing the course in par**

The Big Three of Good Golf

by GEORGE SCHNEITER



LET there be no snickers from the back rows when I state that golf is a simple game. It's literally a matter of one, two, three and to hell with pivots, pronations, weight shifts, shoulder action and waggles of the hips. If you subscribe to an interminable chain of yogi contortions, this is a good place to get off the bus.

Just to let you know that there's nothing up my sleeves—no hooks, no wires, no mirrors—I can tell you that I have improved the games of hundreds of golfers anywhere from three to thirty strokes. My star pupil came to me shooting a sparkling 100. In two months she took fourteen lessons, worked hard, and the following year was declared the third ranking woman golfer in Utah, going around in 80 or less. Byron Nelson agrees with what I teach because his view of the game's mechanics is exactly the same as mine. I teach the way Nelson plays. So much for the commercials.

There are three fundamentals to good golf—grip, backswing square from the ball, and *swing*. These are as basic in their way as food, shelter and clothing. They are the Big Three of the fairways and mastery of them is the open sesame to low scores. Sounds like a simple short cut? It is, and here's how.

Without a good grip, you can't hit a good ball, and it's important that you hold the club with just the right degree of firmness. If you squeeze the club, you will tauten the muscles in your wrists and all the way up your forearm, and then you can't have the flexibility necessary to get the maximum clubhead speed on the downswing. Be too loose and you will find the club twisting in your grasp or your left arm bending in the backswing. A good way to test your grip is to hold the club in front of you, clubhead pointing up, and waggle it a few times. If the club hangs and droops from your fingers, you know the grip is too loose. If it sticks up rigidly like a poker and the waggle is stiff and forced, you know it's too tight. If it feels firm in your hands, yet the wrists are flexible enough to move freely, you've got it.

For good golfers, the hands act as a molded unit that is never broken anywhere in the swing. At the top of the backswing and at the end of the follow-through, the grip should be just the same as when you first began to address the ball—same position of fingers,

same everything. As your acceleration increases, your grip will become firmer—unconsciously, but it is nothing to think about. All the way through your swing, hold that grip. It is vital to your control and accuracy.

I'll now assume that you've solved the grip, so let's graduate to backswing square from the ball.

This is perhaps the simplest of the three fundamentals. It merely asks that you swing the clubhead straight back, keeping the clubface square to the ball. By swinging the clubhead back straight from the ball instead of swinging it around your body, you find a groove for your swing which gives you the best possible chance of smacking the ball down the middle. You see, the longer the clubhead stays in that groove—the less chance you have of doing anything that will cause you to shank, slice, hook, or top. After you have practiced No. 2 of the Big Three for a while, you'll be achieving real control. Control is a fancy-pants name for sensing or feeling the clubhead throughout the swing and knowing that it is being swung in a nice wide arc and is square to the ball and the line of flight.

Here's an extracurricular tip. On every shot you play, think positively. The I-don't-think-I-can-make-this-one sort of defeatism has flubbed more shots than all the bad lies in the world. On all shots choose a target, keep it in your mind and visualize it all the while you are playing the ball. The positive attitude is like another club in your bag, one you can use on every shot.

So you pick an objective, you feel you're going to make it and you get your grip on the club. Now the clubhead, hands and arms start away from the ball together, as if they were all a single appendage of your body. As you go up on the backswing, you will see that the club is moving in the widest swing possible; that is, the clubhead is as far away from your body as you can keep it. Near the top of this backswing you should feel as though your arms and the club are trying to scrape down a star from somewhere high behind your right shoulder. The club will no longer be a continuation of your arms and hands; it will have angled on back (note picture) and cocked the wrists by the force of its own momentum. The left arm still is extended straight—as high as it can naturally swing—and you are about ready for the down-swing where you will really generate your peak power. But the grip remains the same and the clubface is still square with the ball.

Now you're ready for the biggest of the Big Three: *Swing*.

I can think of nothing more appropriately analogous to what I mean by swing than a plain backyard or playground swing. If you can conceive of the idea that your body is the frame from which the swing hangs, and your arms and the club are ropes and seat of the swing itself, you are on the right track. The matter is so simple that a lot of people who have been playing golf for years struggle with it. They are suspicious of simply swinging because it is not complicated enough.

So on the backswing, you really swing that club up there, as high and as far as it will go. When you start down, you are still swinging, smoothly, but now is the time to give the swing everything you have. All that has gone before—the grip, addressing the ball, and the backswing—all that may be compared to the pitcher's windup. Nothing's happened so far. You've just been getting ready.

As the clubhead begins to come down, you begin to accelerate. But wait. Not too soon. If you attempt to hit the ball while you are still high in your downswing, your wrists will straighten out unnaturally, you will probably lunge with your torso, the clubhead (Continued at top of page 103)



"Imagine skating in a blizzard!"

These photos of Schneider's grip and swing were taken with an Eastman Kodak Portable Kodatron. They were taken as Schneider swung at top speed, but have the clarity of posed pictures.



Position of hands before fingers form grip. Palms opposed. When hands close, shaft is in fingers of the right hand, and palm of left.



Hold that grip! Hands act as mechanical holder. Note right forefinger forms hook for shaft. Hold the grip but don't grip the club.



The grip—Hands are molded so they will work as a unit when swinging. A firmness is in left wrist. Note little finger of right hand.



Clubface is square behind ball. Right hand is behind shaft in same position as if you were going to slap ball. Body firm, flexible.



Eyes centered on ball. Arms and club swing away as unit. Note right palm and clubface are still square to the ball's line of flight.



Here notice the extremely wide arc. Club pointed skyward and still an extension of the left arm. Grip exactly same as in beginning.



Backswing has automatically cocked wrist on same plane as arm, shaft and clubface. Right elbow now points toward the ground.



Impact! Clubhead has just about caught up with hands. Left side is turning toward the objective. Result of terrific clubhead speed.



Finish. Momentum has taken hands high and well around. Weight on left foot. Body faces objective. The Big Three makes it automatic.



Address—Shaft is an extension of the left arm. Brace toward left leg creates better body action throughout swing. Arms hang like ropes.



Clubface still square with ball. Wide arc causes left arm to remain extended and makes weight shift to the right foot. Grip is firm.



Backswing half completed—Wrists have not begun to break or cock. Wide arc and swinging clubhead make body respond naturally, freely.



Near top—Clubhead momentum begins to draw wrists back. Wrists are not cocked under shaft. Here clubhead arc must remain full.



Top of backswing—Clubhead swung back square from ball in widest possible arc. Left arm is extended and wrists are cocked back.



Unwinding—Smoothly and leisurely the downswing begins. The acceleration is gradual. You are now waiting for the final delivery.



It all happens from here on out. Clubhead speed is so terrific it will catch up with the hands through ball. This is "hitting curve."



Follow through—Clubhead speed has made body curvature remain same. Hands and arms are following in wide arc. Pivot on left leg.



Just before club was dropped to relaxed finish. Clubhead speed took arms and hands to high position. Grip same as in address.

will come out of its groove, and you may as well pay off your bets on that hole. The acceleration on the downswing must be gradual and natural. You don't want to be going full steam before you reach the ball. The club isn't doing any work for you then. You should try to develop your whole swing so that the peak of power is reached just the tiniest splinter of a second *after* you hit the ball. That's when your Wheaties will do the most good, because that's where maximum clubhead speed counts the most—from the ball outward.

All the way through I have been speaking of driving, but the Big Three works just as well on iron shots, too. Of course, with the more lofted clubs the swinging part of it necessarily is shorter because of the shorter shafts, but the fundamentals still apply.

In playing your irons, especially those within 150 or 100 yards of the green, don't work yourself into a tizzy trying to decide just how hard you should stroke the ball. When you toss a ball to someone ten or fifteen yards away, you instinctively judge how hard you have to heave it. You simply look at the guy and throw it. It's the same in golf on the short shots. You don't estimate how far the backswing should go. And you don't take a huge backswing followed by a soft, easy downswing. Maximum clubhead speed is just as important on short shots and approaches as it is on drives.

You just swing, depending on your eyes and instincts to determine how far the ball should go.

Glancing over the pictures on the preceding two pages, I anticipate a growl from the skeptics. "Look," they're saying, "he doesn't say a word about shifting body weight, hip action or any of that stuff, but the pictures show that he uses plenty of it. How about that?" Here, gentlemen, is the answer to the Big Three. If you put these three fundamentals to work, the other components of good form will follow. Therein lies the short cut. In my instruction program, the student learns three things and he never has to think of wrist cock, shoulder action and such.

In fact, one of the finest ends of the system is that it helps the average golfer not to think. It puts him in a state of mind where he is able to concentrate on the fairway, or the green, or the pin. By removing as much conscious thought as possible, you add smoothness, consistency and accuracy to your game. While actually swinging, anyway, the less brainpower you have the more scoring power you have. Once you have developed a comfortable feel with the Big Three—ease with the grip, confidence in the backswing and sense of where the clubhead is throughout your accelerating downswing—you will be entering into golf's upper strata where the game is the most fun to play because you play it well. #



**Let caprice determine the decor of
that haven below stairs dedicated
to gregarious drinking and to song**

Utopia in the Cellar

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

"Rumpus room," "play room," "whoopee room," "recreation room"—none of these names does justice to the joys and solaces of this shangri-lair. The Victorian era had its Billiard Room, and the mission furniture period, it's Man's Den. But it took the ingenious mind of Joe Doakes to design a retreat so pleasant you can't keep the ladies out with a club.

The modern oil burner deserves credit as a space-saver and a desirable neighbor. But there were basement havens of this sort even in the days of shovels and ashes. Present day down-under furnishings combine attractiveness with practicality. Nothing bulky. Nothing that bruises easily. Nothing that draws spots and holds onto them.

Scheme of room can be Old English, Early American, tropical, two-gun Western, mustache-cup nostalgic, or whatever its creator wills. Walls can be constructed of fireproof, dampproof wallboard, or paneled. If you've been concealing talent as a muralist, here's your chance to amaze or amuse. (A friend of mine, who never took a lesson, has painted his autobiography, from baby buggy up, on the walls of his subterranean swig sanctum, and he's so busy taking bows on it, he hardly has time to mix you a drink.) Or you can fall back on the borrowed glories of saloon art. Or flaunt your wine connoisseurship to the tune of a pin-up map (32 x 42) of California's vineyard regions, copy of which can be wangled from the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. Trophies and sporting prints are likewise very much in order.

The ceiling is amenable to various treatments. Beams can be antiqued in semblance of quaint rafters, or peasanted up with gay patterning, or wallboarded over. Slap on some deep blue, add a few stars, and you're canopied with Sky à la Arizona. A disciple of Bacchus in Webster, Mass., has latticed his libation room, grape arbor style, with fireproofed artificial leaves dangling through the openings—a device which reduces reverberation but which, I fear, must be a terrible chore for whoever keeps it dusted. As any basement ceiling

is apt to be low, *some* sort of sound conditioning is needed. With accoustics properly crimped, laughter and song may be indulged in without disturbing slumberers above; which is more than can be said of the living room.

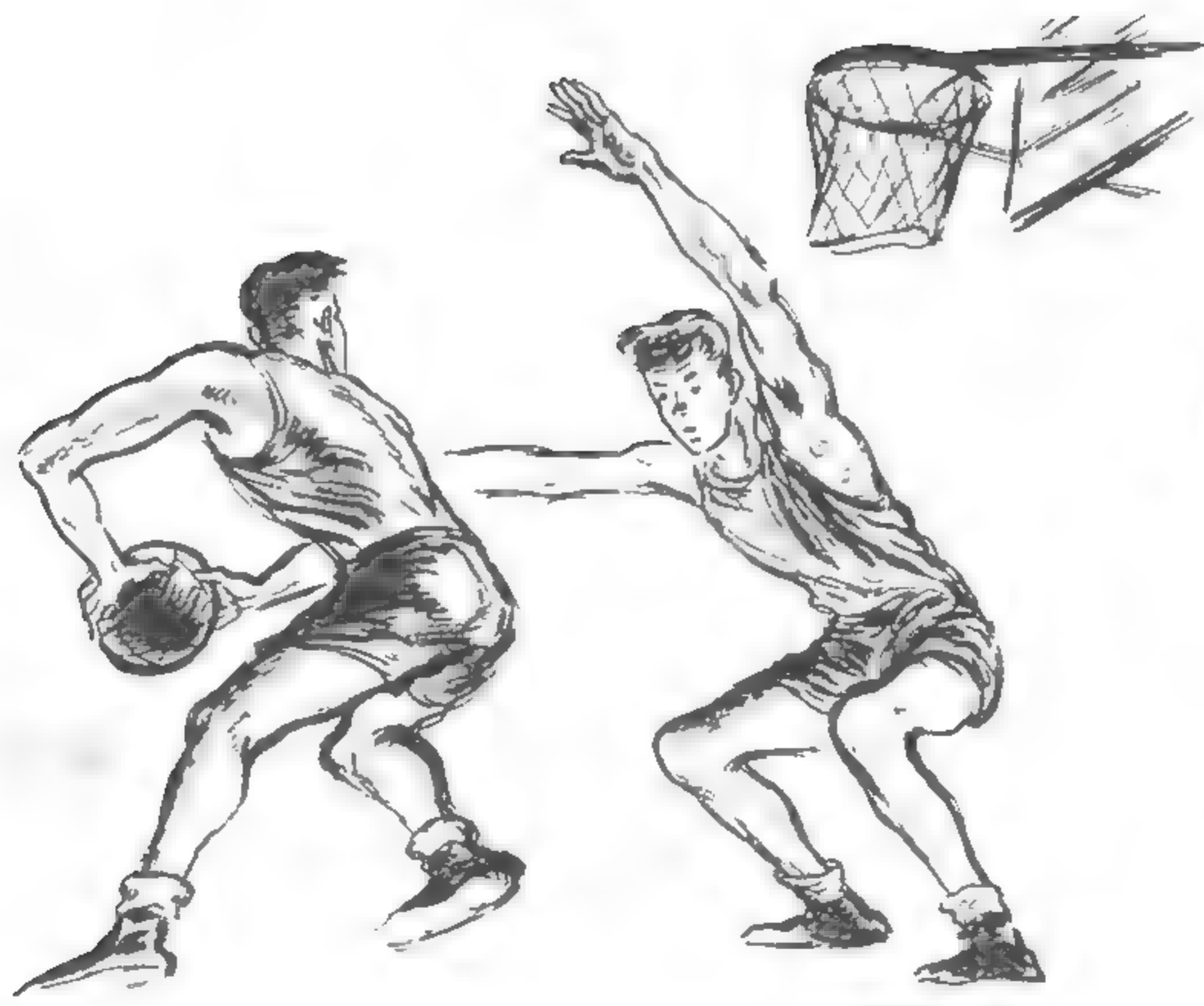
For floor crudity the simplest remedy is cement paint, if the floor is of the porous type. If non-porous, it should be etched with acid first. This, however, isn't good enough for the feet of the elite; to merit the honor of being trodden upon by them, it's got to be in-laid linoleum, glued down and then waxed, or impressive rubber tile—non-skid and, alas, non- (Continued in center of page 130)



"I've added a wine cellar"



*"Gawdamighty! Ah jest remembered somethin'—Ah kem over to borry some water
—mah well's gone dry an' mah cabin's on fire"*



**Lambert of Purdue gets the decision
as the cage sport's number one coach**

The Esquire Sports Poll on Basketball

by JAMES CROSSETT

THERE is a tradition mellowing in Indiana that there are only two human pursuits worth the attention of its outstanding sons—literature and basketball. And if they had their choice, most Hoosiers would much rather drop a long one in from 30 feet out than pelt a typewriter for any amount. It is probably only because the competition was too steep that such men as Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and our own Herb Graffis turned, reluctantly, from a hardwood court to the library.

Perhaps the state-wide love of the sport has helped Ward "Piggy" Lambert achieve, in the opinion of the members of the sports poll, the spot of the nation's number one basketball coach. Lambert, head basketball coach at Purdue University, pleases everyone but himself. The crowds like his fiery gesticulations and bench antics. Players and other coaches appreciate the solid fundamentals of his coaching. But Piggy himself is never satisfied.

Certainly it is not his record that causes him to gripe. In 28 years his Boilermakers have won or shared the Western Conference Basketball title eleven times and have placed second four times. Only once has a Lambert team slipped below a .500 rating and that was in 1919 when Piggy returned from service just three days before the first game. He has also developed nine of the Conference's leading scorers and his teams invariably play loose, fast, brisk basketball.

But during a game, the high-strung Piggy is never content or quiet, regardless of the score. He leaps indignantly at the peep of a whistle. He grinds his teeth. He tears his hair and waves his arms. On occasion it has been necessary to forcibly restrain him from rushing out on the floor to bark at a player or quarrel with an official. As a result of these violent calisthenics, he can be depended upon to be almost as exhausted as his players are at the end of a game.

Yet this intensity pays off for Piggy. His records and his popularity prove it.

Not far behind in the sports poll balloting for the outstanding coach was Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, cage coach at Kansas University. He has been coaching since 1908 and has led his teams through five undefeated seasons. Counting a seven-year stretch at Warrensburg Teachers College, Allen has a record of 26 champion teams out of 36 seasons.

Phog is the voice of doom in basketball circles. He had no complaints when the game had its loyal following in the Midwest. But lately basketball has had the misfortune, Allen believes, to become a big-league sport in the East, attracting crowds of sixteen and eighteen thousand to games in Madison Square Garden. Financial success, moans Phog, has always preceded the collapse of any game. Basketball is headed for a major scandal, he warns, because it is making too much money and the gamblers are taking it up as a betting proposition.

Selecting an outstanding basketball player of all time was an easy matter for the sports poll voters. Angelo (Hank) Luisetti of Stanford so far outdistanced his rivals for the honor that other stars like Chuck Hyatt, Andy Phillip, George Mikan and Whitey Wooden, were almost forgotten.

This six-foot-three, eagle-eyed, San Francisco Italian could do more things with a basketball than the average magician can do with a deck of cards. On top of this he was a team man first, last and always. His greatest game was played in Madison Square Garden, in December, 1936, when he led his Stanford quintet to a 45-31 victory over Long Island University, snapping a three-year winning streak for the Islanders that was growing to be a legend in the East. That night Luisetti was a perfect ma-

chine, scoring fifteen points and handling the ball with masterful precision.

The University of Illinois Whiz Kids of 1942-43 polled a top-heavy vote to annex honors as the outstanding collegiate basketball team of all time. Only the strong Stanford five of 1936-37 gained any backing from the experts to come in a poor second.

This famous Big Ten aggregation was the first team to win two consecutive, undisputed Conference titles since 1914. During the '42-43 season they won seventeen out of eighteen games, scoring 1039 points to their opponent's 667. In conference competition this quintet swept through twelve games without a setback. Coached by Doug Mills, this wonder five was made up of Art Mathisen, Gene Vance, Andy Phillip, Jack Smiley and Ken Menke, with the dependable Ed Parker in the hole.

Mills says, "Coaching the Whiz Kids of Illinois was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. No finer group of young men was ever assembled on any intercollegiate squad. The game which I consider the team's greatest performance was against Northwestern in the Chicago Stadium before more than 20,000 people, the largest crowd ever to witness a basketball game in the Midwest. The Wildcats had a strong team but the Whiz Kids were flawless. They won 86-44."

All except Mathisen were juniors when they went to war. So far none has been discharged, but when this happens they all plan to return to Illinois to complete their education. Naturally they plan to play another season, most likely the season of 1946-47. So the storm warning is out in the Western Conference for one year hence with some rough going predicted for the opposition when the Whiz Kids again set sail. ##

THE QUESTIONS

I

Who in your opinion is the outstanding collegiate basketball coach of all time?

Ward (Piggy) Lambert—22.6%

Forrest (Phog) Allen—20.9%



Lambert



Allen

II

Who in your opinion is the outstanding collegiate basketball player of all time?

Angelo (Hank) Luisetti



Luisetti

III

Which in your opinion is the greatest collegiate basketball team of all time?

Illinois Whiz Kids—1942-43



Illinois Whiz Kids

If "iron bars do not a prison make,"
Stewart equipment certainly helps

The Brains Behind the Bars

by GEORGE FITZGERALD

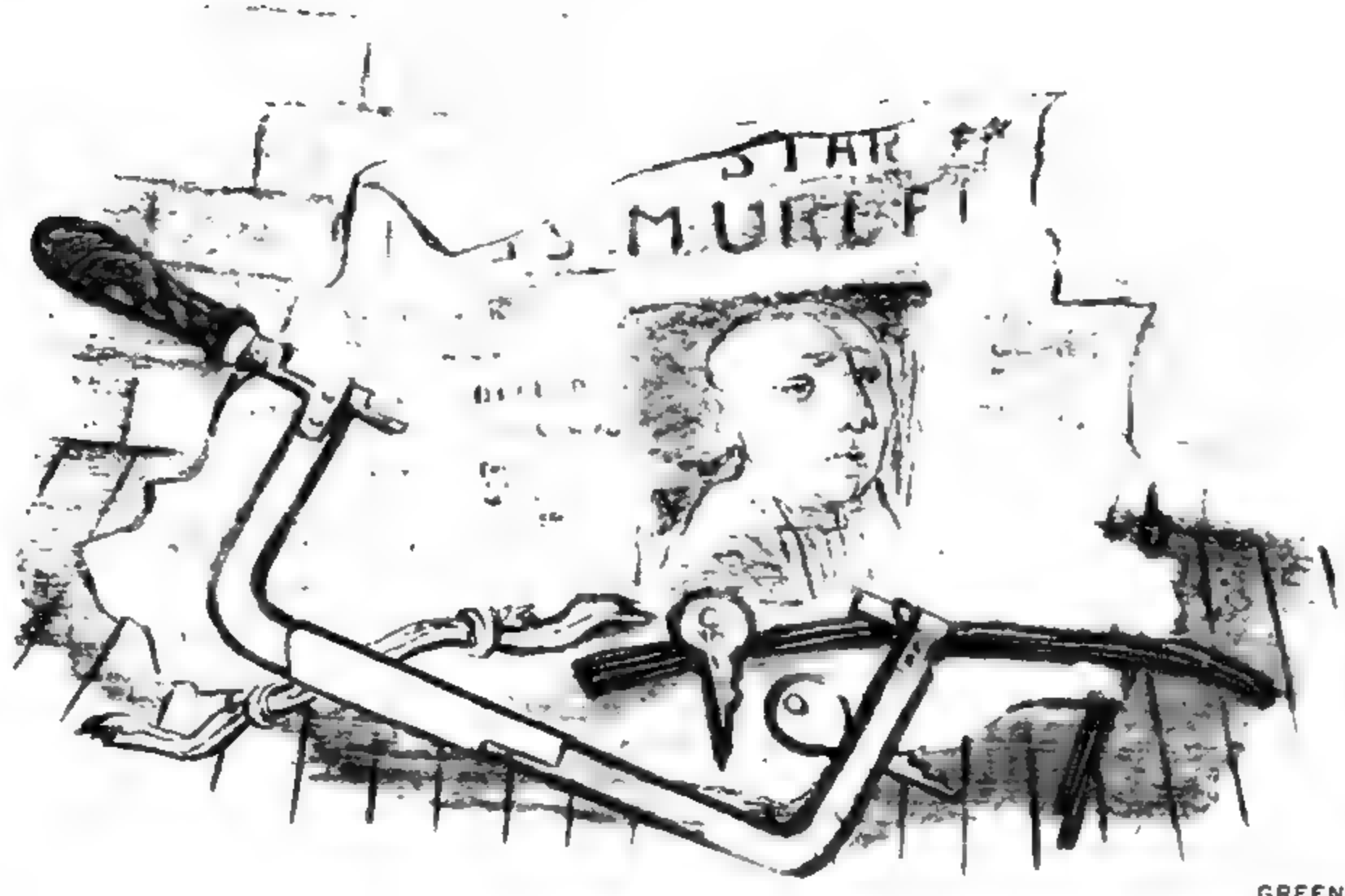
LAW-BREAKERS who find themselves in penal institutions equipped by the Stewart Iron Works of Covington, Kentucky, have little chance of escape. For about ten tons of toothless hack saws, bent crowbars and twisted keys testify to the security of Stewart-made jails and prisons. Lifers at Alcatraz, California, Reidsville, Georgia, and Jefferson City, Missouri, will tell you that their only chance is to bribe the guards or to collude with a task force on the outside. In short, their only hope is the human element. This element was demonstrated in the recent escape of five federal prisoners from a Midwest county jail. The lawbreakers were quartered in a cell room separated from the front office and freedom by a barred waiting room. They caught on quickly to the routine of the two-man guard staff. When they were certain one had gone to lunch, they clogged a toilet and hollered for a mop. Obliging the lone guard unlocked his way into the cell room, opened the complainant's cubicle and handed him the mop—and liberty. When the overpowered guard came to, his keys were gone and five dangerous criminals were out on the prowl.

Problems like that are easy for Stewart engineers to handle. In a few months they had remodeled the jail, installed a mechanical locking device that did away with keys and made it impossible for two doors to be open at the same time. Now whenever a jailer passes from the front office through the waiting enclosure to the cells, another guard must be on hand to lock and unlock the doors for him from a control box in the office.

Generally speaking, jails are constructed on three security levels—minimum, medium and maximum. The first two categories embrace most of the reform institutions, temporary lock-ups, and prisons for mild offenders. But a house full of violent, desperate outlaws of vicious criminal propensities, that's something else again.

Let's take a hypothetical killer serving a life sentence in a maximum security prison. There's only one word that has any meaning for him. Escape. He unfetters his imagination and goes to work.

How about a hack saw smuggled in by a friend? When he receives his first visitor that hope is obliterated. Between them stands a wall of steel from floor to ceiling. The inmate's cubicle has a bullet-



proof window through which he may see, and a perforated speaker for talking. The speaker unit is constructed in a maze of baffle plates through which it would be tough to blow smoke, much less pass a hack saw or a narcotic-soaked string.

But let's suppose a prisoner does procure a saw. His cell is finished in a dull aluminum paint on which the slightest tampering will leave an incriminating black mark, plainly apparent at daily inspection. However, should he be able to conceal his saw marks, he will cut through less than an eighth of the bar, take a couple of more swipes and withdraw a useless tool. Laminated bars will yield their soft outer surface, then the inner strips of specially-processed steel will tear teeth out of any saw used on them.

So a prisoner meets the impossibility of cutting his way out. The only thing that could get through those bars is a torch. And another idea is born. If he can get to the light socket, disconnect the wires and form an electric arc—But, again he's foiled, for the light is encased in thick, unbreakable glass.

Well, what about keys? Here the prisoner encounters another Stewart specialty—centralized control. Years ago the Stewart research department decided that entirely too many escapes were being effected by keys. They were too easy to lose, not too hard to duplicate, and altogether too frail an object to put between society and its enemies. After years of experiment and some tricky engineering they came up with a single box, guarded like the crown jewels, from which one man can open or close any combination of doors to as many as fifty-seven cells. The only key is the key to the control box. Hanging on the wall, it is five or six feet of arms, levers and handles, so bewildering, to the untrained eye, that it would be a hopeless puzzle to any inmate who achieved the miracle of getting close enough to look at it.

Among many things, centralized control enables the operator to halt the opening or closing of any or all doors at any point. It tells him when, say, a broomstick has been held between the door and the jamb to keep it from closing all the way. It is operated by hand (a mechanical or electrical apparatus might fail in such emergencies as fire or flood), and it has a scoreboard in the warden's office showing

the exact position of every cell door in the house. Once a door closes it is locked in three places, and as it opens, small steel plates mask off the socket to prevent a prisoner from stuffing an obstruction into the hole and foiling the lock. With its locking devices and mechanical protections, centralized control is insurmountable. Even the engineers who perfected it couldn't get out.

Should a prisoner decide upon a course of self-destruction, figuring to remove his belt, fix it to the coat hook in the wall and around his neck, he will again be outwitted. The coat hook is just rigid enough to support a coat but *not* his weight.

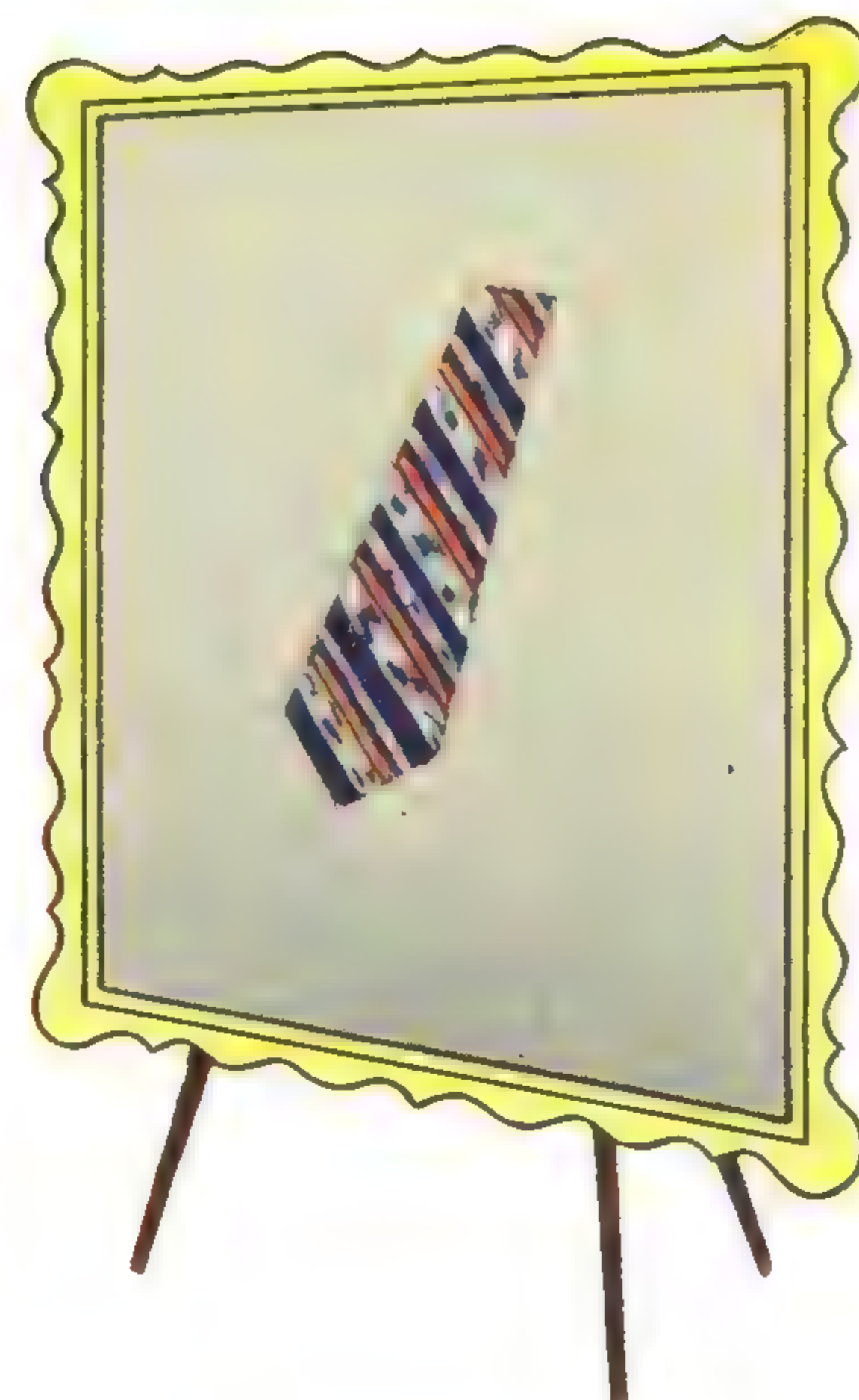
Failing in that he turns to the bed. He tears off the mattress expecting to find a spring which he can break off and use as a weapon. But the bed is made from a single sheet of steel, perforated for resilience, without any loose pieces.

The Stewart keying systems for Federal penitentiaries are closely guarded, too. When a key is delivered to an institution, the name and title of the man receiving it are registered and filed in the Stewart vaults. The workmen processing the steel and testing it have no notion of what actually occurs. Consequently, printable information on the subject of prison equipment is limited. But this much is certain: A prisoner can let his imagination run wild and it is still unlikely that he will hit upon a plan of escape which Stewart engineers haven't come across, analyzed and blocked. ##





Notice, please, the brush work



First, stand back three paces and notice the color harmony of this masterpiece "Brush Tones," by Arrow.



Now, step a little closer and examine the brush work. Such feathery delicacy of line! Such realistic rendering of the brush motif!

Then, to fully appreciate this work of art, hang it over there in the north light—around your neck. Notice the artistic knot it makes. Untie it. Note the disdainful way this Rayon-and-Aralac beauty defies wrinkles!



What an art exhibit! And to think it's all yours (at your Arrow dealer's) for one little dollar!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



**BRUSH
TONES**
by **ARROW**
\$1.

"Heads Up,
America!"

IT'S MALLORY FOR SPRING



★ THE MALLORY AIR CRUISER,
Cravenette, \$10.00
*Styled for the Air Age...
suitable for every climate.*



★ THE MALLORY CAMPUS CLUB,
Cravenette, \$7.50
*Brim-Styled "right" for Uni-
versity Men.*

● Your handsome selection for headwear this spring, sir, is a Mallory! Choose *two* from these pages of Mallory headliners for the spring of 1946. Each hat individually crafted, smartly tailored, especially designed to look *well*!

Whatever price you choose to pay for a Mallory, you can be sure there is no better hat in its class. For 123 years Mallory's tradition in creating America's finer hats has *always* looked toward tomorrow—in style, in quality, in customer-satisfaction.

4 PACE-SETTING HATS
TAKE YOU ANYWHERE

— in Style!



★ THE MALLORY CONFEE, *Cravenette*, \$10.00
"Character" Built-in...for Men
of Affairs.



★ THE MALLORY DALLAS in *Pliafelt*,
\$10.00 and \$15.00
All-American Style—with a Texas
accent.

● Your Mallory dealer will help you choose your "good companions" from his ample stock. Pay him a visit — and pick up your *new* Mallory hats early. You'll especially appreciate Mallory's two exclusive processes:

Cravenette, that style-protects against sleet and rain . . . *Pliafelt*, that has the resilience of the finest imported headgear, comes up smiling from knock-about handling.

At fine men's stores everywhere . . .
Other Mallory Styles priced from \$6.50





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For Men of Distinction...LORD CALVERT

SO rare...so smooth...so mellow...Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America. "Custom" Blended for the enjoyment of those

who can afford the finest, it has never been produced except in limited quantities, with each bottle individually numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

British Fashions

London introduces narrow-brim hats, jackets with side vents

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



IN England, where during recent years the more immediate consideration of defending the Empire made fashion an exceedingly minor detail, designers of men's clothing are carrying on again in the best British tradition.

Well-dressed Londoners, recently observed along Piccadilly, wear narrow-brim hats that present quite a contrast with the headpiece of the average American. The Londoner's hat may be a snapbrim style, a Homburg or a model with the brim turned up all around, but in any case, the brim is distinctly on the narrow side, measuring two-and-a-quarter inches wide and in some cases even less.

Side vents are showing up again on jackets. Particularly adapted to the jackets of tweed suits or gaily colored country jackets worn with separate slacks, the side splits have a practical reason for being, in that the wearer may reach into his trouser pockets without pulling the jacket out of place. It is fairly safe to forecast that more Americans will adopt this pragmatic fashion.

During the war, the single-strap shoe with plain tip in brown calfskin had many proponents in the armed forces. Now that crocodile and alligator skins are again in supply, the monk-

front shoe has taken on added fashion significance.

A new golf shoe has been introduced in a leading bootmaker shop in London's West End. It has a very thick leather sole, advocated staunchly, because its extra heft makes it up to all kinds of weather conditions, and constructed with studs it provides a firm footing. The blucher front and Scottish tip are details of the uppers.

While the textile and apparel interests in England are for the moment serving the prime function of outfitting demobilized veterans, thought is also directed toward new ideas for export.

The Cotton Board, directed by Sir E. Raymond Streat, had an Americana exhibit in Manchester to acquaint British manufacturers with current fabrics and fashions in the United States. The purpose was to stimulate the creation of different and original ideas.

The International Wool Secretariat, directed by Sir Charles McCann, presents in London an exhibition of new woolen fabrics from the four major districts of Great Britain.

These and other efforts should result in greater world interest in British fashions, behind which are generations of knowledge, skill and tradition. #



Style
Champions



Here is a real style champion—a distinguished "Paris"* prize winner. Here is a solid leather "Paris" Belt made of the very finest selection of mellow tan cowhide—stylecrafted by master saddle makers. This smart belt is moulded into a new, half-round shape, with a leather covered buckle to match. This new Half-Round "Paris" Belt improves with age—takes on those rich, mellow tones—that high lustre found only in the best of leathers.

Priced at \$2 in Natural, Suntan and Brown—at fine stores everywhere. Other "Paris" Belts of fine leather \$1 to \$7.

• You will also enjoy the new 1946 All Elastic Free-Swing* Suspenders \$1.50 to \$3.50 and famous "Paris" Garters 55c and \$1.

*Reg U S Pat Off — a product of A. Stein & Company
Chicago — New York — Los Angeles

LOOK TO "PARIS" TO LOOK YOUR BEST

PARIS
BELTS

Streamline
your waistline

It was a warm day in the Fall of 1942 in Algiers as a woman watched, from behind heavily-curtained windows, a group of helmeted soldiers coming down the street. She would have been beautiful had it not been for the scars that marked her face and neck. They were no deeper, though, than those she carried in her heart for France. As a girl, she had felt the dagger the Huns jabbed in her country's back; now, as a woman, the terror of the Nazis was stamped forever on her face.

"Henri," she whispered across the room to her husband, "we've heard rumors—do you suppose the Americans have really come?"

The man rose stiffly and joined her at the window. "We're too far back from the street to tell," he said, straining his eyes. "American helmets are so nearly like the Germans!"

The room was still. Were death and destruction still hovering over them—or hope for a chance of life at peace?

"I'm going out to the street and see," the woman said determinedly, turning away.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," her husband said sternly. "You've been in trouble enough. Next time we may not be so fortunate as to get you out of a concentration camp."

Tears broke in the woman's eyes. The suspense of not know-

Going the Rounds with Esquire

ing was too much. Frantically, she rushed to the door, a harassed and worried husband at her heels. Then, as if uncertain what to do, she opened it a tiny crack. With the line of light that fell into the darkened room there came from the street a brusque, disgusted voice:

"Of all the goddamned countries I've ever seen . . . !!"

The tired, strained look left the woman's face. Eyes sparkling with confidence, she flung the door open wide and shouted to

all North Africa: "Glory be! It is the Americans!"

—V. C. Bradshaw.

A few hundred women's page editors across the land really experienced something recently when a novel press party idea came to their desks.

It was in the form of a neat two-by-two-foot by two-inch box labeled, "Package Press Party." The package contained three two-ounce bottles of rye, two shot glasses, a package of peanuts and

a package of pretzels. Said the accompanying letter from a New York City radio manufacturer:

"It is conceivable that the press might be getting just a little tired of standing around on its feet looking at radios and making admiring exclamations. You don't have to shake hands with anybody or make conversation with people you've never seen before. All you have to do is put your feet up on the desk, leisurely inspect photos of our new model and have a drink with us. Mentally we'll be with you."

"P. S. Just in case you thought this was really too good to be true we have enclosed a release along with the photos."

Some editors caught the spirit of the thing and wired: "But where is the spring water?" The water came by return mail.

And the radio manufacturer reported it a successful party from his point of view.

—Cyrus B. Dingman.

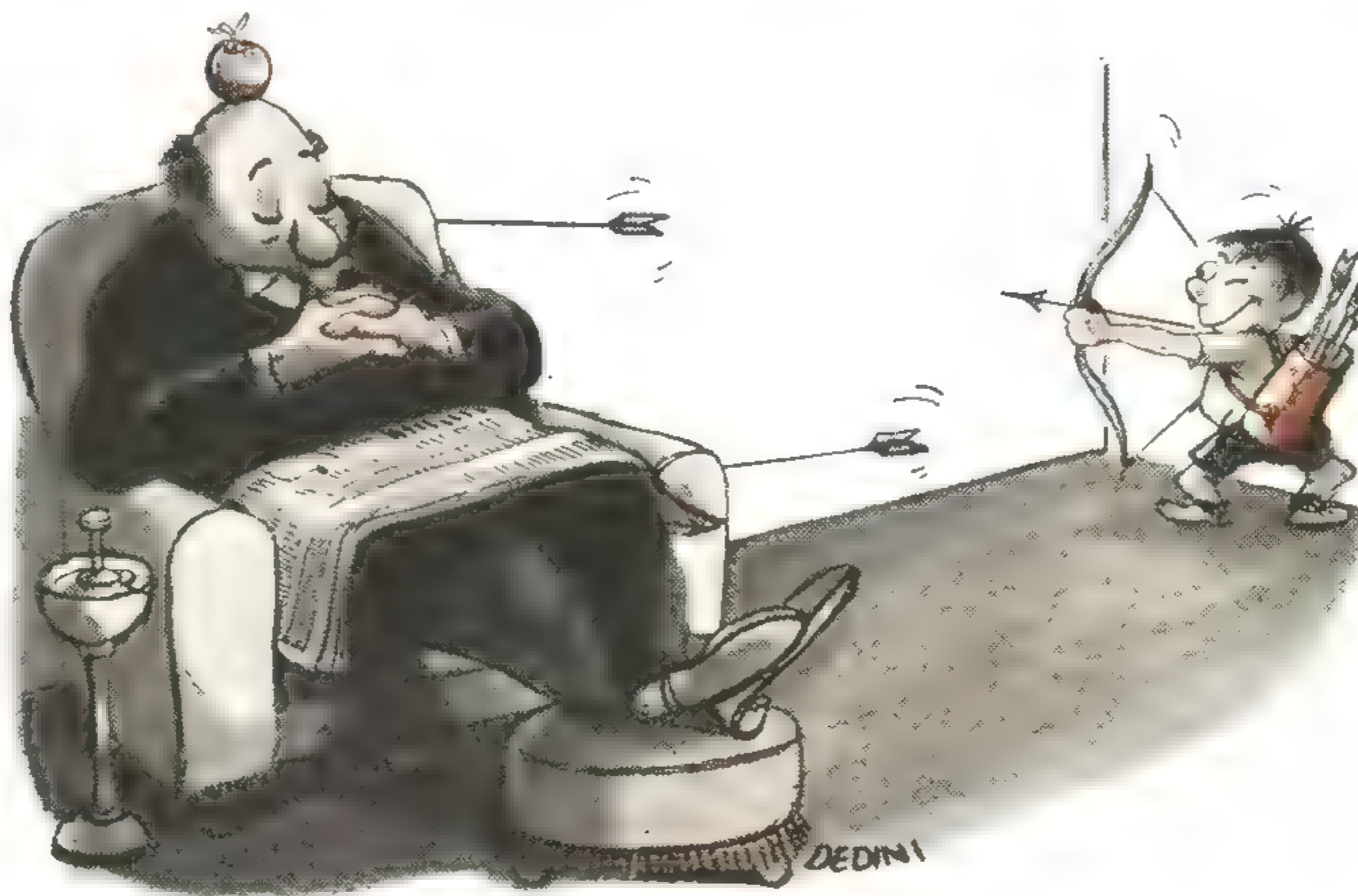
Item from a gossip sheet of 16th century England:

"The Queen (Elizabeth) hath built herself a bath wherein she doth bathe herself once a month, whether she require it or no."

—John Newton Baker

Most men welcome their wives in their office with as much enthusiasm as a revenue agent.

—Baldwin Sells



No curative power is claimed for
PHILIP MORRIS, but —

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS!—proved
less irritating to nose and throat
. . . famed for finer flavor and
aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!

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America's Finest Cigarette

CALL FOR

*The whiskey that Henry Clay
took to Washington*

Henry Clay, in an old letter to his friend, Col. Crow,
ordered a barrel of this superb Kentucky whiskey
to take with him to the nation's capital.

THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond



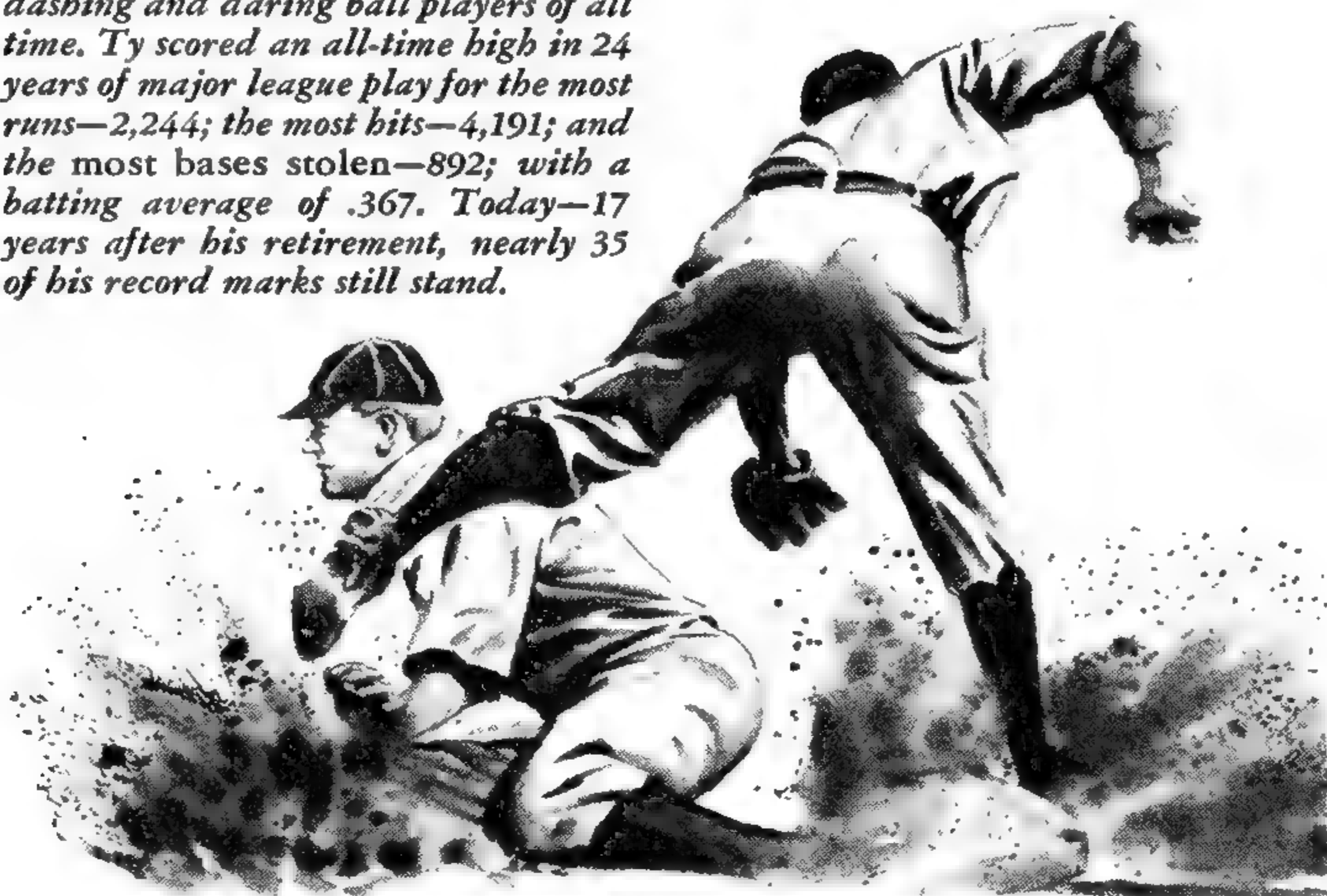
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Among America's Great Whiskies

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Ty Cobb

The "Georgia Peach" is one of the most dashing and daring ball players of all time. Ty scored an all-time high in 24 years of major league play for the most runs—2,244; the most hits—4,191; and the most bases stolen—892; with a batting average of .367. Today—17 years after his retirement, nearly 35 of his record marks still stand.



There is Only One

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ONE JOCKEY**

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New Orleans Comes to New York

Continued from page 94

like a cowhand's bowlegs! His features are somewhat French, his eyes, dark and sometimes sad in expression, are topped with thick eyebrows and above them a lined forehead and a shock of greying hair.

The musicians, in fact, offer a cross-section of New Orleans—the Creole Negro Section and the Rampart Street part of town that extends to what is known as the Garden District. This is quite natural, for New Orleans was a melting pot long before most American cities. Baby Dodds has a warm, slightly chubby face with humorous eyes. Jim Robinson has somewhat Indian-like cheekbones. Marrero, one of a distinguished family of jazz musicians, is short, stocky; Purnell youngish-looking, with a half-smile on his face; and George Lewis, the clarinetist, a slight, dark face, features of an El Greco and eyes that are at once soft and sophisticated. Some dark and others not so dark, all typically New Orleanian.

George Lewis played fife when he was seven or eight years old, learned clarinet at fourteen. This also is typical of New Orleans music, where they can still get up a hundred or so bands on Mardi Gras day, ranging from kids fresh out of kindergarten to old-timers like Bunk. At seventeen George played with the Black Eagle band at Mandeville, Louisiana, then got his first big jazz break replacing Ed Hall with Buddy Petite's Black & Tan Band. This was what they called a "Field Band." They shifted from dance to parade engagements and on the latter used two drums and usually four or five fifes. From there on, the roster of bands George worked with was impressive, even though he seldom got out of town—Kid Rena, Red Allen (who's playing beautiful trumpet as this goes to press on 52nd Street, New York), Punch Miller, Guy Kelly and Lee Collins—all fine jazzmen though not all of them widely known.

Jim Robinson, whose fine gutty trombone backs up the smooth and beautifully articulated trumpet of Bunk and the lyric clarinet of Lewis, began his musical career as guitarist. While with the Army in France in 1917, he was persuaded to shift to trombone—a change that was welcome in the land of jazz. He was in Chicago when jazz was booming there, and toured the South and Southwest with the Sam Morgan band on an excursion train.

Of the others in the band, Alton Purnell was given part of his musical education by Steve Lewis, whom most of our readers won't know. Steve was a Negro piano player, contemporary of the late Jelly Roll Morton, whose style was distinguished by his use of chords. He used solid chords much more than Jelly, and one suspects, from the evidence at hand, one of his own inspira-

tions may have been Tony Jackson. That, obviously, has been a good start for Purnell since it ties in three of the greatest New Orleans pianists.

During the past decade or so Baby Dodds has, as he put it, "been jobbin' around Chicago." He had buildings to look after in that city and many people were surprised he went back into music so actively. "It's still in the blood," Baby explains. "I couldn't do without it." He is—as most critics agree—one of the great jazz drummers of all time, smooth on tempo and in his use of traps employs an expert knowledge of dynamics, matching his drums to the mood, from the easy flow of an accompaniment to the tonally compelling use of traps suggesting melodic African drums. But the main thing with traps is to back up the band. "It's very essential," Baby explains. "It's the uplift of the band—it's like the key to your door."

The tunes played by Bunk Johnson's New Orleans band are representative of the music of that lovely city. *Maryland, My Maryland* is a march that's also played for dances, but even when it's played as a march people seem to dance to it—as they do to the Brazilian *marchas*, for example. *I Wish I Could Shimmy* is played as an old-time break number and *Red River Valley* is a funeral march (rather gay, so it may have been on the way back from the graveyard) that became *We Will Walk Through the Streets of the City*. When Bunk heard that that had been a folk song of the Mohawk Valley (New York) as well as of several Red River Valleys, he was reluctant to believe it. "No," he said, "it's an old-time hymn... I used to hear it when I was a boy."

Music is how you hear it and what you hear. If you're out of the territory of this kind, you might like to know about records. Decca will—possibly by the time this is in print—bring out four titles by the band described above. These are all numbers typical of the band's work, even including the pop tune, *You Always Hurt*, etc. Other numbers are *Tishimingo Blues*, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, and *Maryland, My Maryland*. Some very excellent sides by Bunk's band, with slightly different setup, were recorded by William Russell in New Orleans and pressed on Vinylite. For list, write Russell at 647 Means Avenue, Pittsburgh 2, Pennsylvania. For complete listing of previous Bunk Johnson recordings you are referred very enthusiastically to Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz*, an excellent reference work for collectors. It's published by *The Record Changer*, Fairfax, Virginia, and the Johnson data is in Volume II. An excellent Baby Dodds résumé is in *Esquire's 1945 Jazz Book*. ‡

For men of action



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MEN'S DECANTER SET . . . Matching de luxe decanters of Lenthéric's
After-Shave Lotion and Tanbark Cologne . . . the set, \$5.00.
Individual decanters . . . each, \$2.50. All prices, plus tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS



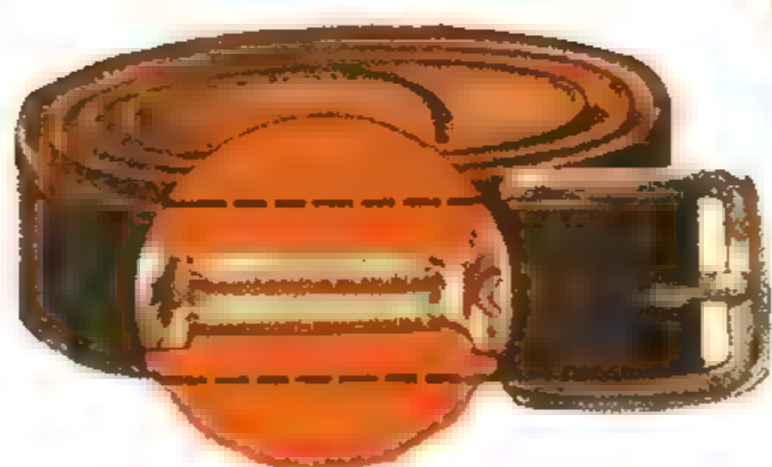
bridle brown

in an

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Hidden
springs
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EXPANSO Bridle Belts were scarce while Uncle Sam needed fine leathers, but now they are back in striking new shades of Bridle Brown, Suntan, and Natural. They're long-wearing belts because they're made of one solid strip of smooth topgrain cowhide; they're the most comfortable, because of the hidden **EXPANSO** springs that breathe as you breathe. Also available in the familiar black and brown, in sizes up to and including 44.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357542. Pat. No. 2137796

The Russian Character

Continued from page 39

kept his head turned, unable to speak. "Tell him I'm waiting for him, night and day."

She came over close to him, but recoiled as if she had been struck when she saw his features. He decided then and there to take himself off that very day.

His mother made him sit down to eat the pancakes and drink some milk. He talked again about Egor Dremoff, and this time he did not gloss over the lieutenant's feats of arms. He avoided meeting Katia's glance for fear of seeing in her eyes the reflection of his ugliness. Egor Egorovitch wanted to get him a horse, but he preferred to leave on foot, as he had come.

He had been much affected by the experience and stopped on his path from time to time to feel his ugly features and wonder what to do with himself now.

Once he was back in his own unit his comrades in arms made such a fuss over him that he began to feel reborn and before long was eating and drinking with as much zest as ever. He decided to keep the truth from his mother. As for the memory of Katia, it was like a festering tooth that might better be pulled out and thrown away.

Two weeks later, he received a letter from his mother:

"My greetings, my beloved son. I hesitate to write you because I no longer know what to think. Somebody came here on your behalf—a very nice man but with an awful face. He seemed to want to stay a while, then suddenly took himself off. Since that moment, I haven't slept. It seems to me that it was you who came. Egor Egorovitch says I must be crazy, that if this unknown had been our son he would have said so! 'Why should he hide it, if it were he? He had the kind of face to be really proud of!' Egor Egorovitch tries to convince me that way, but my heart of a mother keeps insisting, 'It was he, he was with us here!' My little Egor, write me for the love of God, have pity on me, tell me if it's true, or if I'm really going crazy..."

Egor Dremoff showed this letter to me, to me his friend, and in telling me the story he had to dry his tears with his sleeve.

"You big oaf," I said, "you've certainly been a dumb ox! Write your mother quick and beg her pardon and don't torment her any longer. She'll love you better the way you are!"

That very day he wrote:

"My dear parents, forgive me. It was indeed I, your son," and went on for four solid pages of small, condensed handwriting, into which he must have compressed the equivalent of twenty pages.

Shortly after that, we were all out on the drill field when a soldier came running to Egor with the message: "Comrade, the captain's asking for you."

He had a radiant air about him, that soldier. I followed him back with Egor to the hut that Egor and I shared. I could see that Egor was moved, and that he kept nervously clearing his throat. For my part, I kept thinking: Terror in a tank but a bundle of nerves just the same.

We entered the hut, he first. I heard him say, "Hello, Mamma, it's me!" And as I came in I saw a frail little old lady clinging to his chest. And there was another lady there, too. Word of honor, I never saw such beauty, alive and breathing, in all my life!

He broke his mother's embrace tenderly and addressed the girl:

"Katia, what did you come for? I know you promised that other one you'd wait for him, but not this one that you couldn't..."

"Egor," she broke him off, "I've decided I want to spend the rest of my life with you, so it's pretty early to start sending me away!"

Well, there you have some Russian characters, not to say the Russian character. You think you're dealing with pretty simple souls, but when some ordeal comes along, big or little, to put them to the test, a terrific force seems to spring up from somewhere to sustain them! And with it seems to well up a certain amount of the beauty of life! #



"Frankly, the heart didn't sound too good, Mr. Nordvick—but with a lifeline like this you haven't a worry in the world"



Striped with Authority—

Strike the right note in Van Heusen stripes—the right stripes for business or social occasions—the right stripes to flatter your personality. Corded stripes, narrow stripes, high, wide and handsome stripes, stripes in the new spring colors. Stop in and see these wonderful new stripes at your Van Heusen Dealer today—Sanforized, Laundry-Tested, and with famed Van Heusen collar comfort besides!



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ALLIGATOR-the rainwear with a future
to keep you smart
in the rain . . .



Tomorrow's styling embodied in Alligator Rainwear gives you dashing good looks in fair weather . . . and keeps you smart and dry when it rains! Featured at better dealers in a wide range of popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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Get Set! Don't Get Wet!
**GENUINE
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Again available!
Amazingly light, but
rugged and guaranteed waterproof.
Rollable . . . crushable . . . fits in your pocket! An Alligator exclusive!



ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

I am not sure how the new radio-records angle will affect buyers of recordings—but report it for its general interest. As you know, dozens of small stations play recorded programs, ranging from hours of Bing Crosby to symphonic series. The makers of the record (artist or company) profit no more from this use than they do from your private purchase; and as these recorded programs are surrounded by commercial messages, you can see the situation doesn't please them. So, beginning with Crosby-Decca (played all the time), an effort is being made to sell the commercial rights, leaving the small stations in a spot. One result will be less constant playing of the great favorites; and it may not all be velvet for them, because the record-radio stations will increase the popularity of the available stars, those not restricted.

Being away from home this month, I have heard many of the following on the air; and some I have noted by name alone, as of probable interest to you.

Exceptional Items

Jazz at the Philharmonic
Asch—Norman Granz
Atomic Era
Majestic—Freeman-McKinley
Ebony Concerto—Stravinsky
Columbia—W. Herman
Hora Staccato
Decca—Fred Waring
The King Who Couldn't Dance
Columbia—Gene Kelly
Land o' Song
Sonora—Uncle Don

You can say one thing about all the recordings in this batch; they aren't old and stale. One of them, in fact, isn't finished; the composition Igor Stravinsky is writing for Woody Herman. The press release says it's "a move to bring about a blending of swing music and the classics." *Jazz at the Philharmonic* is an actual jam session in Los Angeles (presented by Norman Granz) with the audience's sound effects included: three 12" records of *Lady Be Good*, three of *How High the Moon*. *Atomic Era* first was done on a broadcast—it is for saxophone and drums. The novelty in the Waring number is the transposition of a trick violin effect to vocal; in the Kelly record it is a tap-routine right out of *Anchors Aweigh*. I add the second Uncle Don album, although it doesn't exactly fit into my idea of entertainment. You are either notified, or warned, that it exists.

Popular Numbers

Avalon
Jamboree—Don Byas
Happy Little Songs
Sonora—Mark Warnow, including: *Skip To My Lou*, *Polly Wolly Doodle*, etc.
Angelina
Majestic—Louis Prima
A Pretty Girl
Musicraft—Phil Brito
St. Louis Blues
Commodore—Miff Mole
Ciribirin
Victor—Grace Moore
When I Grow Too Old
Victor—Allan Jones
My Guy's Come Back
Columbia—B. Goodman
Swanee & April Showers
Decca—Al Jolson

Most of these, as you see, are old-timers—and there are fifty more reissues I could list. Sinatra has made Brahms's *Cradle Song* and the B. & O. Glee Club, *Auld Lang Syne*. The new hits, which may have passed by before I finish writing another line, seem to be, *Baby*, *Are You Kiddin'*, *White Cross on Okinawa*, and *Aren't You Glad You're You*. Warnow has a light tone with his happy and nostalgic songs; and it is interesting to see how differently band soloists and operatic gentry attack old favorites. Miff Mole's outfit seems to be called the Nicksieland Band—a sort of local New York-New Orleans joke. The Jolson number is of sainted memory and Jolson's life with himself, reviving all such tunes, is being made into a film.

Bigger Brothers

Operatic Airs
Victor—James Melton
Popular Moderns
Columbia—Oscar Levant
Ninth Symphony—Beethoven
Columbia—Ormandy
Depuis le Jour—Charpentier
Victor—Dorothy Maynor
Appassionata—Beethoven
Victor—A. Rubinstein
Robin Hood
Columbia—Rathbone

In a way this list parallels the one above—but when you come to the classics, you expect little that's new. I might note Columbia's recording of the *6th Shostakovich* and Victor's *Skaters Waltz* (Toscanini, if my notes aren't all balled up). Levant finally gets away from a perpetual Gershwin festival (not his fault) and plays dances by De Falla, Debussy and others.

Worth Noting

Struggle
Asch—Woody Guthrie
George Gershwin Jazz Concert
Decca—Eddie Condon

Struggle is called "American Documentary" and includes songs on the Ludlow Massacre, Pretty Boy Floyd, Buffalo Skinners, etc. It continues the use of guitar and voice as instruments of persuasion and protest—not for bright entertainment alone. Asch also has an album of ballads brought to America from many lands, some sung by old men, some by young. The Condon-Gershwin combination is a natural.



Some things winter brings,
I do not go for.
I daily trudge through snow and sludge,
(You see, I have no chauffeur.)

But spirits cheer as home I near,
A thought warms my chilled body,
In anticipation of a grand libation,
A wintertime hot toddy.

Wilson Kelley

has a warm side, too!

A HOT TODDY! There's an idea! And a good one, too—if it's made with Old Thompson. For Old Thompson is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore. This means that the Touch of Quality is definitely upon it...that every tasty sip invites that "Um-m-m" of satisfaction...Make Old Thompson your personal blend and make your drinks—so nice to come home to.

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Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits*

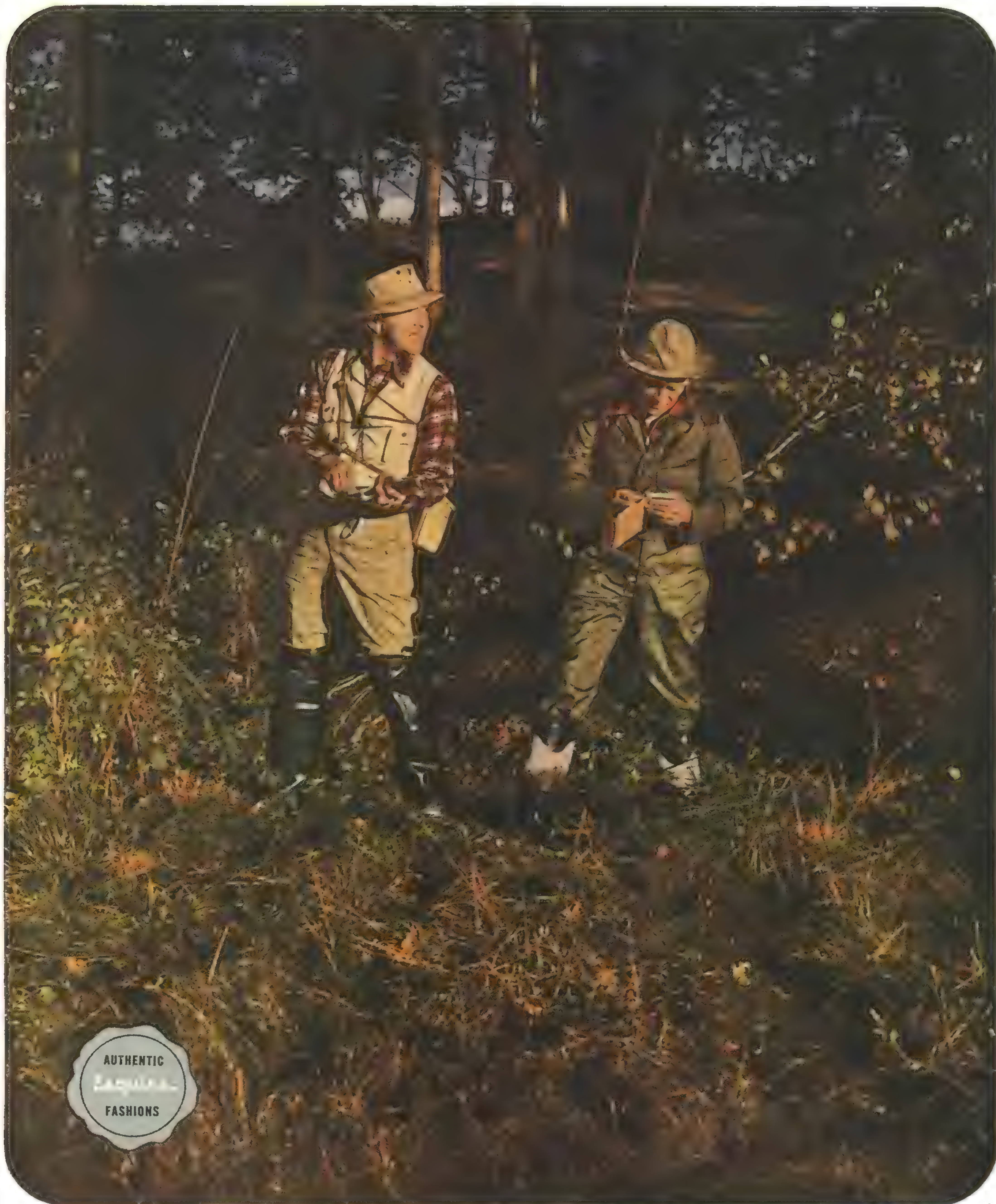
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Blended Whiskey BRAND

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A B E T T E R B L E N D F O R B E T T E R D R I N K S



ROD AND REEL

Photograph by Ravitz

The modern angler is apt to get as much pleasure selecting his fishing clothes and equipment as he does in actually hooking the fish. This pair on the bank are toggled out with an eye to streamlined utility. The gent selecting a fly from his wallet-type

fly book wears a suit of processed cotton. The jacket is honeycombed with pockets for gear, and even the back has a large flat pocket, with bellows pleats, that may be used for a creel. His heavy wool shirt is a Rob Roy tartan, while his pal's is a

Stuart dress tartan flannel. This second man likes his arms free, so he chooses a trout fisherman's vest instead of jacket. Both wear processed cotton hats and rubber boots of the wartime utility type. They'll take rainbows instead of a pot of gold.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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Tale for Rich Children

Continued from page 59

a word to the chauffeur. The car purred away from the curb as gracefully and quietly as a cat.

Mr. and Mrs. Safegarde took one look at each other, hugged, and began dancing joyously around the table.

Meanwhile, the engaged couple came dreaming back from the movies, arms around each other, walking in their trance. The night was a knowing accomplice to their puppy tenderness. They were murmuring of marriage, of living in the country, of furnishing their nest. Julie enumerating all the pretty dresses she wanted, Roger Tulle was stoutly promising her every last one of them, though their number should be endless.

But on nearing home, Julie's gaze straying by habit to her fourth floor, she caught the rays of unaccustomed light filtering through the slits of their shutters.

"What, aren't they in bed? I only hope nothing has happened to Papa . . ."

Good daughter that she was, she didn't linger on the doorstep. A brief kiss—they were going to see each other again in a week, but even for that short separation they swore to each other, as they always did, an eternal love.

She hurried up the stairs. Her key was under the mat, as always. As they heard the door open, her parents said, "At last!"

"But why? What?"

"Guess who's just been here!"

"But I can't imagine, Mamma."

"Well, guess!"

Julie hazarded the name of old Miss Taffe, the gossip neighborhood bore.

"You're a million miles away! Oh well, it's even better to be able to tell you than to have you guess . . . you'd never guess it anyway: Mr. Gustav!"

"Mr. Gustav! Something wrong with our account?"

Julie's guileless soul couldn't conceive of any other reason for a visit from Mr. Gustav, especially since her honest opinion was that nothing else would ever affect Mr. Gustav enough to make him put himself out for anybody.

"Positively nothing of the sort," put in Papa Safegarde. "Listen, my child. Your mother and I have decided to speak to you quite openly, and without beating about the bush. The hour is too crucial to resort to any reticences. This has to do with your future!"

Julie stood there, utterly unprepared for these resounding phrases which were so foreign to papa's usual speech.

Mrs. Safegarde stood aside, her eyelids quivering.

"My child, Mr. Gustav came to ask your hand in marriage."

"Papa, stop fooling, what really happened?"

Mr. Safegarde declared in an injured tone that he thought he had expressed himself with sufficient gravity to avoid accusations of clowning.

"But, then . . . of course you

told him I was already engaged?"

"He already knew it, Julie. Speaking of which, permit me to observe that it is idle and impertinent to run to Mr. Gustav with all your little personal histories, which are beneath the notice of a man of his stature."

"Papa, if I've told him my little personal histories, as you call them, it was only because he wormed them out of me! And besides, he could very well have told for himself, from my ring, couldn't he?"

"Ah, yes, that famous ring—the unfortunate consequence of a weakness of your mother's . . . *Let me continue* . . . You will doubtless recall, my dear, our resistance to your engagement. Oh, it was passive, I grant you. We did not wish to oppose the dictates of your own heart. But you do remember, surely, our worries, our fears. We kept saying, Wait. But you wouldn't wait and we—well, we gave in."

Mr. Safegarde lowered his head, raised his hand in a flutteringly tentative gesture over his heart, then let it fall back on the table.

"But all right," said Julie, close to tears, "but now that's all behind us, now that it's decided. I love Roger and he loves me!"

Mme. Safegarde deemed it time to intervene.

"My dear, let's not argue any more. You'll make your father regret his frankness. We are only concerned with your happiness. Mr. Gustav left Paris tonight for Dinard where he has an estate. He is coming back in one month. His very first visit, he told us, will be to see us. Between now and then we'll have time to talk it all over. Let's go to bed."

So they separated peacefully enough. But in her bed the young girl wept, evoking endlessly the image of Roger Tulle, to whom she renewed her vow of love eternal, and finally fell asleep.

The next morning a chauffeur, resplendent in blue livery with gold buttons, handed to Miss Julie Safegarde, at her home, a mysterious package.

Julie hastened to cut the elegant cord and to remove the smart wrapping paper. A gorgeous jewelry box was revealed. Inset in its cover was a miniature, on ivory in glowing colors, depicting, according to the little cartouche device below it, "Mme. de Sevigne as a girl." Inside, the box was filled with bonbons of the most expensive sort, on the top layer of which rested a small envelope and a little leather box, ring-size.

The envelope contained this letter:

"Mademoiselle,

"Your dear parents have probably brought you up to date. What to add to what they have already told you? In the little box herewith, will you kindly find a modest token of my sentiments. If, when I return in thirty days to the day and hour

Continued on page 124

AN

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Tale for Rich Children

Continued from page 123

of my previous visit, I see it on your hand then I will know that you are willing to entertain my suit. If not, I will understand that you are indifferent to me and that there will be nothing left but for me to withdraw with my unhappiness.

"I pray you to accept, Mademoiselle, my best wishes for you and yours.

"Gustav Perdriel"

The little white leather box held two big diamonds, fashionably cut, and richly mounted in a platinum ring.

That night, as dessert, there were the chocolates from Mr. Gustav, which they all found delicious, even including Mr. Safegarde, who was never afraid to be difficult about things. However, Julie was adamant. She loved Roger and was going to marry him.

"I don't want to look at that ring, Mamma. You keep it for me."

She didn't add that she was afraid she might find it tempting.

"No, my dear," Mme. Safegarde answered. "Mr. Gustav entrusted it to your keeping and you must keep it, at least until he returns."

Then Mr. Safegarde began to talk, in measured terms of wistfulness, of the delights of retirement in one's old age. What more touching sight could there be, he wondered, than that of aged parents supported in dignity and comfort by their children; by a manly and ambitious son, for instance; or, for that matter, by a daughter whose grace and charm had managed to win the indulgence of a good, solid, substantial man! Thus would Mr. Safegarde soliloquize at length, daydreaming for himself alone, but out loud. Mme. Safegarde would sit silently by, but look musingly at her no-longer-skillful fingers, gently shaking her head. And Julie held her tongue.

Another day passed, and then another. At the end of the week, and by a most unusual mischance, Roger Tulle wrote his beloved saying that for some obscure military reason, known only to the brass hats, he and his fellows in the suffering ranks of enlisted men were going to be kept in their quarters for the next three long weeks. Julie, who had been counting the days until she could tell him what was up, took this very badly. She seemed to hold the innocent private responsible for this decision of his superiors, and for the first time fell in line a little, with the constant expression of her elders' regrets.

And the second week went faster somehow. Julie found herself every now and then opening the bureau drawer where she had put away the little white leather box. Each evening Mr. Safegarde would launch upon the rebroadcast of his little private dream of an idyllic old age, and every so often she would catch herself thinking that the prospect did indeed have charm. Then, too, there

were the smart fashion magazines, casually left in her humble room, evidently by her mother's calculating care, and they became so many accomplices of Mr. Gustav's. Leafing their pages, consecrated to the beguiling delineation of the clothes and the cars and the coiffures of the great ladies of Paris, Julie would pause now and then to consider the pictures of Mme. This or That, wives of industrialists and well-known businessmen, frankly reflecting: "But they're not as pretty as I am . . . now without all their dresses and their husbands . . ." and then she couldn't help remembering all the dresses that had been so naively promised her by her little private, whereas the opulence of Mr. Gustav was a reality . . .

During the night that marked the turning from the third week into the fourth, Julie had a dream in which she was leafing through one of these smart magazines and, on every page, encountering a picture of herself, in afternoon clothes, sports clothes, evening clothes. She saw herself on horseback, in a car, on the steps of a train, then again on the steps leading up to the cabin of a big transport plane. And beneath each portrait she would read: "Mme. Gustav Perdriel, the wife of the well-known businessman . . . Mme. Gustav Perdriel, on her estate at Dinard . . . Mme. Gustav Perdriel, the new queen of Parisian society . . ." That woke her up but kept her still in a dreamy ecstasy, and as she had taken off Roger's ring before going to bed, she felt that it would surely do her love no harm if she just tried on the other ring for size . . . A ray of moonlight chose that moment to strike fire from the two big diamonds. They sparkled with such a beautiful burning brightness that tears came to Julie's eyes. She simply had to lie down, though the ring was still on her finger . . .

And when Mme. Safegarde came into her chamber in the morning to waken her, a ray of sunlight was striking flame from her left hand. Her mother failed to suppress a startled gasp. Julie, startled in turn, leaped from her bed, then, remembering the ring, flushed and fell into her mother's welcoming arms, sobbing.

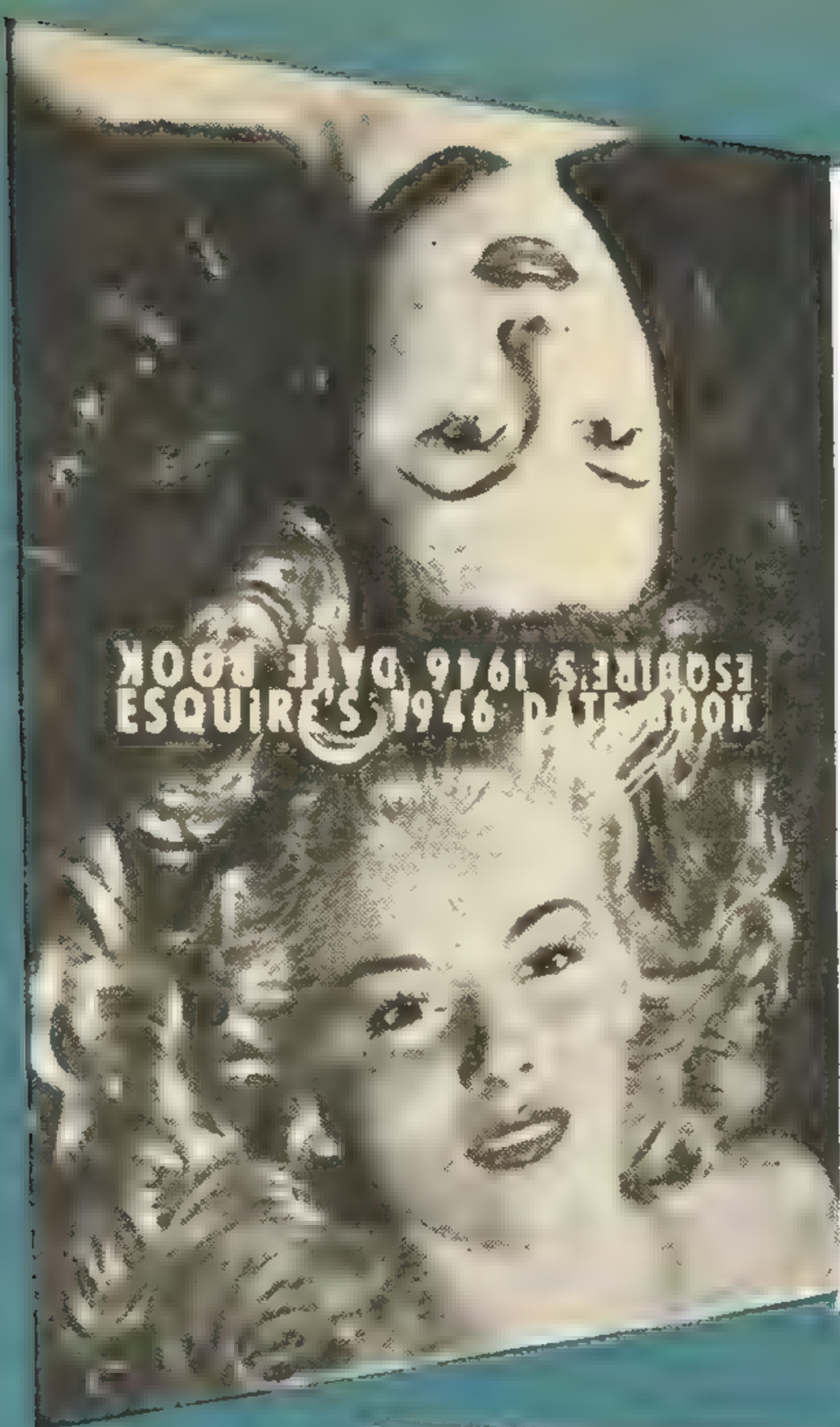
"Mamma, Mamma, I love you so, both of you."

Mme. Safegarde, sobbing with joy, answered, "My darling, how happy your father will be!"

They wondered, during the few days that remained before the end of the month, how best to break the news to Roger Tulle. By another turn of luck, he wrote that he was getting a little time off that Monday evening at eight o'clock, and would come flying. That was the evening that Mr. Gustav was due back, although an hour earlier than the announced time of his return visit.

"All right," Julie decided with her new courage, "I'll tell him

Continued at top of page 126



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Tale for Rich Children

Continued from page 124

at that time. We'll have an hour." So Monday night the eager private, loose at last, came bounding to the door to be met by three apparent mourners who brought him up short.

"Come in here," said Julie motioning him into her parents' room. "You may come in too, Papa."

Mme. Safegarde, remaining in the dining room, heard nothing of this last sad interview and she regretted it. But soon all three came out of the room, the little soldier with unabashed tears welling out of the corners of his eyes, Mr. Safegarde with a solemn mien supporting Julie who, chin up, wore an air of noble resignation. Roger chokingly greeted Mme. Safegarde.

"Good-bye, madame; good-bye, sir; good-bye, Julie . . ." and took himself off forever.

The parents stood looking at their daughter. She had a slightly distracted air, but a half-smile lighted her face.

"How brave our little girl is!"

Mme. Safegarde exclaimed, wringing her needle-worn fingers.

"In life one's duty is to sacrifice oneself," intoned Papa Safegarde. "She has done very well."

"It's going to be all for the best in the long run, my dear," began Mama Safegarde, without changing her expression of adoration.

"Mamma," Julie interrupted, "Mr. Gustav will be coming any minute now—I'll have to hurry to get ready."

Miss Julie Safegarde married Mr. Gustav Perdriel. The engagement dinner and the marriage ceremony itself were nothing short of magnificent. The bishop himself presided at this fortunate union, which society consecrated by its attendance. And all the smart fashion magazines devoted all kinds of pictures to the new queen of Parisian society in all sorts of poses.

A life of wedded bliss began for Mr. and Mrs. Perdriel. They lived happily ever after, and very long, and they had a lot of kids. ##

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Everything but the Truth

Continued from page 53

only with public confidence and co-operation. The plight of the witness is therefore the plight of all of us.

Two things are wrong: the unrealistic character of the rules of evidence and the attitude of the bench and the bar toward witnesses.

The rules should be revised and liberalized. They have been liberalized to a large extent in hearing before administrative tribunals, such as trade commissions, industrial commissions and labor boards, which are seldom bound by technical rules of evidence. Such agencies usually listen to any testimony that is reasonably relevant and competent. A few agencies go much too far and let in almost any evidence that is offered, including guesses, gossip and rumor. A New York lawyer tells of agency hearings where witnesses were permitted to testify without revealing their names (for fear of reprisals) and of one instance where a witness testified from behind a mask.

We need *some* rules, or else trials will degenerate into free-for-all pow-wows. Most of the old rules have their roots in good sense, but they are top-heavy with technical foliage. Much of it should be lopped off.

The job of revising the rules was undertaken some years ago by a group of lawyers, judges and law professors under the direction of the American Law Institute. Their work recently culminated with the publication of the Institute's *Model Code of Evidence* which is suitable for enactment into law by state legislatures. While it has not yet been adopted by any state, it is being used by trial examiners in some

administrative agency hearings. It is also under active consideration by state and local bar associations. It is a clear, simple statement of the principles that should guide all tribunals in solving disputed questions of fact. It would permit them to consider all relevant evidence from every available source.

The proposed code has met some opposition, much of it simply the old familiar opposition of the bench and bar to change of any sort.

Long ago public clamor aroused by critics like Bentham and satirists like Dickens and Trollope, forced a reform in trial tactics of the English bar. Today no English barrister who values his standing will raise frivolous objections or go after a witness in the old hammer-and-tongs style. Someday we may achieve a similar reform in the United States.

The right kind of heat intelligently applied will move the bench and bar to act. Leaders of lay opinion should demand a revision of the rules. But more than that they should demand a bill of rights for the witness. This should include the right to reasonable comforts and conveniences while attending court, the right to adequate compensation for his time, the right to decent treatment on the witness stand, and the right to tell his story in the first instance without interruption except by the judge, who would merely keep the witness within bounds.

The witness is the forgotten man of our legal system. He is a lonely figure as he leaves the courtroom. He may cry "I object," but only an occasional lawyer hears him. ##

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Slightly higher in West

This Man's World

Continued from page 71

know that someday perhaps I will be rich and won't have to work for a living any more, and when that day comes, I am going to sit me down and write a mystery detective thriller exactly one hundred and fifty-three pages long. Yep. You've guessed it. On that page the villain walks into the underground soundproof chamber where the hero is gagged and bound hand and foot, salutes him briefly with "Solong, stinker," and then Blam! There will be a small epilogue. Years later they discover the bleached bones of the hero still tied to the chair, and nobody ever finds out who the hell did it.

Memory Lane

THE other day I received a letter which went like this: "Dear Paul: Just a short note to tell you that I am back in the boxing game again, this time as a manager. I have acquired a couple of boys and I am looking for more. Any publicity I can get will be of great value to me, and if you can help me along these lines, you know your help will be sincerely appreciated. With fond memories of the past, and with best wishes for the future, yours sincerely,

"Paul Berlenbach"

Geo, fond memories is right. What a fighter, while he lasted. Do you remember Paralyzing Paul? Why that takes me back to the days of the old Madison Square Garden down on Twenty-seventh Street in New York, and some of the first fights I ever saw. And how I used to love to watch Pop 'em Paul lay them away among the lilies. Jerushy, but he used to stiffen them.

He hadn't much style. He wasn't up there very long—about five years—and he wasn't fast. But he was a public murderer, and if assassination was your dish that's what you got in return for your kopecks. The Astoria Assassin, we used to call him.

He had dead-white skin and blue-black hair that stood up from his head in a sort of brush. His eyes were screwed up in a look of intense and burning concentration as he shuffled forward. That's what it was, a slow, steady shuffle forward, and with those red leather bags tied to his hands he reminded you of a small black bear pawing away. Only Paul, he pawed 'em for keeps.

He never seemed to strike a really hard punch. He'd just paw at a fellow's midriff a little and pretty soon the fellow would fall down, and stretcher parties would climb into the ring and bear the debris away. He was a converted southpaw, and at times it seemed as though he'd lay his left alongside the other chap's short ribs with almost a caressing motion, just drop it in there like a she-bear play-cuffing her cubs. That was the way it looked if the guy had his back to you and Paul was coming head on. But if you were

on the other side, looking over Berlenbach's shoulder, you'd see the boy thus stroked turn white and gasp as though he had been knifed. Then his knee would come up, Paulie would pat him a couple of times more, and there would be the usual inquiries as to whether there was a doctor in the house.

He wasn't much on protecting himself, which eventually proved his undoing. When hit, he would stop, shake his head, do a little jig as though to wind himself up again, and once more begin his deadly forward shuffle which ended only when he got his opponent crowded into the ropes. Then he would tear out his middle. He was a body puncher pure and simple, and his left to the liver-and-lights was a paralyzing blow. We haven't seen a body puncher to equal him since.

He was a middleweight who grew into a light-heavy, and eventually he held the world's championship in that division for a brief spell, winning it from Mike McTigue. He began life as a wrestler around the New York A. C., where Dan Hickey took him and made a fighter out of him. He was a quiet, pleasant boy, with impaired hearing and no imagination whatsoever. Time after time when I visited him in the dressing room before an important match, he would be on the table, fast asleep. They would wake him up just before it was time to go into the ring.

But it is for his fights with Jack Delaney that he is best remembered. The first took place in the Old Garden, March 14, 1924. They met after Berlenbach had scored ten consecutive knock-outs on his way to the top, five of them in the first round. It was the rapier against the club, the fencing master against the dancing bear. Their first match had all the terrible sultry quality of two approaching clouds charged with dissimilar electricity. Something, someone, was bound to go. And it was Berlenbach. Delaney knocked him out in four rounds after having been, on the floor himself in one of the ring classics.

When they met again, Berlenbach had punched his way to the light heavyweight championship, and Tex Rickard opened the new Madison Square Garden with Delaney and Berlenbach in 1925 before twenty-two thousand fans, with yours truly rubbing his nose against the edge of the ring. Paul turned the tables that night on the only man to knock him out up to that point, and beat Delaney in fifteen rounds of a thrilling fight. They met a third time a year later. Berlenbach could no longer make 175 pounds and be strong and Delaney took his title from him in fifteen rounds. After some indifferent success with heavyweights, Berlenbach retired from the ring with a small fortune. His only defense, his offense, he had soaked up too many

Continued at top of page 130

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST



Holiday

Here's your Holiday—

On the newsstands Wednesday, February 20—this gay new Curtis magazine, the March **HOLIDAY**—opening the door to a new world of recreation, travel and play. Its scope will be as wide as all outdoors—where to go and how to get there . . . family fun at home. It's a stimulating, practical magazine for those who want to find more zest in life.

Would you like to fly around the world? Fred Othman, correspondent on the Army's Six-Day "Globester" pioneer trip, tells how you will be able to do it. Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, gives you some holiday ideas. **HOLIDAY** is devoted to fun—such as you'll find in cities, description of square dances (now being revived in cities and vacation spots) with how-to-do-it diagrams.

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This Man's World

Continued from page 128

punches walking into the guns of his opponents.

But it is the Punch 'em Paul of the Old Madison Square Garden wading in with all batteries unmasked and firing with all guns that I loved and remember the best, because he was an honest workman who gave money's worth in effort and thrill; he never quit and he never backed up, and the guys that stopped him had to knock him dead to do it. Here's good luck to him in his new racket, and a salute to one of the great ringmen of my day.

The Wonder of Science

THERE was a piece in the papers not long ago out of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which described a new hundred-ton electronic Super-Mind, a gigantic machine filled with wires, tubes, gears, flywheels, ratchets and moving parts, capable of solving the most complex mathematical problems employing variables in a matter of minutes or hours where human computers might take months.

"For instance," wrote the science writer describing M. I. T.'s new hundred-ton mathematical brain, "at its very simplest, a problem in variables might take some such form as this: At a base-

ball game, the speed with which the ball leaves a bat is known, as well as the slowing effect that traveling along the ground has on it. The speed with which a short-stop can run is also known, as well as the rate at which he picks up speed. At what angle should he run, after the ball is hit in any given direction, so as to intercept it at the earliest possible moment?

"The machine would toss such a problem off without straining a gear and yield its answer either in the form of a curve, drawn on graph paper, or a table of figures printed neatly by an automatic typewriter geared to the machine."

Gosh, that's really wonderful. But would it throw the guy out at first?

And how much would it cost? Because if it could be fed the variables of the amount of lead in a base-runner's feet as compared to the weight of the bone in his head and come up with an answer that would keep members of the Brooklyn baseball club from passing one another on the bases, north- and southbound, it would really be the answer to Branch Rickey's prayer, and a truly worth-while contribution of science. However, until it is demonstrated, I am still settling for Lippy Durocher. ##

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Utopia in the Cellar

Continued from page 103

glide. One host I know, as fussy as he is expansive, has planked his floor with hard boards laid on strips of wood two inches thick, thus creating an air-space which insulates against possible dampness or chill, and giving resilience to the linoleum atop.

The room's lighting equipment conforms to safety regulations and nothing else. Old demijohns, rum jugs, and oversize champagne bottles (magnums, jeroboams, and still vaster) are rigged as lamps; they give out glow through parchment shades enlivened with label collections. Beerschooners become lanterns, handles protruding. A hoop criss-crossed with staves does service as chassis of a chandelier. And so on. Never a dull socket.

Bric-a-brac treasures are grouped, not junk-shopped, with gag items spotted strategically. Suds sentiment is bespoken by arrays of steins and pewterware. Bright pottery and pirate swag-geroo set the stage for Planters' Punches. Kentucky draws a kowtow in the shape of a mint-sprigged glass emerging birthlike from the crown of a derby hat. Fondly recollected wine feasts are mementoed by a plate rail parade of bottles, each label autographed by those who participated. Travel and elbow adventure are attested by long, long trails of matchbook covers. All complaints about the scarcity of Scotch are referred to "Sandy"—a bottle made up with eyes, nose, mouth, Tam o' Shan-ter, and sporran beard.

Suitable furniture is of two kinds: picturesque pieces of resistance such as chairs and tables made from kegs, barrels, etc., and the light efficiency stuff that is fetched and unfolded as needed. Besides bridge tables (nowadays overrun by gin rummy), there is an equally compactly stowable poker table, eight-sided, with one chip-trough, one ash bin, and one high-ball-well per man. Checkers, backgammon, chess, dominoes (including the African) and other favorites are on tap. Darts are boarded. The radio-phonograph plays for dancing. The 16-millimeter projector grinds Hollywood super-colossals or the drama of our host giving that tarpon the hook. Space permitting, shuffleboard pancakes are shoved. *Sweet Adeline* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* are harmonized around the piano. The pool table temporarily dispossesses its cuemen to take on a plywood top and blossoms out as a smörgåsbord. Over yonder in the corner a small cook-range produces rabbits of the Welsh. And, should you be interested, there's a proudly stocked bar, operated by the world's greatest amateur professor. The story of his glory and the gadgets he's surrounded with would take a month to tell—next month maybe.

Such a room increases a home's hospitality capacity anywhere from five- to ten-fold. In fact, you could throw away the rest of the house and hardly a guest would miss it. ##



*Bright as
a Winter
Morning...*

**You'll agree
it's "Mellow as a
Sunny Morning"**

You *taste* it at once . . . this *extra*, this *special* measure of flavor that's light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in *any* other whiskey! Try Schenley Reserve . . . most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today! Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.





BEHIND GLASS

Drawing by Runnette

Comes a day in the spring, when a man likes to rest for an hour in the hallowed retreat of his club, and let the rest of the world go scurrying by. No clients to coddle, no parrying with office politics. The loafer who's copped a window seat wears a Glen

plaid suit and striped tie. He picks a plain tone shirt to set off all this plaid and stripe business, and note how he picks up the color scheme with the green clock on his brown socks. His fellow idler wears a blue unfinished worsted suit with bright

blue stripes. This is a two-button double-breasted model, with lapels rolled to the waistline button, and is tricked up a bit with a change pocket. His tie has an elongated pattern, a stripe which is increasingly popular with less conventional wearers.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



The Stetson she is wearing is called Regency...\$12.95

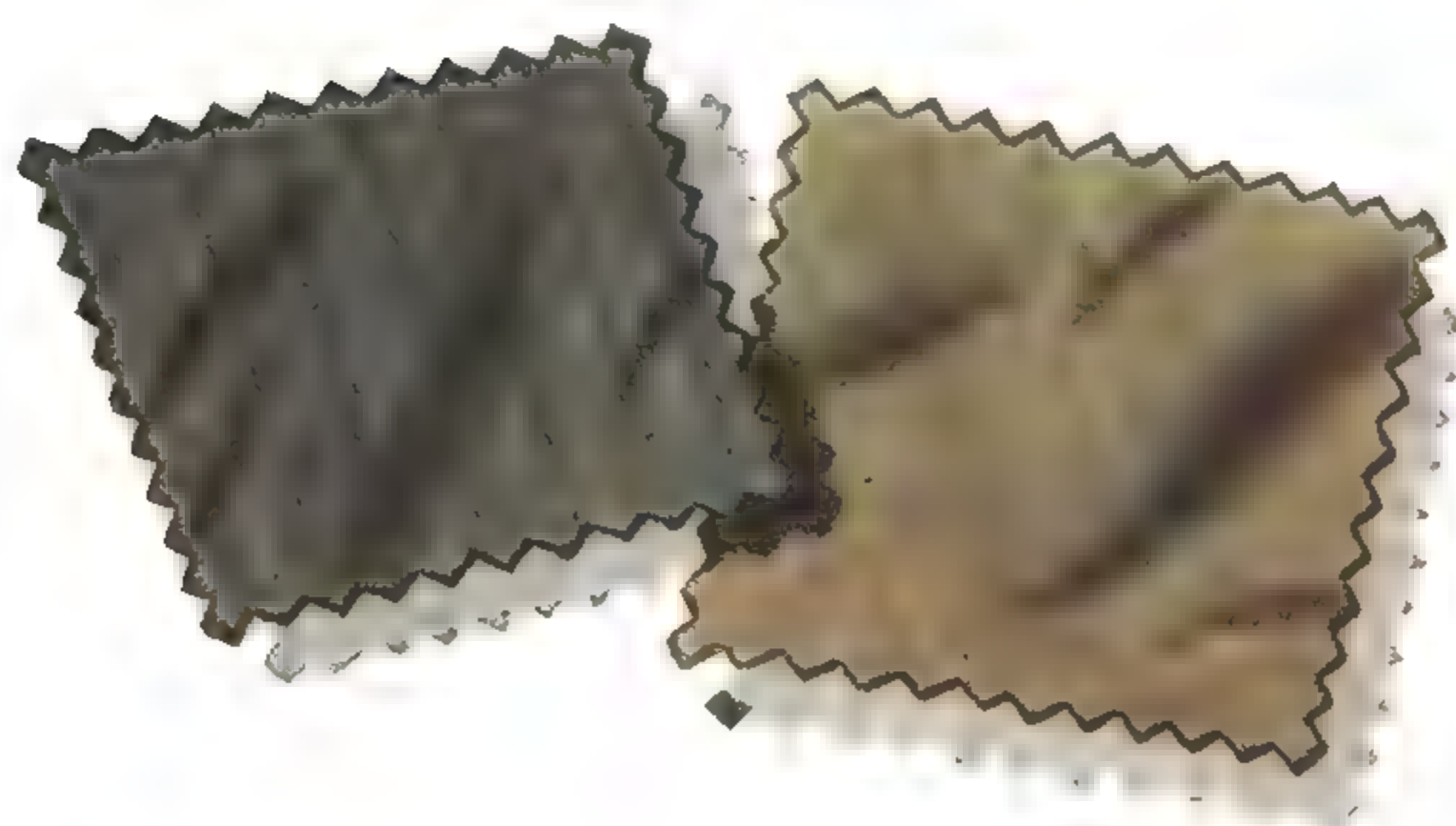
How to land a Sunday punch

1. You won't catch us trying to tell you that Bob is a knockout with the girls just because he's wearing those good-looking clothes—set off by that Royal Stetson Diplomat.

No—Bob makes a hit because he's got a lot more than

good looks to his credit. But, because he has, he naturally picks his clothes with an eye to the occasion.

For example, take a good look at that outfit he's wearing. In every detail, it's correct for a Sunday stroll...



2. Bob knows that a covert topcoat and gray worsted suit are always in quiet good taste on a dress-up occasion. Especially when the jacket is a double-breasted model.



3. His green and white foulard tie goes with gray like church bells with Sunday morning. The white shirt, green socks, and black shoes carry out the formal color scheme.



4. Bob's chosen the Stetson Diplomat, in Willow Green, to add a final touch of distinction. The smartly rolled brim marks it as *the* Stetson for formal occasions. It's \$10.

Right for dressing up — The Royal STETSON Diplomat

The name Stetson in a hat is your assurance of quality and fashion excellence. Stetson hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its subsidiary companies. Stetson hats are also made in Canada.

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING



"The Golden Gate Bridge," painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Robert A. Johnson.



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KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*



KING

Blended Whisky

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

*Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Your Bath Is Ready*Continued from page 72*

luxury squares up for life in the shires, where the bath situation is Saxonly spartan. In ivied manor houses, the servant bearing an ewer is still preferred to the pipe bearing a tap; and today, with servants so scarce, even the best dukes may have to fetch the pitcher themselves.

They're also conservative in Russia. Before the war a bathtub in Moscow cost 2,000 rubles, or about 400 dollars. Water didn't rise above the fourth floor in the apartment houses. But a guest at one of the larger hotels could have a bath Friday, by negotiating with the manager about it on the preceding Tuesday. It was something like posting the banns. To get into the state-owned bathhouses out in the surrounding republics, a foreigner had to post not only his clothes but his passport. This to make sure he returned the state-owned soap.

Oh, yes, Athens had its Pericles, Rome its Michelangelo, Florence its Giotto and London its Christopher Wren. But Europe still awaits its Crane. In Vienna the Heisses Wasser, no matter how they label it, comes out cold. In Rome, where you want it cold, it comes out hot—for C stands for Caldo and Caldo doesn't mean Cold. Quite the opposite. In Greece it doesn't matter how they mark the spigots, because neither ever runs.

Hungary is afloat on thermal springs, and your bath there smells like a roast rubber boot.

In Paris the houses are still under the architectural influence of Versailles. That considerable cottage of King Louis XIV had twelve hundred bedrooms and an incredible number of outdoor fountains, and but one or more baths. And in Spain the bathing problem is reduced to its simplest possible terms: they call the whole thing off.

So, still pursuing the cult of the open pore, you turn to other continents. In Arabia the sheik steps to the door of his tent and applies a handful of sand. For a traveling sahib at a great Hindustan hotel, water is brought on the shoulders of servants in large jars. But you cast a wary eye behind the sponge and under the mat and into the tub itself. You may be a great singer in your bath, but you've got to be extra good to charm the hooded cobra, who likes to glide around in cool tubs and hates to be sat on, even by accident.

At Agra, where the Taj Mahal is, you also visit Akbar's Fort. Its harem is empty now, but the marble spouts are still present from which scented water once gushed and ran into shallow pools. Lolling in two inches of rosewater, the Mogul's lovelies used to make Saturday night last the whole week. But this scene had its grim aspect; close by the fragrant pools, a chute led down to a pit. The pit, in Akbar's day,

was always full of hungry tigers.

Up in Tibet there were no tigers waiting for ladies averse to baths. But there was, and is, a mighty sharp, cold wind. Only butter turns it. So to this day the Tibetan takes his bath in butter.

In Mexico City the water is rationed and is available only at certain hours. Except in buildings which have tanks on the roof, tubs throughout the city are filled before the deadline hour and the water so stored is used for a variety of household purposes. To be sure, many a Yankee schoolma'am, finding herself the first one back in the boardinghouse after a hard tourist day, slides into the community water and has her little splash, but that's chiseling. Of course water rationing will be a thing of the past when the new water system is operating.

Down in Mazatlán there's a hotel on the seashore, the Del Mar. Americanos give it quite a play. It was built, however, before anyone thought of bathrooms. They're an afterthought. The biggest bathroom was once a bedchamber and an airy one. It runs up two stories with an interior balcony giving from a hallway on the floor above. Here a bather feels that he or she is really living the bad dream almost everyone has had—of finding oneself naked out in the middle of a ballroom. So says a lady who stood there one day under the nozzle of the shower, waiting for the water to run. Her apprehension increased when two Indian boys appeared on the balcony. "Otro grifo, señora," they called down. Though surprised, she tried the other faucet as advised. After a few moments, it worked.

And then there was the train between Nogales and Guadalajara. Up in the region of the great ravines, a tunnel fell in. You were stalled while the bore was mucked out. Below your car windows, flowed the Gran Río de Santiago. You decided to refresh yourself. You worked down through the jungle of small-faced, waxen sunflowers, threw off your clothes, and plunged in. It felt delightful. You swam to the other side and climbed up on the bank.

From which point, looking back, you saw things. File-like tails and backs leading to long, lean jaws. Crocodiles. Not many, and not big. But crocodiles.

You were here, and your clothes were over there. What should you do? Walk four hundred miles north in your birthday suit and try to explain, to the immigration boys at the border, why you didn't have your travelers' papers? Or bust through the opposition and get back to your duds? While you debated, the engine blew a toot. That decided it. You blasted heroically through that water, grabbed your clothes

Continued on page 136

CORONET OXFORD PLAID SHIRTS BY New Era



Tackle your shirt wardrobe problem with this New Era shirt of Coronet Oxford Plaid. Made in general-wear and sports styles of vat-dyed, sanforized² fabric by Ameritex.¹ The "catch" of the season in shirt comfort and fit. About \$350 each.

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does any other pouch
in the world!

You'll enjoy your last pipeful of tobacco as much as your first with a Rogers Air-tite Tobacco Pouch. Thanks to its patented inner-pouch construction and exquisite craftsmanship, Air-tite is the largest selling pouch ever made. In a wide variety of leathers and models (Model 213 illustrated here \$3).

Others from \$1.50 to \$15.00

"seals as it closes"

This cross section view shows how the patented "lips" of the inner pouch seal tightly as you zip the outer pouch closed. Keep freshness and fragrance in. Look for name "Air-tite" U. S. Pat. 1,801,192. Can. Pat. 374,167.

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Other joys for smokers—each "Distinctively Rogers"

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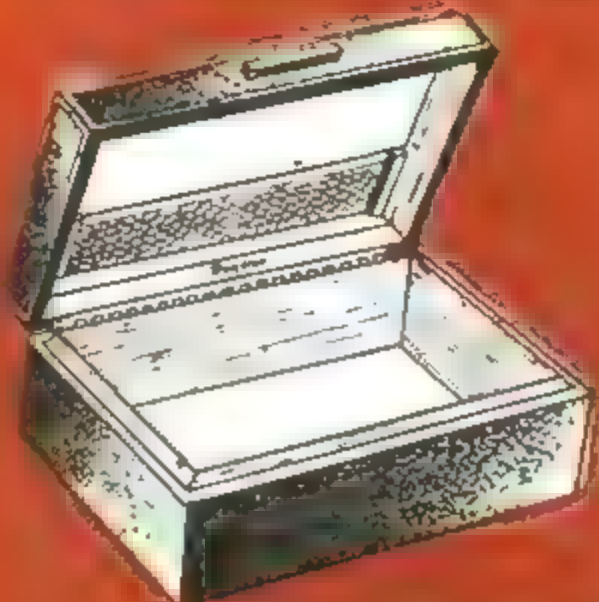
Carries and protects 5 cigars. Genuine top grain leather. \$2.50. Other models to \$5.00.

CUSTOM MADE ROLL-UP POUCH



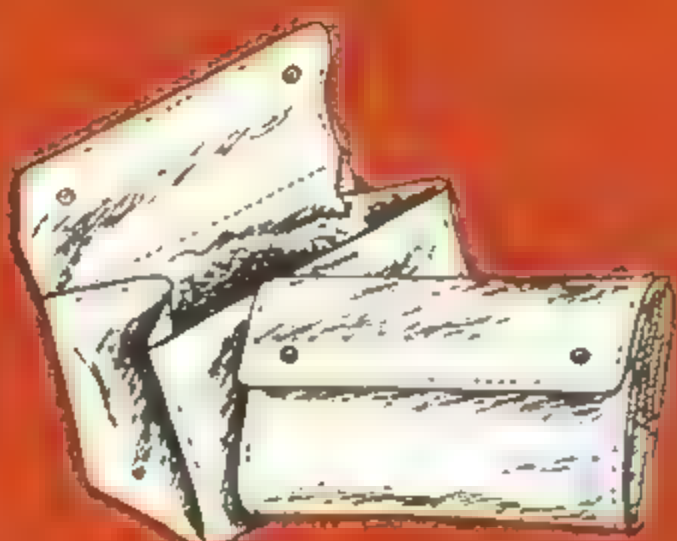
Genuine kidskin, special moisture proof pocket, gusseted sides for extra roominess. \$5.00. Other models to \$8.00.

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U. S. AGENTS FOR PETERSON'S PIPES—DUBLIN, LONDON

Your Bath Is Ready

Continued from page 135

and swung up on the rear platform, panting fast—and the pun's intended.

Not to say that bathing can't be rugged north of the border also. On many a Western ranch the facilities consist of a water-hole, some mesquite boughs to stand on, and a ten-gallon hat for a bucket. These eyes have seen the sign that hung in the laborers' bunkhouse at the state university's farm school at Davis, California: "Notice! These showers are not to be used for gold panning."

Carl Glasscock, the Western historian, cites the only bathing facility at Tonopah, Nevada, at the turn of the century: a burlap enclosure behind the barbershop. Its floor was a wooden grating on an axle, over a five-gallon sump. The bather paid the barber four bits, stripped, and got in and worked this teeter-board with his feet until water gushed from a perforated can above his head. The sump water was used over and over by such miners of Tonopah as were particular, until the pack train came in with more water from the hills.

Then there's bathing on ships, and the case of the gentleman who was traveling for his health on the *Princess Charlotte*, which the Canadian Pacific operates for the Alaska trade. The scenic way to Alaska is through the Inside Passage, and to get into the fjords a vessel has to be compact in every respect including its plumbing arrangements. So the *Charlotte* has only fourteen staterooms that are equipped with baths. In each case the space is but a shower, three feet square. The same space is also occupied by a toilet.

To this latter facility advanced our gentleman who was traveling for his health. The moment he chose was when the vessel was passing close under Taku Glacier. Forgetting that his little cell did double duty, he reached for Lever A. What he pulled was Lever B. Ocean water straight off the glacier fell with a bang

into the waiting hopper of his trousers.

There was the Matson steamer which cruised to the South Seas. Uppity folk went first class, with a private bath to each stateroom, and didn't have much fun. But the poorer and smarter went cabin class and made a real brawl of it. Cabin class not having private baths, each passenger registered with the bath steward for his turn at a fixed hour daily. The steward came and got you, too, no matter how many spades you held in your hand or how you were getting along with the little widow from Spokane. This steward had a deep interest in his clients. He'd march right in to see if maybe they wanted the bath mat changed. Until one fair tubber rose in her wrath, pushed the door in his face, and yelled "Keep out of here, you bathst'rd!"—a word which went ringing around the ship and became a kind of official title.

And then, there was the blessed *Chiriqui* of the United Fruit Company's banana fleet. This joyous vessel loaded up at San Francisco and Los Angeles with you and a hundred and twenty-nine other passengers. At Acapulco, everybody but you got off.

The ship sailed on. Left to you alone were the whole ship's pool on the afterdeck, the bartender, and the orchestra. The water in the pool was tropic-warm. Its bosom bore a floating mattress which in turn bore you. For the eight days from Acapulco to Panama and back, the steward kept a tray of caviar sandwiches within reach of your hand. Every now and then the barman rewound your fingers about a cooling drink. The orchestra, being under contract to play and play, established itself close to your couch and asked what you desired to hear.

The floating mattress floated. The tinkling drinks kept coming. The strings wailed *Nearer, My God, To Thee*.

And the sleek, white ship coursed on. ‡

Continued from page 72



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Both 86.8 Proof

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.



JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • Sole Importer

The God of the Winged Worm

Continued from page 48

and made a squirming gesture with his right hand. Half a dozen women came in and I sighed with relief when I saw that these were ordinary brown Indian women, all tall, young, and remarkably handsome. They also were completely naked. So was I, and so was Willow. I remembered how strange my sun-blackened hands and arms looked in contrast to the rest of my body. The girls carried food, and we ate.

But all this doesn't matter. I am only telling you this to get the real wonder clear in my mind after all these years.

We had stumbled on a tribe of Indians feared and dreaded as magicians. These were the Ghost People. There were albinos among them. You have heard before of mottled black-and-white or completely albino tribes in Africa and South America. The people of this tribe, generally, were born brown; but there was an hereditary tendency to albinism. Among them white was a very holy color. Whiteness was life. Their priests, or witch doctors, were all albinos, and albinos were set apart for the service of their god. For their god was, as nearly as I could gather, a sort of winged worm.

We could not understand their language, but I attempted conversation in picture writing. The old witch doctor and I talked by means of drawings which we made with a pointed stick in the dust, together with signs and gestures.

These savages, you will say, were people after my own heart—they worshipped an insect. The albino witch doctor whom I had first seen when I came out of my long sleep in the twig hut, was the Watcher of the Winged Worm, and their Chief. He too had been born to be slave to an insect; he was high priest of a Bug-God. Like me, he had given his life to his Bug. I had followed where insects led me . . . and there I was, in the shrine of a deified insect. The Watcher of the Winged Worm was tattooed to represent the Maggot of the Fly.

He drew me a worm; made graphic gestures indicating that this worm went deep down into the earth; and made me understand five years were passing by describing, in dust with his stick, in the air with his hands, the coming and going of sixty full moons.

Then, with a double-handed gesture of awe, he showed—with his long, writhing arms and fingers—that the worm was coming out of the ground. He threw himself down, pressing his arms close to his sides, and made a dumb-show of the agony of an insect trying to free new wings. At last, with a thin cry he flapped his hands and leapt two yards into the air; came down lightly on his feet, and outlined wings on the figure of the worm in the dust.

It seemed to me that these savages regarded their worm as

the ancient Egyptians regarded their Sacred Beetle, whose life cycle was a symbol of birth, death, and resurrection. But these were savages. If their worm was pale, then to them pallor was mysterious and sacred. Paleness was a proof of the favor of the Winged Worm. The holy albinos were trained in contortions. Tattooed in the likeness of the god, they made themselves look like maggots.

Once a year, at full moon, the albino priests put on transparent wings made by the consecrated virgins out of fish scales, and performed a dance symbolic of the Resurrection of the Worm. They were the ghost men I had seen on the edge of the jungle. They would have killed us if our bodies had not been white. But my hair was half-sandy, and Willow's hair was red. Were we, or were we not, Men of the god? They brought us to their village. The Winged Worm could decide whether he wanted us or not, at the next full moon, when the Great Dance was to take place. Every five years the consecrated virgins and the chosen men of the tribe mated to breed babies that were dedicated to service of the god. There was a solemn dance and an orgy. Nine months later all the dark-skinned boys born of the dancing couples were buried alive in the breeding ground of the Worm, which was a muck pit. The girls became consecrated virgins, as their mothers had been. The albinos were tattooed in rings and later initiated into the mysteries of priesthood.

Mottled, or parti-colored babies were thrown out to die. And what was Willow? What was I? It was for the god to decide.

So for twenty-seven days they fed us like fighting cocks, and the witch doctor cured our fever. He stabbed us lightly in the legs and arms with a sharpened reed dipped in some transparent yellow liquid, and in two days the fever was gone and even our insect bites were healed. We became strong again. Willow began to smile at some of the virgins; he liked women, but these were not approachable. A smile sent them running; they leapt backwards like wildcats. They belonged to the god, you understand. There was one girl, very beautiful and light-skinned, for whom poor Willow developed a passion. She had a name something like . . . like . . . well, say *Anger* without letting any part of your tongue touch the roof of your mouth . . . *Ahn-haiah*, with the emphasis on the first syllable. I warned him a hundred times; but when people get that way, who can hold them? She kept away from Willow. But then, in due course, came the new moon orgy; there were fifty girls stimulated by dancing and drums and drugs, and only thirty men.

We were there, for the god's decision. And there was this girl in an uncontrollable state of lust (if I may use the term), and poor

Willow, who never could resist a woman.

The dance . . . never mind the dance. This unhappy girl threw herself at us. Willow . . . well, Willow . . . It all seems so pitiable. The albino witch doctor cried out and all the noise stopped. Everybody stood still. The men picked up heavy, paddle-shaped clubs, and they all watched the old albino. He, smoothing the dust with his feet, made a picture-talk for me, with a finger tip.

Willow (he drew Willow's turned-up nose) had joined in the mating dance (he drew a diagram) with a consecrated virgin (he pointed a forefinger) before the god had decided. Now we were to be given to the god.

He obliterated the writing in the dust with a stamp of a foot, and said one word. Then the men began to beat us, savagely, but with a certain care. They were avoiding our heads, and smashing ribs, limbs, and other bones. I heard Willow screaming, and I suppose I screamed too.

The last thing I saw was the big round moon. Then everything rushed away. I believed that I was going to die; the pain was so bad that I was not sorry.

And yet, much later, I came back to my senses. They had thrown Willow and me into the muck pit which was the abode of the thing they worshipped.

A whole day must have passed, and I was still alive. The moon was rising again. I could not move. Nearly all of my bones were broken—yet I was not dead. I was half-buried in a mass of disgusting putrescence. I could move my eyes. I looked, and saw that my chest, which had been beaten in; was covered with flies. These flies were not like any that I had ever seen, they were white and had shining wings. I coughed blood, and fainted again. Nothing in the world could save me. And yet I awoke again. The moon was setting. My body was covered with white maggots.

The Ghost Men, the Worm-worshippers, had given me to their god. I was prepared to meet mine: I could feel myself drifting away. The moon went

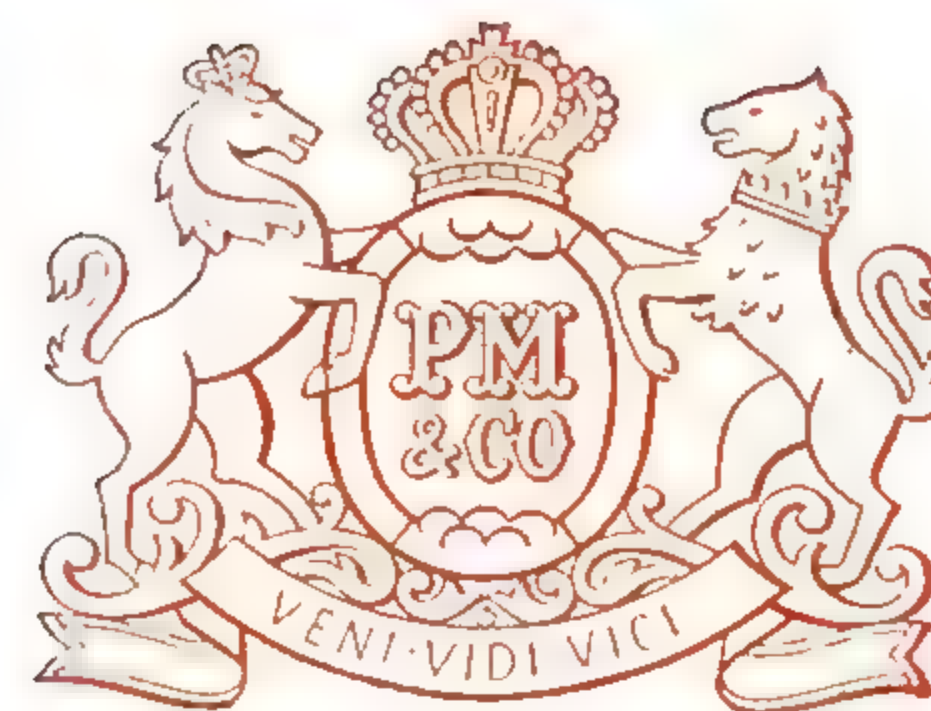
black. I felt the end coming. There was no more pain: only numbness, weariness and at last a big dark.

I don't know how long I lay in this dark, but after a certain time it changed. It grew red. The morning sun was shining on my closed eyes. I raised my eyelids, and the glare hurt them, and so, instinctively, I looked away. Then I made a discovery; I had turned my head. I drew a breath, very cautiously, knowing that most of my ribs had been broken; but there was no pain. My lungs filled freely. I could move my hands and feet. Inch by inch I explored myself. I was whole. And not a bone was broken. My torn flesh had healed so that there were clean red scars where the wounds had been. I was alive but very weak. I felt—how shall I put it?—like a battlefield that has been torn up but is covered again with green grass.

What miracle had happened? I did not know. The muck pit stank in my nostrils, but there was a worse stench over it all, and that came from Willow who was lying, a yard away, in an advanced stage of decomposition. I tried to get up. To my surprise I succeeded, and stood staggering, blinking in the burning light. The maggots were gone, the flies were gone. Such is the madness of a single-minded quest after a thing that I found myself looking for traces of this strange fly. But all I found was one of those flies, dead, crushed between two fingers. I must have caught it in my delirium. It was so frail that it might have been the merest sketch of a real thing. Its head, thorax and abdomen had been smeared out of existence, and there remained only its wings, infinitely fine and beautiful. But the pressure of my fingers had broken them. I moved and they fell to powder and disappeared.

Then I saw a big shadow. At the rim of the pit the old albino witch doctor was standing. Two priests were covering him, with an umbrella made of leaves; his weak pink eyes could not tolerate the glare of the sun. He beckoned, and I found that I was

Continued on page 140



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The God of the Winged Worm

Continued from page 139

strong enough to clamber out. His attendants gave me food and water, and a drink of some bitter, dark stuff out of a gourd. Then with his horrible white fingers, tattooed with their black rings so that each hand resembled a bunch of writhing maggots, he explored my body from my neck to ankles, palpating around the bones with the touch of an orthopedic surgeon. What he discovered seemed to satisfy him. He squatted in the dust, and indicated that I had permission to sit also. Then he drew me pictures, hieroglyphics which made it clear to me that I was acceptable to the god, because the god had healed me. But Willow was not acceptable, and so he was dead and rotten, and the god would eat him. He showed me, in a remarkably clear diagram of a human skeleton, that our bones had been broken so that, without divine intervention, nothing could have saved us. We had lain in high fever in the pit for three days and three nights, and here I was, alive and well. My life had been spared, and I could go.

An albino priest, at the head of twenty armed Indians, took me to a river. The priest blew upon a reed pipe, making the wasp-like noise I had heard that night in the moonlight. Before he had stopped blowing, scores of cringing brown men came quickly and quietly out of the trees and prostrated themselves. He said something to them, pointed to me, and threw an imperious gesture towards the river. Then he and the armed men went back. In half an hour the tribesmen, who seemed to be very much afraid, brought a dugout canoe, loaded with food and water. I got in, and a dozen of them, paddling like maniacs, took me downstream. We traveled for fourteen days, through strange tributaries. On the fifteenth day we came near a clearing. They set me ashore and paddled away. I walked and came to a trading station owned by a Portuguese called Pacheco. Then I got to

civilization. I told Horcher, the surgeon, of my experience. He didn't believe me. Yet, examining me from head to foot, he was compelled to admit that my bones had been broken, and skilfully mended in the places the albino indicated in his dust-drawing.

But all I could think of was the white fly. I wanted a specimen of it. What for? To pin down in a case, something else to bear my name—something to add to my collection. I wanted a trophy.

But just now, when a certain odor brought that mating dance back into my memory, it occurred to me that I, Thomas Howard, am the most damnable fool, the most unpardonable imbecile, the most vain and blind of all men. Because, in all these years, I have been concerned only with the strangeness of the insect, completely ignoring the wonderful fact that had been right under my nose all the time.

The life cycle of this white worm! This breaking of bones, and throwing the broken victim to the god to kill or cure! How obvious it is, now, that the maggot that is born in a festering wound and then digs down and buries itself deep under the muck for five years before emerging by moonlight as a white fly with shining wings—this worm of the night, the filth, and the darkness, has, as it happens, some means of extracting from the earth everything that makes filth sweet again and destroys the principle of decay. This fly, with its sharp proboscis, injects something which cleanses wounds, kills the bacteria of gangrene and decay, and destroys the things that hold back the processes of healing. And with the help of this winged worm, which these savages worshipped, I could sweep away half of the sufferings of mankind.

I am getting on in years, but I am a strong man still. I must get out of here. I must get out of here so that I can give the rest of my life to finding that fly again. But not to pin on a cork. I begin to see the meaning of it now. #

Continued from page 48



"I think I'm gonna like school!"

The Cream of the Practical Jest

Continued from page 46

the night bellhops movie roles, and Gloria Swanson yelled "Help!" down the elevator shaft to attract the hotel detective, Charlie Chaplin, Chuck Reisner, Grauman and a few others rolled up the rug and hid it in the prop room of Grauman's Theatre. All the papers carried stories on the amazing theft. More than a week later, when the hotel owners threatened to fire the manager for his ineptitude, Grauman hired a bunch of extras, had them made up to look like bums, and in the small hours of the morning they returned the rug to the hotel.

If your taste runs to practical jesters who never embarrass anybody, but whose sole motive is to bewilder the human race, then Dr. Clyde Miller, a professor at Teachers College, Columbia University, is your man. Professor Miller—a tweedy, solemn gentleman who has a well-shaped bald head and who regards humanity through highly-polished rimless glasses—has for many years roamed around New York City in his off hours, leaving a trail of the inexplicable in his wake.

For one thing, Professor Miller is seldom to be found abroad without a pocketful of human teeth, which are supplied to him by an oral-surgeon friend. While riding the subway, it is the Professor's wont to attract the attention of fellow passengers by pretending to suffer greatly from a toothache. After a while, the Professor, who has palmed one of the teeth he carries, reaches into his mouth, appears to tug violently at the offending molar, and then smiles happily in relief as he brings out the planted tooth, drops it on the floor, and begins to read his newspaper.

On one occasion, Professor Miller appeared to extract three teeth during a subway ride between Columbia University and Times Square—a distance of less than four miles—and he learned from remarks he overheard that several passengers had become so fascinated that they rode past their stops.

At a dinner party, Professor Miller seldom fails to leave at least one tooth in a bouillon cup. He leaves teeth under piles of papers on desks in business offices, in telephone booths, and plants them in pockets of strangers.

The Professor also collects the calling cards of celebrated personages, including Washington officials and foreign diplomats, and leaves them under the doors of friends when they are out. He has never found out precisely what reactions these little caprices have brought about, but he feels amply repaid when he speculates on the possibilities.

At times Professor Miller uses a confederate in hopes of achieving an ambition of many years' standing—to empty a subway car. The closest he ever came to his goal was a few years back when,

while the train was stopping at stations, he was overheard telling his confederate that he was on his way to view the body of a young lady who was, at the moment, lying in a vacant lot, naked and murdered.

"Strangest thing I've heard about in twenty years of this work," the Professor said, leading his auditors to the belief that he was a detective. "Robbery was apparently the motive, yet the girl is lying there with about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds and rubies on her fingers."

Once again, the Professor caused several passengers to go past their stops, and when he and his companion left the train a small knot of men and women trailed them for several blocks. Then the Professor went into an apartment house, where he and his friend had been invited to dinner, and spent a very pleasant evening. Occasionally the Professor went to a window and peered solemnly into the street. Some of the curious subway riders were still loitering outside of the building hours afterwards.

A group of humorists who belong to an organization called the Athletic Round Table in Spokane, Washington, gathered four hundred strong one day to hear an important address by United States Senator Dill of Washington. The moment Dill was introduced, the pranksters got up, singly and in knots, and walked silently from the room. The Senator, dumbfounded, soon found himself alone in the room, considerably unhappier than he was when the joke was unfolded to him.

It was the same Spokane group who, after Congress talked of voting itself pensions, started a drive in 1942 called Bundles for Congress. The idea caught on, and spread through the entire Pacific Coast and to the Middle West. Ribbers in full cry began sending their representatives in Washington old false teeth, worn-out girdles, moth balls, glass eyes, used light bulbs and certain more personal items. The pension plan was called off.

Alexander Woolcott, who could dish it out but who couldn't always take it, found his bathtub filled with Jell-O more than once after ribbers such as Charlie MacArthur had gained access to his New York apartment during his absence. When Woolcott was radio's Town Crier, he received a letter one day in which it was stated that the two signers were aged, infirm and poverty-ridden spinsters who lived in Troy, New York, and whose only link with the outside world was an old crystal-set radio.

Old Alec grew sloppily sentimental over the plight of the two spinsters and made such ado about them over the air, in print and in private conversation that gifts began pouring in to him for

Continued on page 142

"THEY WAS SIRED
BY A SADDLE"

—Rawhide Tanner



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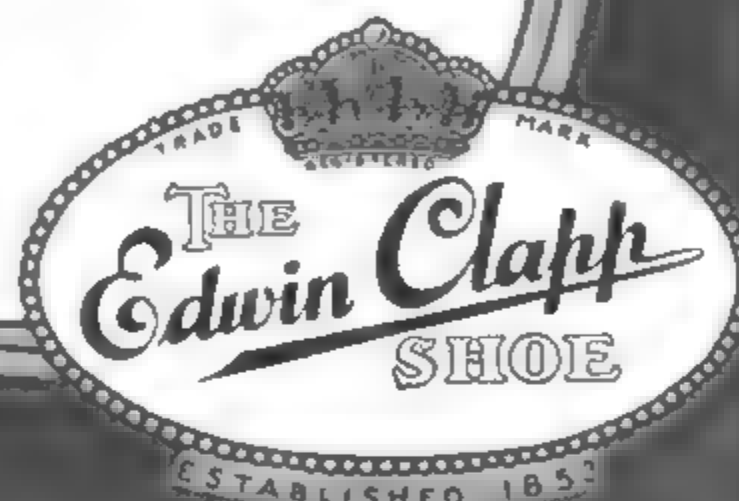
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The Cream of the Practical Jest

Continued from page 141

them from all over the country. The only rub was that when Woolcott attempted to effect delivery of the gifts, he found that the spinsters were the figment of a practical joker's imagination.

One of the most elaborate practical jokes ever contrived was thought up for the benefit of a visiting Englishman—Philip Lee—on his first trip to New York. Lee, who was under the impression that red-skinned savages roamed the New Jersey Palisades, was told that there were wild buffaloes in Central Park. He thought it would be jolly to go on a buffalo hunt, and some pranksters arranged things.

The hunt was to take place after a big dinner in Lee's honor—a dinner supposedly attended by judges, generals, doctors, statesmen, educators and clergymen. Actually, those in attendance at the dinner were actors, made up for their parts.

Since the gag called for everyone present to participate in the buffalo hunt, each guest came equipped with a six-shooter, filled with blanks. When the dinner was about over, there was a minor disturbance which grew rapidly in intensity until someone picked up his gun and began firing. Some of the pranksters spread ketchup over themselves, and fell to the floor, screaming. When the battle was over, so far as Lee could ascertain, there were about a dozen dead men in the room and a score of seriously injured. Lee fled in terror, never did go on the buffalo hunt through Central Park.

The Marx brothers, particularly Groucho and Harpo, have, in their time, caused considerable discomfort in the stuffed-shirt layer of society. Once, while they were making a picture in Hollywood, they broke into an executive meeting of producers. Each dropped a pair of pants on the conference table in front of the studio head. "Here," said Groucho, "press these and have them back by three o'clock."

It was Harpo, minus his wig, who went into one of the most

august jewelry stores in the world more than ten years ago and, after acting in a highly suspicious manner, suddenly took to flight. Just before he reached the door he dropped a bag containing a wide assortment of dime-store diamonds, pearls and rubies.

The store's dicks, in their striped trousers and cutaways, had a bad moment or two until they discovered that Harpo had not really been making off with a stolen fortune. Years later, when Marx went into the store again really to make a purchase, one of the detectives approached him and whispered, "Please, Mr. Marx, no tricks."

Eugene Field, the late newspaper humorist, still remains among America's top-drawer practical jokers despite the fact that he has been dead half a century. When Field was a young newspaper reporter in Denver, the city was excited over an impending visit from Oscar Wilde. Various civic and cultural organizations sent delegations to the railroad station to take Wilde in tow.

Field, masquerading as Wilde—and a perfect masquerade it was, too—stepped off a train which arrived just before the one Wilde was on, and the dignitaries at the depot fell for the deception.

Field was lionized for several hours, but he hardly reciprocated. In fact, he let go with so many barbed remarks about what he termed the total lack of culture in Denver that an icy chill settled over every affair that had been so carefully planned for the great English literary light.

At length Field just disappeared, leaving everybody wondering. Wilde, who had meantime arrived and found nobody to greet him, was wondering, too. Eventually the prank was discovered and Denver's civic and cultural leaders got together with the distinguished visitor. But things fell flat. "Oscar," Field was to say later, "waited around the railroad station for hours, and that made Oscar wild." #

Continued from page 46





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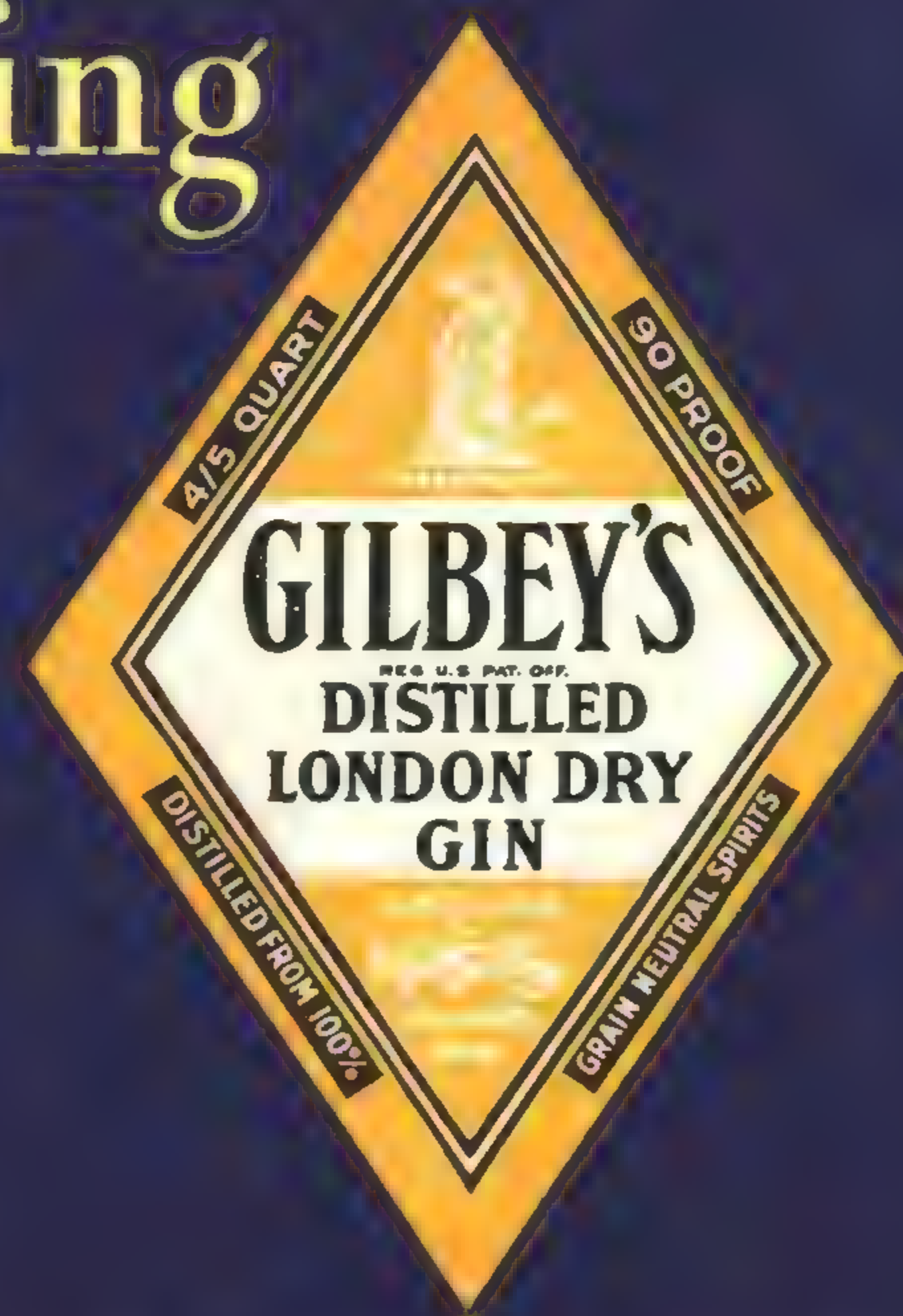
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PIN-POINT PERFECTION

Drawing by Fellows

This canny customer has decided he'd like a fraction more off the sleeve of his topcoat before giving his final okay. Like most men on the short side, he is long on the details of fitting, being careful to avoid any distracting bulkiness. Since the coat

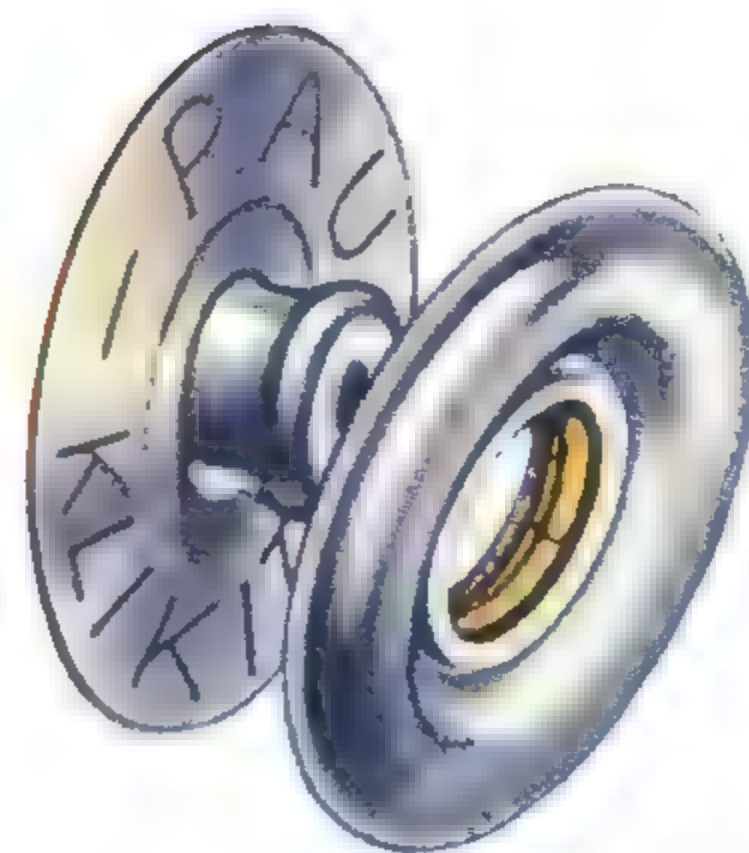
is the popular new knee length, the extra distance between the bottom of the coat and the floor gives an illusion of greater leg length. Also, the long lapels, rolled to the center button, s-t-r-e-t-c-h matters. In fact, the buttons on this double-breasted

model are set lower than usual. The soft tweed, in a diamond pattern, makes up well in these easy lines. Under the topcoat he wears an etched-stripe flannel suit, and small-checked tie. Brown straight-tip shoes and brown snapbrim hat finish him off.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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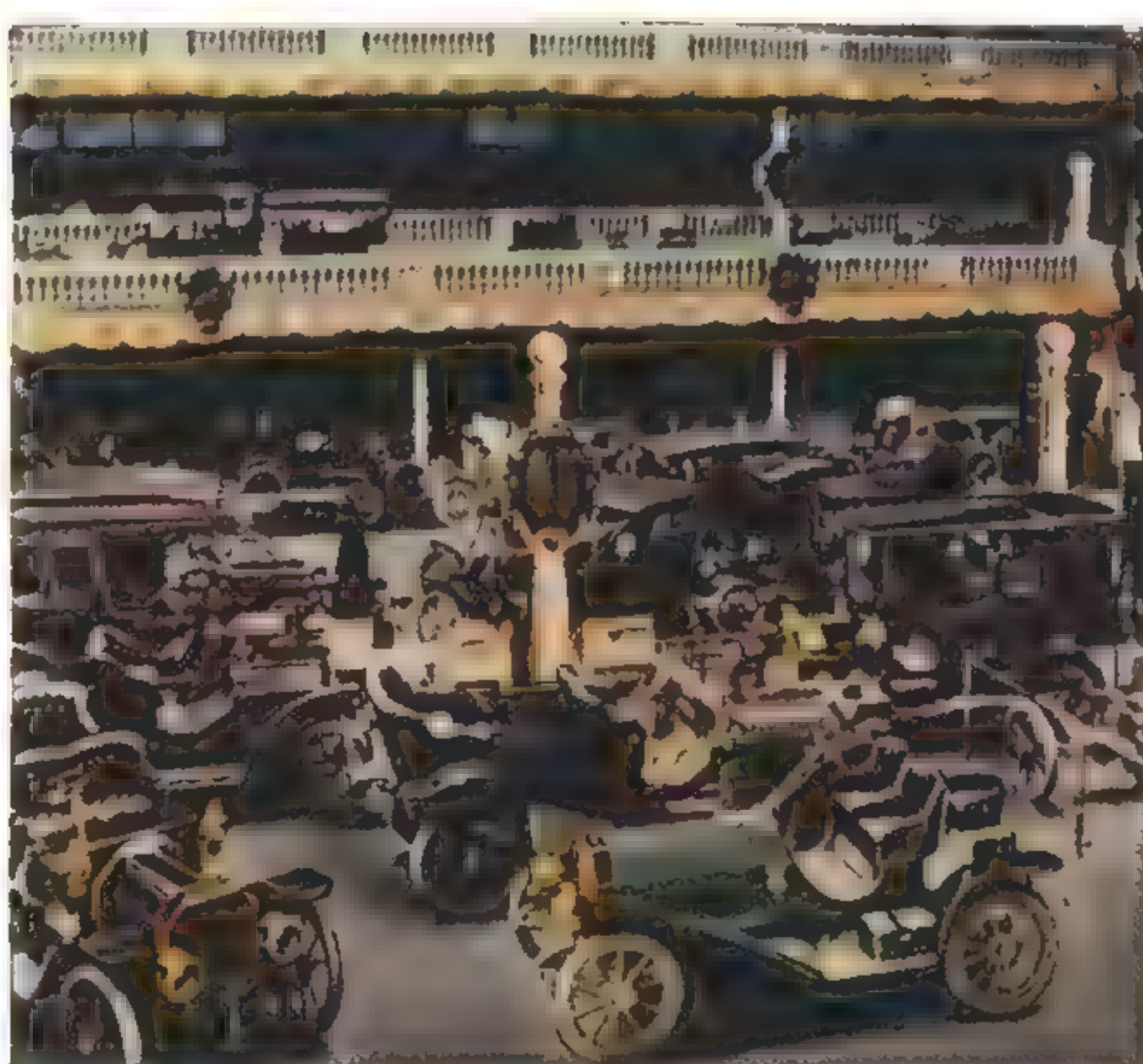
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1898 **THE PUBLIC** desire for new cars has had its ups and downs. When autos first appeared, they were considered a plaything for the "lunatic fringe." Practically nobody wanted a car at this time when the name Corby's Whiskey reached its 40th year of fame in Canada.



1909 **AUTOS BECAME** a convenience. Nearly 200,000 people wanted cars, but production was still hand work and slow. Buyers expected to wait six months for delivery in this year when Corby's passed its half-century mark as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1938 **SUPER-SALESMANSHIP** sold only two million cars, although the industry was geared to produce four million a year. Purchase and delivery of a new car was a matter of minutes when Corby's approached its 80th year of renown as a Canadian name.



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The Wild Stallion

Continued from page 77

searching the edges of the loose slide without success. Not for some time did we discover that the tracks that led out of the loose slide also led back into it some distance on. But that did not really help us, for our own horses had obliterated the back trail by that time.

It was almost sundown then and we had to give up for the day. The wild stallion would have another whole night in which to widen the lead he already had taken. Red Roan had all the foresight of a human fugitive. Now and then, we had seen where the mare had snatched at a wisp of grass. We could tell by the shod hoof marks. But never once could we see where the barefooted roan had taken a mouthful of anything. Very much the boss, he had kept the mare moving.

As we later learned from observation and report, the pair reached a pretty meadow with a bank of snow behind it like a backdrop, almost hidden among oak and aspen. A clear, cold stream of water ran across the grassy spot and disappeared down the mountainside. From this high retreat the roan had a clear view of the surrounding country, except to the south where rocky peaks towered up. It was a safe place for their mating. Nothing could approach unseen, unheard or unscented.

Shorty Emmett was the lucky one to find this hide-out with horse tracks, shod and unshod, stamped in the soft ground to tell the story, though the pair had fled long since. The picture was plain. Red Roan had started grazing on the tender young grass the moment they reached the hide-out. The filly knew they were in a temporary haven. She ran and kicked up her heels. Now she was the boss. At this stage of love-making the stallion is gentle and coaxing. Turning, the filly touched noses with him, then wheeled, squealing, kicking the stallion full in the breast. It was merely a love tap to his tough, lean body. The mare made off as if to leave the meadow

but he knew that she had chosen him, and would never leave.

Slight, slim, artfully lined, the Cloverton filly was a golden sorrel, a striking contrast to the glossy red roan with his lighter mane and tail. They were a match to conjure with, the best that man and nature could produce. Seemingly, they knew their superbreed. Champion had recognized champion over the gap between domesticity and the wild.

Red Roan did not immediately return to the herd with the filly. Days they sunned themselves or grazed and drank the cool water. Nights they spent out in the open, he alert for surprise by a prowling lion or grizzly. Around them, the rugged land would always be a vast, unknown wilderness, impenetrable by man save in special forays and climbing expeditions.

A week passed and the morning came when the filly laid back her ears. Once more the stallion took command. Lowering his magnificent head he drove the mare before him, nipping her on the rump when she faltered. He was heading her into his herd of forty mares, the conquest complete.

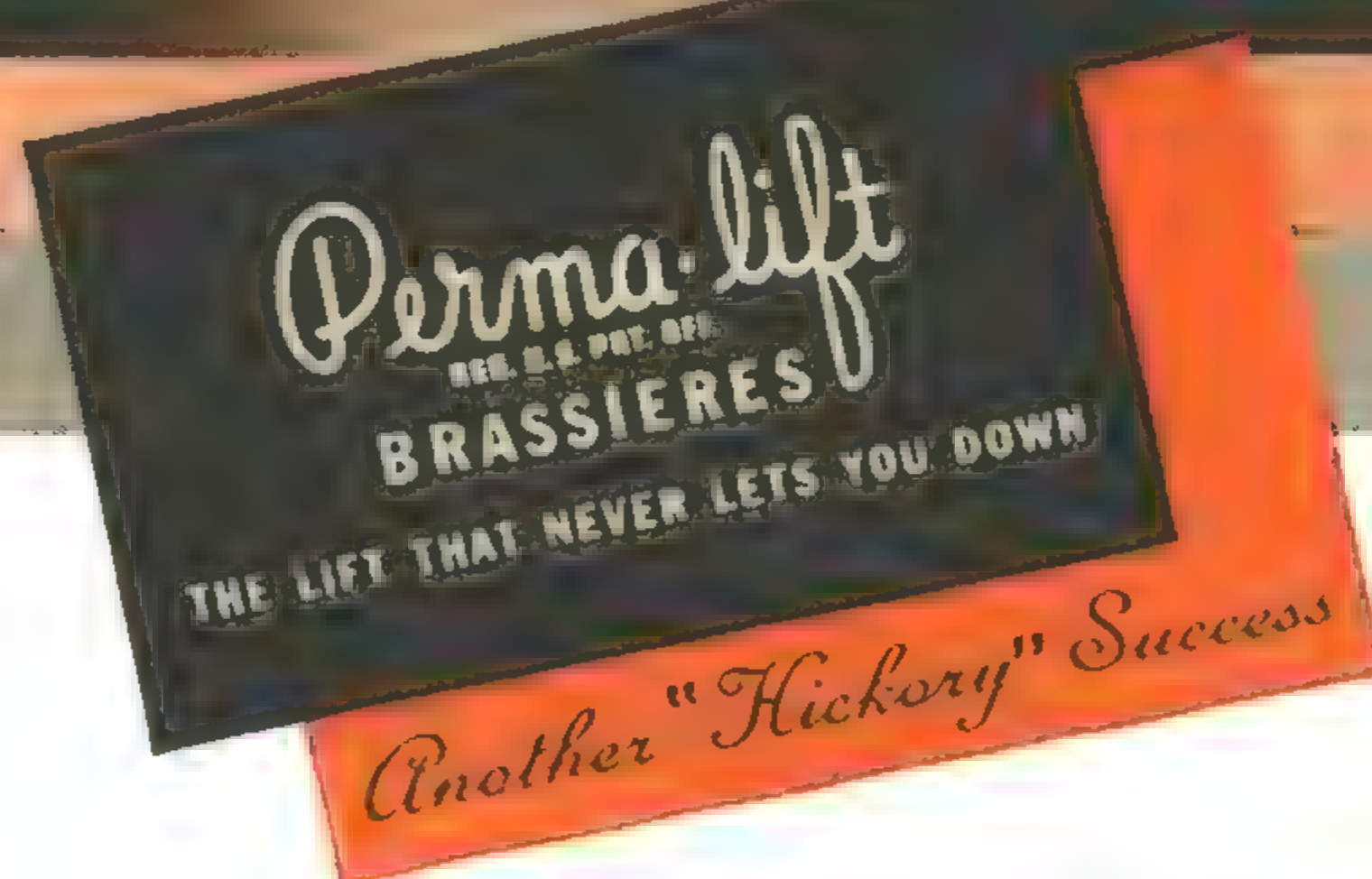
All this time, the cowboys had been hunting for them. Bert Savage and I, knowing that the red roan would eventually return to his herd with the lost filly, made a camp on the south slope of Bill Williams Mountain, overlooking Twin Springs, where we could watch the wild mares, when they came to water at the springs.

It was Shorty Emmett's keen eyes that sighted the roan and the filly. He was able to follow them a distance. He was sure they were headed for the main herd.

That night in camp, we made our plans to capture the filly.

But the pair was not with the herd next morning. They had bedded down somewhere else, perhaps due to the roan's suspicions. Bert Savage located them again, coming down a steep, tree-dotted slope. A friendly breeze brought the scent of the herd to the roan. He trumpeted. The lead mare of the herd answered, the herd

Continued on page 148



Your Style-line

starts at your Bust-line

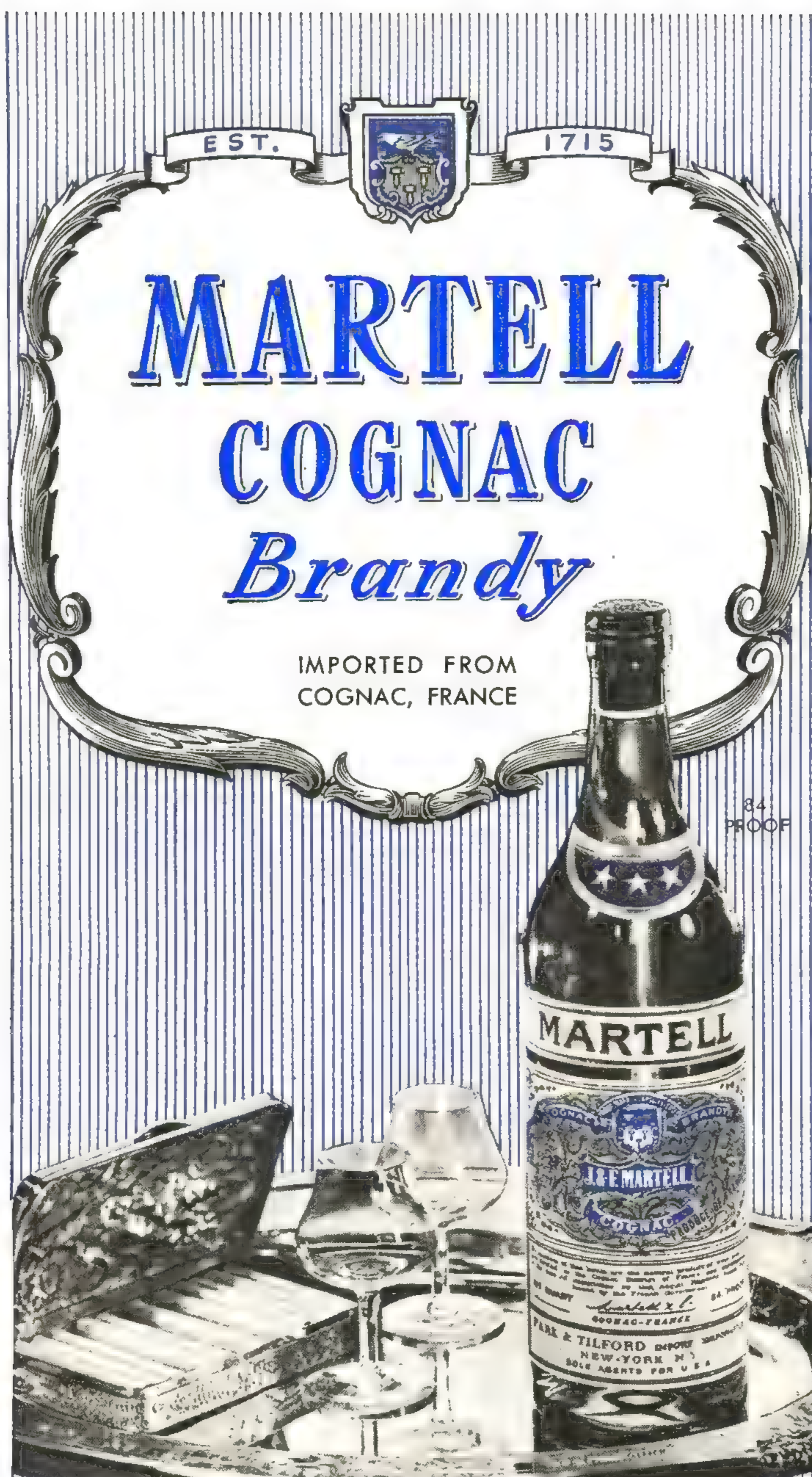
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The Wild Stallion

Continued from page 147

bunching up, heads high, nostrils twitching, ready for any signal from their sire.

They sensed that battle was in the making.

In the absence of the roan a rival had appeared on the scene, and if he stood his ground, it meant a struggle. The stranger stallion stood out against the sky on a little knoll above the herd, and there he gave challenge with a scream that echoed among the clefts and ridges like a bugle blowing the charge.

The roan answered with fury. He charged down the rocky slope, and was met head-on by the challenger, a big bay who looked formidable.

Red Roan was a crafty, merciless killer. He whirled and drove his hind hoofs into the bay with a swiftness and force that gave out a boom like a resounding drum. The bay staggered, but came back strong. Red Roan made as if to run, and as the bay came on, exulting at his apparent victory, the roan whirled with jaws wide, biting at the windpipe. The bay swerved in time to take the teeth on his shoulder, which was laid open, bleeding freely.

Enraged by the sting of the wound, the bay screamed and charged with flaying hoofs. They reared and exchanged blows like boxers for a minute, but the roan was lighter. He knew he could never win with weight against weight. Again he feinted. Again, his wicked teeth slashed in. This time they closed in a front lock, and the bay went down as if thrown by judo. Before he could

struggle to his feet, the roan had gelded him neatly. This is a frequent end to a horse fight, and with wild horses is almost always fatal.

We had been hoping the bay would win as we watched the fight, unable to reach them over a steep, narrow gulch at the foot of the slope.

But one of the boys was able to find a way around, and as Red Roan came in to finish the beaten bay, we spurred our horses up a steep, winding trail and out upon the slope.

The roan had been weakened by the fight. As we pounded across the torn ground, the bay was trying to get up, and Shorty put a bullet in his head to end his suffering.

Then we took after the roan but, battered as he was, it was hours before Shorty could drop a loop around his neck. Ernie

came in from the other side.

And so, choking and reeling between two tight ropes, Red Roan was brought into town. He was chained to a log which he could move but not drag. He fought it twenty-four hours until at last his head was down. Shorty tried to approach him, and then the stallion lifted the end of the log off the ground as he charged, mouth open and bawling like a bull. His heavy shirt and jacket saved Shorty. Red Roan swung him off the ground as a dog swings a rat.

Men with clubs had to stun the horse in order to enable Shorty to get free.

Ernie was determined to ride him. Half strangled, his eyes bandaged, the horse stood trembling while a saddle was cinched on and a hackamore put on his jaw.

I'll say this. Ernie stayed with him longer than any other man ever did. If he had been riding against time he would have been credited with a win. But we could not stop the stallion. Ernie's nose began to spatter blood. When he hit the dirt, the roan was on

him like a flash to kill him. I was near enough to swing a pick handle between the horse's ears, knocking him to his knees. Other men got ropes on him while Ernie was dragged away.

Three days after, Shorty gelded the roan in order to take some of the fight out of him.

Even so, enough of his furious nature remained so that he could never be left in a twelve-foot corral but

had to be chained inside. A rope he would chew off. He was shown as a rodeo outlaw. Nobody ever rode him more than a few jumps.

He broke a foreleg at last, and a six-shooter ended the mangled outlaw and Red Roan's head lay on the ground.

The Cloverton filly was captured more than two years later with a black foal trotting after her.

Wild life had made her a distance runner and she earned Dermont a small fortune.

Scions of Red Roan and the Cloverton filly still trumpet from the rock ledges of Bill Williams Mountain and lead their herds to the lonely winter range of the Cacatrac. It was man, the greatest predator of all, who tore the wild horse and his love apart. If horses could read, they might have wept over the fate of Abélard and Héloïse. #

Continued from page 77



"I see you sat on that freshly-painted bench, too"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

paroling Moffitt

I started a bit at the start of Jack Moffitt's December rendition of your *Movie of the Month* feature.

They may be content to take movies as casual entertainment in Missouri. But when you consider that the seats of motion picture theatres throughout the country are filled about 90 million times each week, it's rather difficult to be casual. Shall we go into the probable and possible influence of the movies on the way the people (outside of Missouri) who fill these 90 million seats think, eat, sleep, talk, love, et seq?



I wonder what Seldes would say about Moffitt's, "I will consider myself a success as your critic if I recommend pictures that turn out to be successes . . . ?" Now let's hear how he recommends such successes as *Week-end at the Waldorf*, *The Dolly Sisters* and the Abbot and Costello recurrences. Would he really consider himself a "flop," if he recommended such commercial flops as *Love on a Dole*?

But after getting me worked up to some evil imprecations Moffitt goes on—to come up with some pretty fine stuff; good reviewing, good reading. So, like other people from Missouri, we're still reserving judgment of him.

Sincerely,
NAT ABRAMSON

P. S. Gosh, you really have something in Smith! More!
Mount Vernon, New York

extolling Moffitt

Your Jack Moffitt, movie critic, is a man after my own heart. I love his humorous comments, for or against pictures or players. His taste in movies is much the same as mine, and I was delighted that *Mildred Pierce* was so wonderfully criticized. Joan Crawford is my favorite actress and I'm glad to know that a professional critic likes her, too.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. W. NILSEN
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

upbraiding Moffitt

When your magazine recently announced that it had selected as its motion picture reviewer a man who had been connected with the film business, I thought it was a good idea, because the reviewer would thus have more insight into the details of picture-making than film reviewers usually do. But after reading Mr. Moffitt's article in the December issue of your magazine, I think differently of the wisdom of placing an ex-movie man in such a position.

Aside from Mr. Moffitt's style of writing, which is probably one of the most nauseating, cutest styles ever to be set in type, and aside from his apparent intellectual vacuity, which can produce such stupid statements as the one about the familiar Babbitt-type making "the capitalistic system a mystery," and the one that accepts wholely, with a statement about "malevolent corpuscles," an inane characterization in the film, *Mildred Pierce*, of a young girl who is a 100 per cent you know what with no adequate justification in her environment, Mr. Moffitt is clearly too close mentally to Hollywood to be able to judge films with any degree of critical independence.

Mr. Moffitt sharply criticizes the former movie critic of another magazine for his severe judgments on films.



I'll agree that *The New Yorker's* snobbish attitude towards everything in general is irritating, but their critics are men of good judgment and taste who are willing to praise things that are fine, as well as criticize.

Mr. Moffitt is too concerned with box-office success to be a good critic, as evidenced by his statement that he will consider himself a success as a critic if the pictures he recommends are successes. The real quality of pictures is not accurately reflected at the box office, and the elevation of the American film is assisted by critics who publicize and recommend pictures that are entertaining and worth-while and yet lack box-office appeal. Such a picture, to select a prominent recent example, is *The Southerner*, which, I understand, has been doing quite well at the box office for a film that has more artistic excellence and "food-for-thought" than sex appeal. This picture was assisted greatly in its attendance by the publicity given to its banning in Memphis, thus proving that publicity encourages average Americans to see quality films. I agree with Mr. Moffitt's idea that movie reviews should assist the reader to select his entertainment, but a qualified reviewer will also recommend fine films that he doesn't necessarily think will be smash hits at the box office.

The Editors of *Esquire* may think they have the right man for the job, but I'll be damned if I think they do.
(Cpl.) TOM TRACEY
Bergstrom Field, Austin, Texas

the freedom road

My congratulations on your most recent literary discovery. After reading Lieut. Commander Joseph E. Shaner's *All Hands Lay Aft* in the January, 1946, issue of *Esquire*, I felt as though I had been in communion with a great and understanding soul who recognizes and properly evaluates the sanctity and dignity of every human being, whatever his racial origin, social status, or religious convictions. The author of this truly great poem courageously, dramatically, and effectively reveals some of the dangers and forces of evil which are injecting their deadly poison into the very veins of our "indifferent democracy;" and he shows, no less conclusively, that courage, loyalty and decency are not conditioned by skin color or national or sectional origin—that all of America's heterogeneous sons have shared equally in our hard-earned victory.



From Poet Shaner's remarkable gallery of valiant Americans who died for Freedom (their own as well as that of all mankind), two stand out as a grave warning against Freedom's greatest enemy (and our greatest shame)—racial and religious intolerance. May we heed the warning in time to avert World War III and, perhaps, mankind's utter destruction! The moral leadership proffered our great nation by Providence can only be assumed effectively if we prove ourselves capable of adjusting satisfactorily the human problems within our own confines. I, for one, believe that we can qualify for that leadership in world affairs if we only will to do so and if we accept the challenge earnestly to put our own house in order.

By publishing this poem and other excellent literary pieces which call our attention to our shortcomings, such as Sinclair Lewis' *Gentlemen, This Is Revolution*, *Esquire* is helping to point the way to Freedom. Long life to you!

EDWARD ALLEN JONES
Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia

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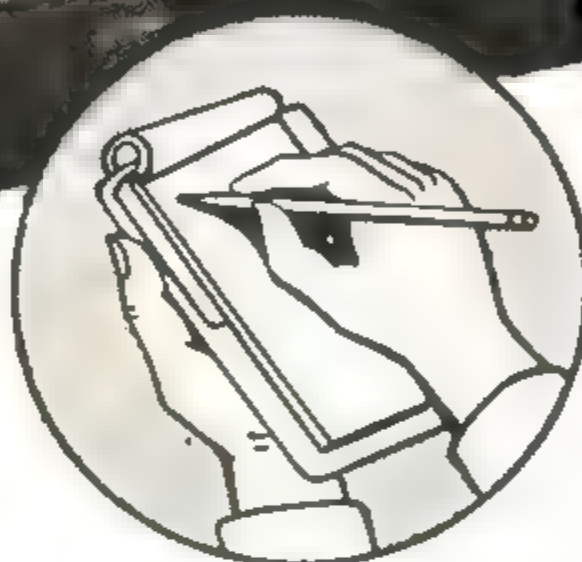
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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 87

ently you can make a good pillow.

Audiences may accept propaganda plays now and then, but if and when they accept them the plays have to offer something besides, and most of the plays do not, and consequently fail. Of the forty-five plays that have enjoyed the longest runs in the modern American theatre only one has been a propaganda play in the relative definition and that one, *Dead End*, concealed its propaganda so adroitly that audiences were hardly conscious of it.

What the public evidently wants is not addresses and exhortations on its social, political and other theoretical ills, but rather restrainedly intelligent plays which do not forget that a little entertainment isn't altogether out of place in the theatre. What the public evidently wants and visits success upon are plays like *The Glass Menagerie*, *Harvey*, *I Remember Mama*, *Life With Father*,

The Voice of the Turtle, et al.

S. N. Behrman, who once wrote such plays, is, however, another who doesn't seem to believe it and who has lost the favor of his erstwhile admiring customers. In his latest exhibit, *Dunnigan's Daughter*, he occupies himself with the plight of the workers and with the cruelty and injustice of capitalistic enterprise and simultaneously occupies his audience with the tiresome plight in which it finds itself. Instead of letting his audiences sense that injustice through the inner operations of his play, he not only senses it for them but, to make doubly sure that they get it, bangs them over the head with it,

and with enough words to stagger even a William Jennings Bryan.

A good illustration of the kind of play which succeeds with its customers despite its propaganda is Howard Lindsay's and Russel Crouse's newest effort, *State of the Union*. Though the play is no



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slightest shakes from a critical point of view and nettles the judicious, it is a very nobby job in slick Broadway showmanship. Its argument, in terms of a political idealist in conflict with self-seeking politicians who would run him for the Presidential nomination to their own ends, is that it is up to the American people at large to grab hold of the reins for a change and see to it that their government is operated to the greater profit of the nation.

That argument, in the hands of the usual propaganda playwright, would be sternly imposed upon an audience through extended speeches and general rhetorical fireworks, which would leave the audience where they found it. Lindsay and Crouse, on the other hand, reduce the speeches to a minimum and entertain their content into an audience with an embroidery of sex, gags, stage business, and just about everything else except maybe trained seals and acrobats. Many of their dodges are

pretty shameless but, while criticism may groan, the popular trade ingests them as if they were so much delicious caviar.

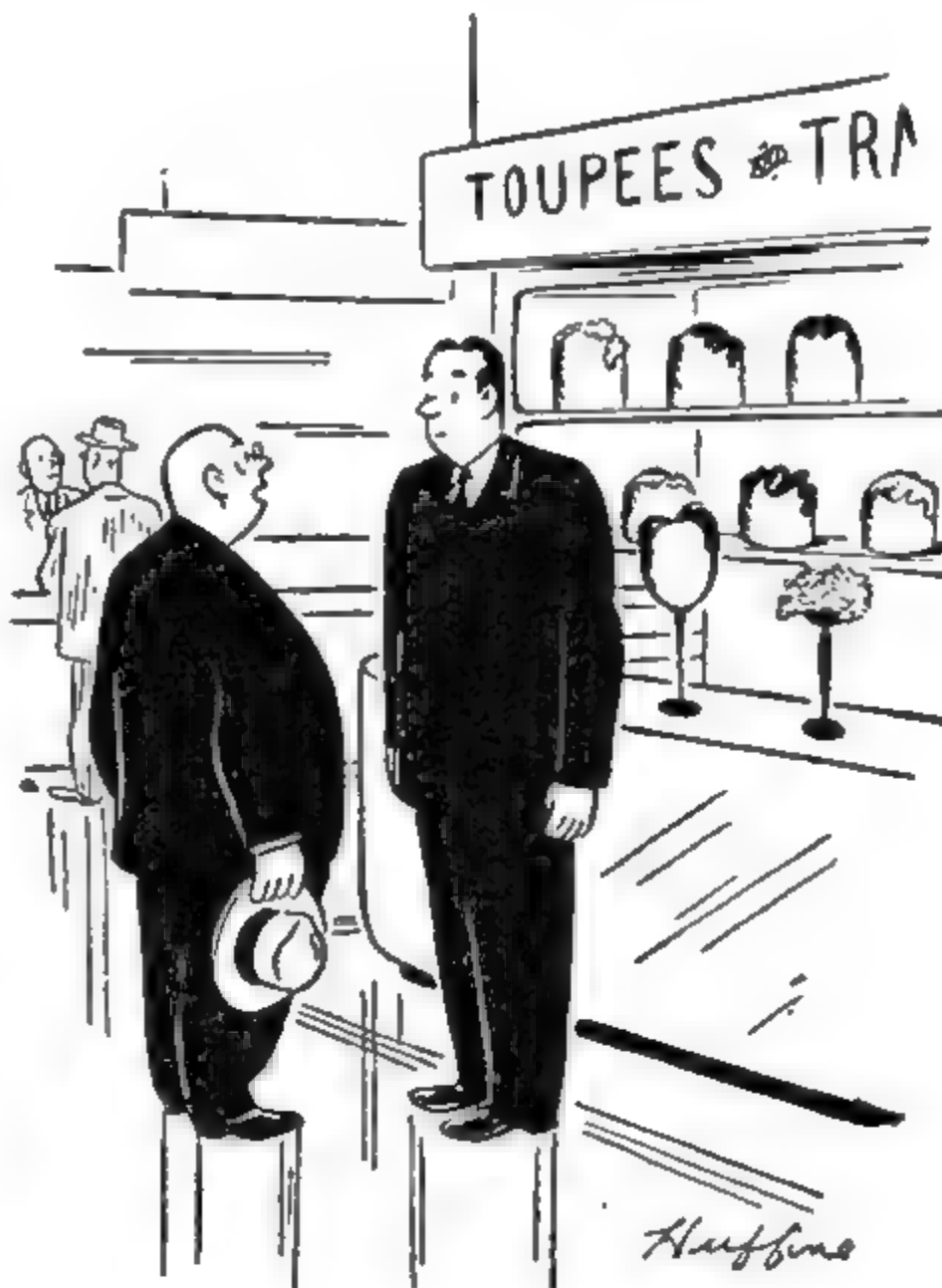
Their gags, for just one example, would make the shade of George V. Hobart blush. The hero's innamorata complains, "I'll be sitting in New York while he is

traveling all around the country with his wife;" whereat another character cracks, "Politics make strange bedfellows." The wife, later taken to task for drinking at an important political dinner, cracks, "I'd rather be tight than President." Reminded in connection with her husband's affair with the other woman that she herself has been suspected of intimacy with an Army major now

elevated to generalship, the wife replies, "He was once my major interest, but now my interest is general." And so on.

The make-up of the play further follows the old, familiar tracks. The other woman, as in dozens of plays since the days of Wilde,

Continued on page 152



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 151

leaves behind her a pair of spectacles—it used to be a fan or handkerchief—and thus guarantees the wife's suspicions. The wife, thought by her husband to be just a plain old homebody, turns out to be something of a shrewd politician, and in the last act duly looks as if she had gone to Clare Boothe Luce's dress-maker. The couple have a sick child whose illness also duly arouses the husband's solicitude. The characters include the standard hard-fisted elderly politician, the brash reporter, the comedy maid, the hotel bellboy who has his eye on tips, the giggling fat woman who comically guzzles liquor, the drawling Southern judge, etc.

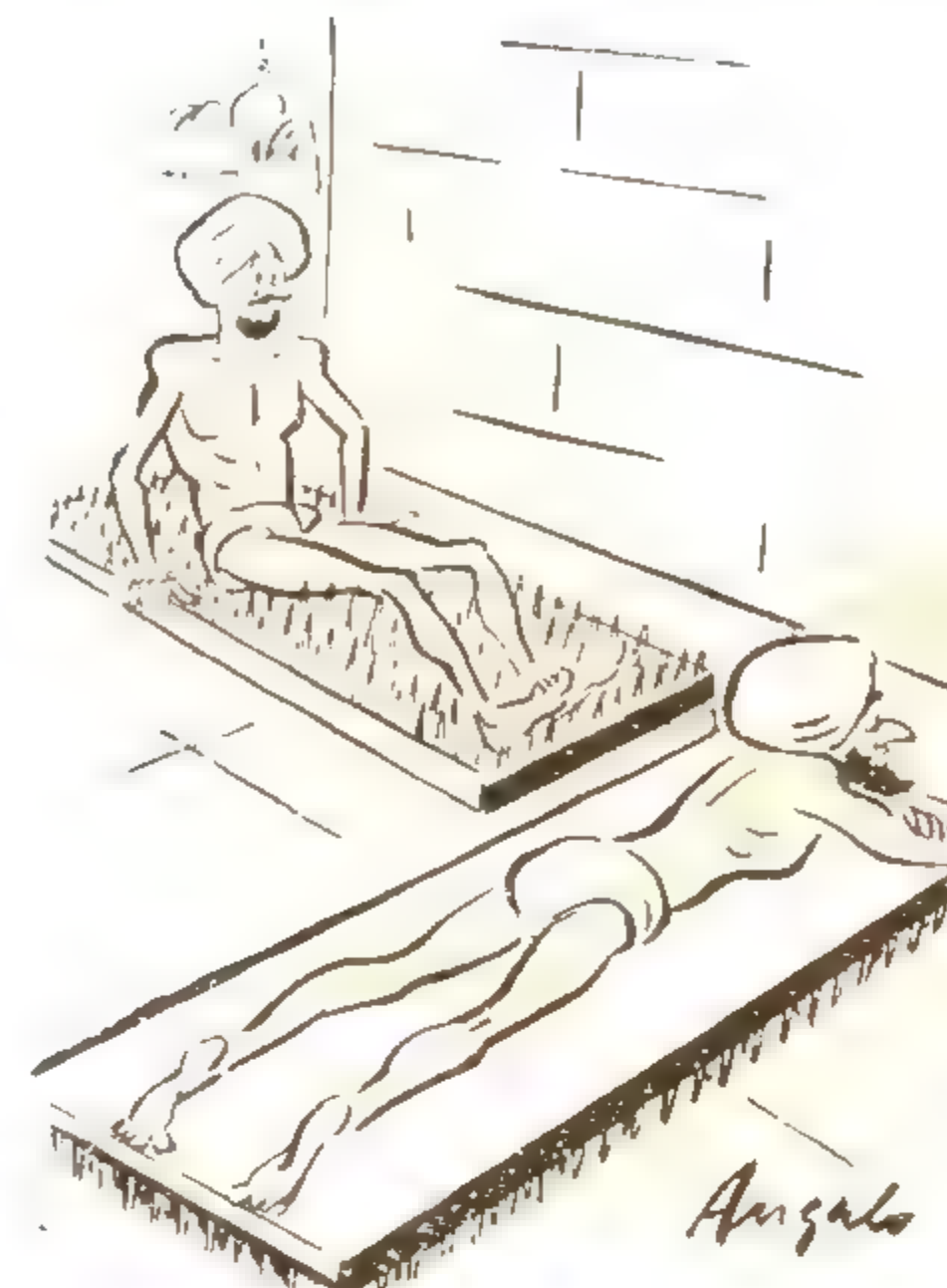
The scenes include the one in which the angry wife makes up a bed on the floor supposedly for herself, then makes her husband take it and hops into the real bed; the dinner in the hotel room with comedy business by the waiter; the one between the wife and the

other woman, which has figured in one form or another in at least three hundred plays, many of them written by amateurs who think Pinero is a Coney Island boardwalk game; and, among a lot of others, the final one in which the wife triumphs over her rival in her husband's affections and goes hand-in-hand to meet the future with him.

But, as I have remarked, however much professional criticism may blanch at it all, the popular trade seems to love it, and swallows its hokum-frosted propaganda hook, line and stinker, and turns it into a box-office mint. If and when the play shows signs of letting down at the ticket-till, doubtless all the

authors will have to do to boost it again will be to put Sinatra into the bellboy's role and have him sing the blues song. It will seem to be just as much a part of the dramaturgical essence of their play as anything else they have presently got in it. ‡

Continued from page 87



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The Black Duty

Continued from page 65

hand, it had a strange stabilizing effect on him. The glass was cool and moist. He shook his head slowly and looked at the green, checkered rug. "I looked for chutes. They just disintegrated. Chances are that Don never knew what hit him. But then, maybe that was the best way. Maybe you've heard of what Japs sometimes did to airmen when they captured them. I'm sorry, Mr. Davis, but you asked me to tell you."

He caught but a brief glimpse of Mr. Davis' face, but he saw how it had gone pale and even the fat jowls and chin had suddenly become almost taut with tension. And there was an illimitable depth of sadness in those grey eyes.

"Well... I guess... that's that," he said at length.

"How about your drink, now?"

"No, thanks, Jim. I don't feel very thirsty. But look here. There is something very important I have to tell you. Nancy. I guess you can see how badly she has taken it. They were very much in love. On top of it all, and I suppose Don told you since you two were so close—she was the one who wanted to wait till he came back. Well, maybe I had something to do with that, too. I can't deny it. Anyway, now, she's torturing herself with that, too.

It's not too healthy for her. Since we got the news, she went to pieces, wouldn't eat nor sleep, nor go anywhere—she's taken it pretty hard. But she's never given up hope—well, neither have we for that matter. You know, that maybe it was all a mistake, that maybe there was a chance he was still alive. You can understand that, I guess. You were our last resort." Emotion had finally and slowly crept into his voice till it had nearly strangled off the last words.

Jim said nothing, while inside he simmered. What did he want him to do about it? Tell him that it was a mistake, that Don was alive, and that someday he'd come back? No, that was a lie. Let them know the truth.

Mr. Davis went back into the bathroom and when he came back, he looked more composed. "I don't know what you plan to tell her," he said, "but I wish, for my sake, for Don's sake, that you might tell her than there is some hope, some chance..."

When they met again downstairs in the lobby, Jim was struck by the utter change in atmosphere. Not only was Mr. Davis unusually gay and charming, but even the girls looked fresh and radiant, Nancy especially. For a while he was afraid that Nancy might guess from Mr. Davis' sudden attempt

Continued on page 154

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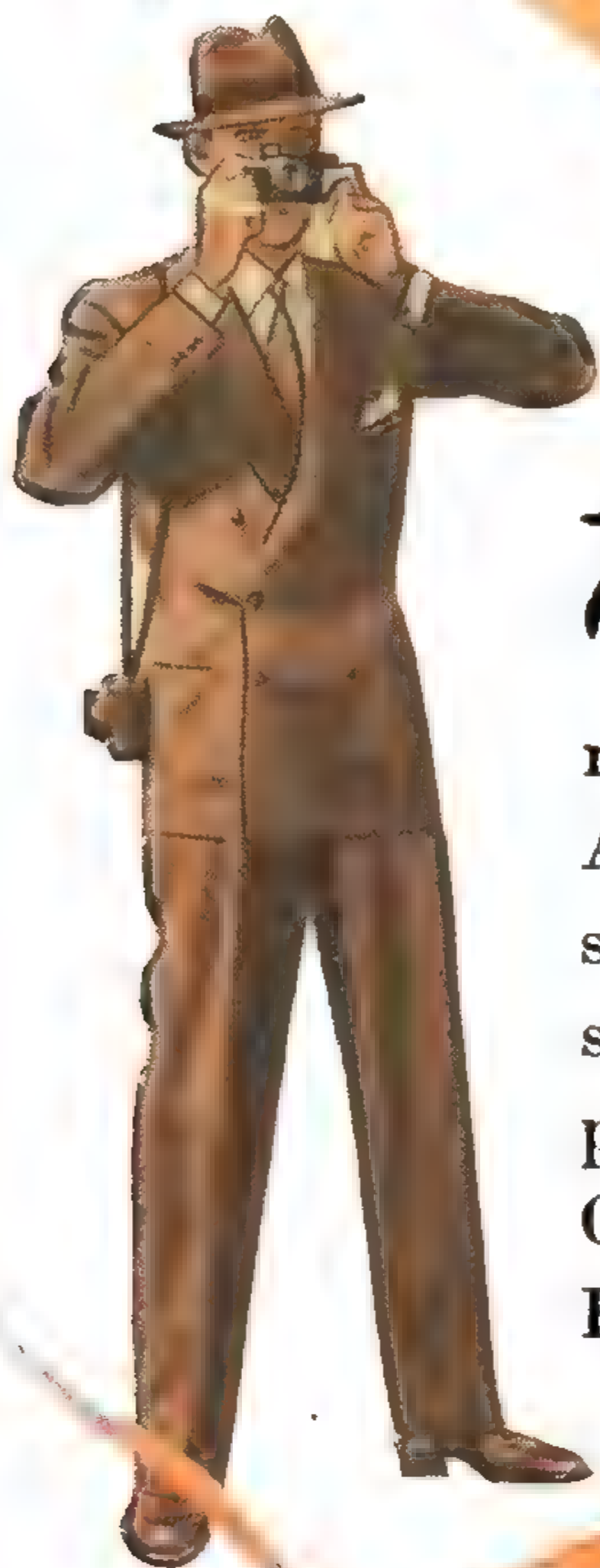


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The Black Duty

Continued from page 153

at gaiety, but he was surprised when she seemed to fall into the mood herself.

They ate dinner in the large dining room of the hotel, and throughout the meal the conversation was nothing but light and easy. Never once did even the slightest hint or suggestion of reference to Don arise. And at the close of the meal, when the two girls went out to powder up, Jim sought out the phone and called Charlotte. Would she please join the party? He wanted her, he needed her—he didn't like the peculiar spurious air.

The others accepted Charlotte with a fine gesture of frankness and cordiality, and then the party of five set about the desperate attempt of ferreting out some very gay entertainment. They saw a very funny movie first, then took a cab to a bar where they had dancing. For a time, while the small, four-piece orchestra played, they just sat and drank, till at last, Nancy suddenly stood up. "I bet you're a good dancer, Jim," she smiled. "Let's dance this one. You don't mind, do you, Charlotte?"

The number was a slow one, and she almost melted into his arms. For a while nothing was said, and Nancy began to hum the tune. Then all at once, she

said, "I suppose I know, now. You would have told me right away..." And for the first time she made a misstep.

"No, let's keep on dancing," she cried. "I'll be all right. Did—did you see it?"

She stepped back so she could watch his face. He looked squarely at her and nodded his head. He could feel her entire body trembling, and where she found the strength to continue matching his own steps made him marvel. Her mouth twitched, and finally spread in a smile, but her eyes glistened.

"You know, that's a very pretty song," he said. "I like it. And I don't know why it should, but it reminds me of a big, fat fellow I once knew. Isn't that funny?"

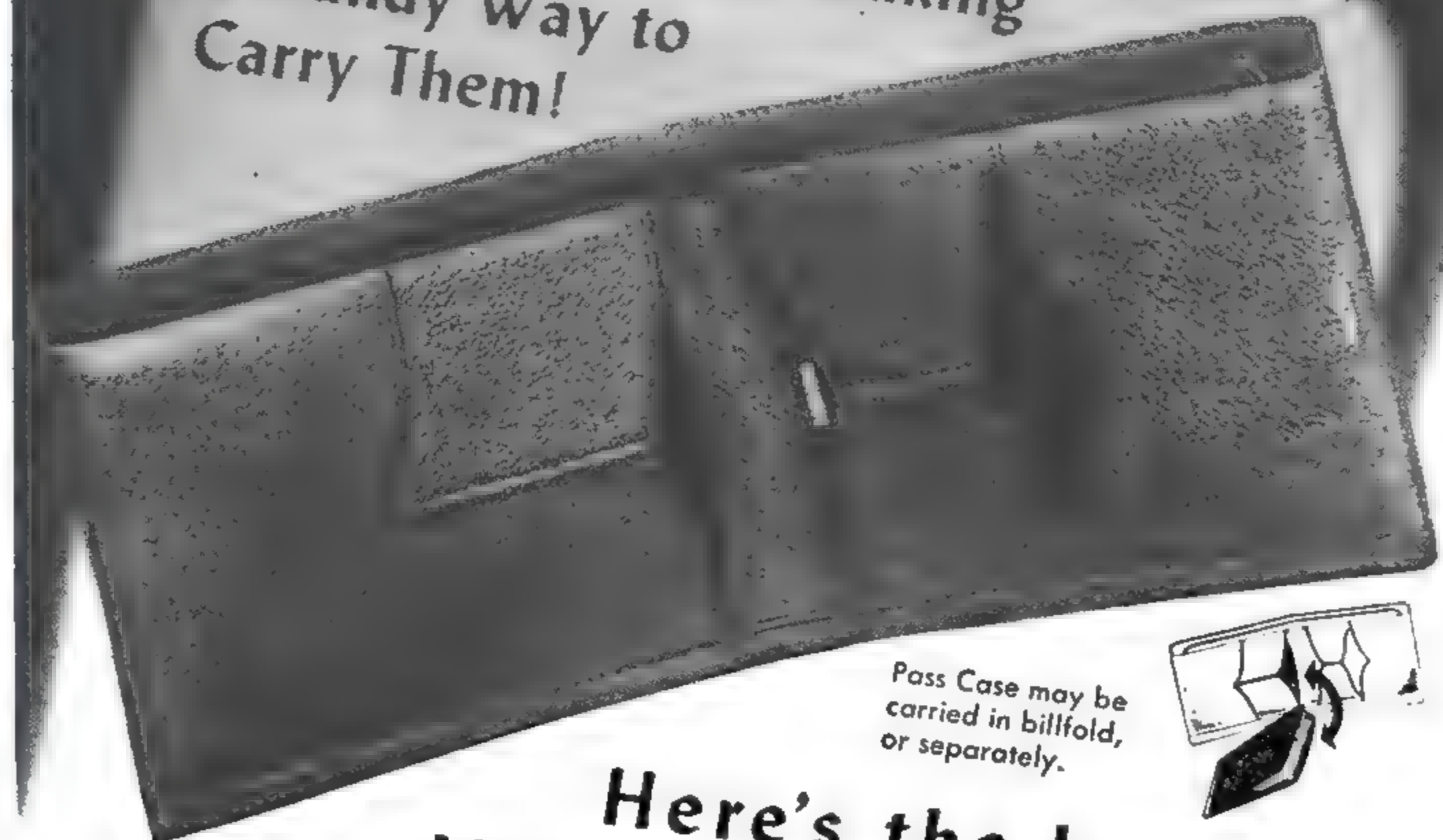
Her trembling slowly ebbed, and she smiled at him. "Yes, that is funny. What was he like?"

He made up a story, a fantastic one, but he kept talking, and he kept dancing with her. They danced two more numbers before the orchestra quit for a while, and then, as they started back to the others, she said, "Please, Jim. Do me a favor. Don't say anything about it to the others. Don's father especially. And if he should ask you, tell him that maybe there is some hope. He's pretty much broken up about this." #

Continued from page 65

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ets and fly front. There are other functional details; for instance, the tabs on his sleeves can be pulled up to make a snug cuff. And the flannel-finish cotton lining provides an extra layer of protection for days when it's chill *and* wet. The coat is roomy,

with a toga-like drape in the rear. He's also got himself a raw-edge snapbrim hat and scatter-dot foulard tie to go with his diagonal-worsted suit. Oh, yes, he's got himself a gal who likes walking in the rain and has a processed rayon-blend raincoat.

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The Castillo Is Lighted

Continued from page 81

mayor triumphantly, while the words of *Panchita* died to a mumble and the band broke off in the middle of a measure, that his voice might be heard.

"It is well that I went when I did. I encountered them, as all the world would know, in the cantina of Enrique, and it is well I went when I did. Otherwise, I should have had to carry them all up the hill."

There was a great cheer as he finished.

"Ole, el Presidente! How sad if we should miss the *castillo* on the *Día de Guadalupe*! Ole, el Presidente! Ole, Jorge! Ole, el *castillo*!"

Jorge took off his straw hat and dropped it carefully at his feet, made an ineffectual effort to smooth his hair, knotted the tails of his white shirt more securely about his middle, and fumbled for a match. Elias put a box into his hands. He spread his feet, propped his shoulder against the mayor, and fumblingly took one of the small wax matches in his fingers.

"Now, my friends," he said as he held the match aloft, "it is eleven hours, and time for the *castillo*."

"*Olga!* Hear! Eleven hours. Jorge, it is now past the one!" they called to him.

"Do not tell me!" Jorge's eyes widened in surprise at the announcement. "But it makes nothing. I, Jorge, say it. It is time for the *castillo*!"

He struck the match, and the mayor guided his hand to the fuse. Jorge put his head on the mayor's shoulder to steady himself and they watched the fuse sputter, and the tiny flame begin its journey.

All the children awoke, and everyone scurried to safety again. Color flashed on the dark background of the trees, the little papier-mâché men began to shoot their pistols, the dancing girls to dance, the bulls and horses to buck, and the brilliant skyrockets leaped up to the deep night sky.

Everyone sighed happily, then burst into exclamations of appreciation. The *castillo* was alive.

Jorge the carpenter, feeling his importance but no longer able to live up to it, sank limply under a tree and continued with the last verse of *Panchita*.

"I'll be damned!" said the tourist.

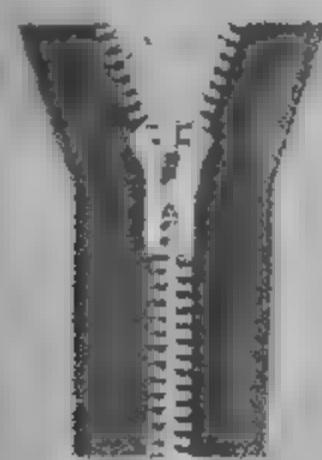
"It is the custom," said Alfonso.

Then he smiled and spread his hands. "After all, what difference does it make in the life, two hours more or less?" -H

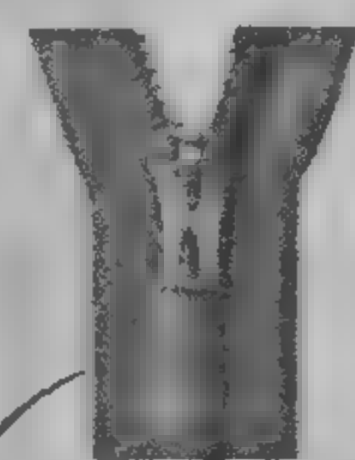


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The Match Macabre

Continued from page 66

what to say," Dempsey growled.

"He's only a young punk, Jack; they make mistakes. Did you ever make a mistake when you were fighting under the name of Kid Blackie? Sure ya did. A thing like this could ruin the boy forever. Jack, let him work with you at Richmond. I give you my word it'll be different."

Dempsey never could say no.

At Richmond, it turned out that his friend was right about it being "different." An hour before the exhibition was scheduled, the boy sent a bullet into his brain. Strange, they thought, that a kid with such promise should commit

suicide. A letter addressed to a girl was found in his hotel room.

"Sweetheart," it began. "When you get this I will be dead. I didn't think I had the courage to shoot myself but now I must. There is no other way out. You were the only girl I ever loved and I meant

it when I told you I wanted to marry you, God how I wanted to, but it wasn't meant to be.

"I thought I had the perfect exit last week when I got my friend, Mr. G., to arrange the exhibition with Dempsey. When I got in the ring I called him every vile name I ever heard, hoping it would make him mad. I left my chin wide open and didn't put up my hands. I was begging Dempsey to kill me. But he wouldn't. I wanted him to kill me because I didn't have the guts to. But he didn't and now I must.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart."

That still was not the answer,

and it looked as if no one would ever know, when somebody got curious about that line in the note—"It wasn't meant to be." So they took his body to a doc.

The autopsy revealed the boy had been suffering with a neglected case of hereditary syphilis. ##



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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

A Dog's Best Friend

Continued from page 37

found them easy to ignore, anyway, since Father intended to deliver them in an Olympian fashion to the world at large rather than directly at the far from cowering culprit.

If visible demonstrations mean anything, my grandfather was far and away Bounce's favorite character. Grandfather would appear at our house once or twice a week for dinner. As soon as he hove to on the front walk Bounce would emit a yelp of joy, bound into Grandfather's midriff and race madly over the hedges, through flower beds and round and round the house, like a thing bereft of its senses by sheer ecstasy. Finally, spent with the efforts of his celebration, he would deposit himself at Grandfather's feet, tongue lolling and tail wagging. Grandfather was a Vermonter and undemonstrative. His sole acknowledgment of this display was to sit down, lean his head on his cane, stare straight at Bounce, say, "Good dog," chuck him in the chest with his cane, and then turn to my father and say, "What are those damned Democrats up to in Washington?"

It was thoroughly irritating. It was apparently all the reciprocation Bounce needed. He paid no more attention to Grandfather until the next visit, when the

whole performance was repeated. We tried ignoring him as Grandfather did. We tried staying away a few days. We tried kindness and showers of attention. Nothing happened. His warmest wags, his greatest displays of excitement and adoration were not for us.

My reactions to such carryings-on were of a piece with those of most people I know who have undergone similar trials and tribulations. The moment Bounce passed on, I wanted a new dog with which to repeat them. The repetition, however, was postponed seventeen years. It was postponed until I married, fatefully, a bride whose addiction to dogs outstripped my own. And those seventeen years had somehow softened the sharp awareness of Bounce's misdemeanors. All that remained was a happy glow of remembrance of his unmistakably strong personality. His peccadillos had become cherished comic legends. I could hardly wait for his successor to lay claim to my affection. I should have waited. It would have been money in my pocket and years on my life.

A month before we were married, we acquired a French poodle. The mass of black hair he was wearing as a puppy suit prompted us to call him Fringe. His mother,

Continued on page 162

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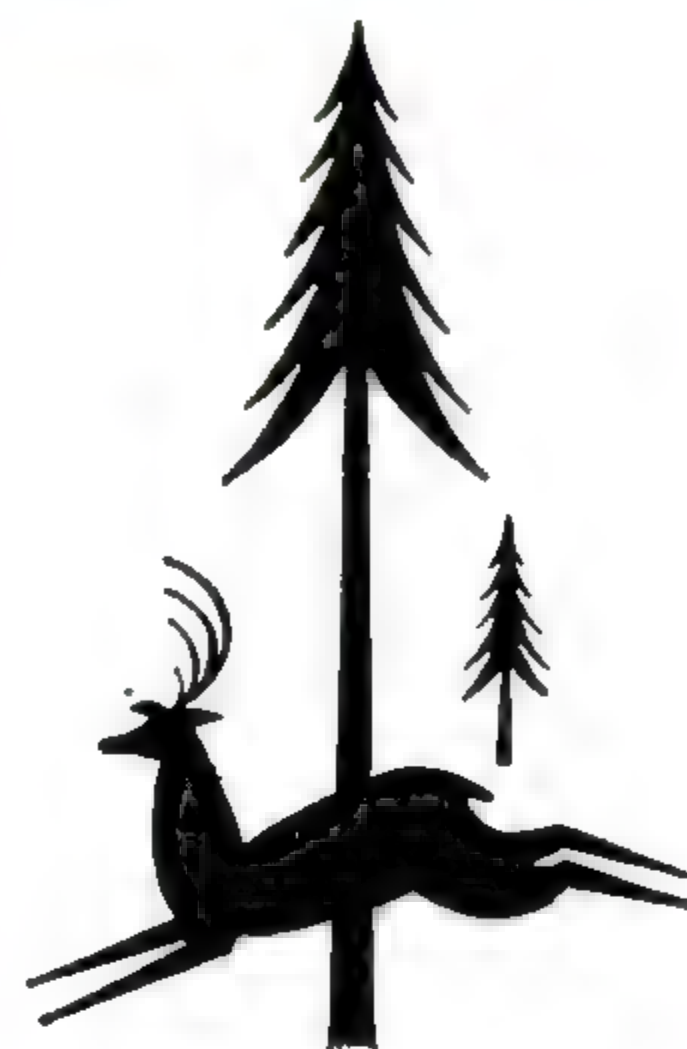


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A Dog's Best Friend

Continued from page 161

a Gallic hoyden named Solange, was brought back from Paris in 1939 by my wife and a friend of hers. Solange duly delivered herself of Fringe and seven other bundles of dubious joy. My wife's friend took one of Fringe's brothers. He heralded the shape of things to come by chewing off the tails of her husband's new tail coat. He was promptly christened Disaster and I've spent the years between wishing I'd thought of it. Both boys have equal right to the label.

Fringe's first demonstration of affection should have been a warning of what the future held. He arrived home from the kennel where he had spent our honeymoon and came toddling into the living room, heading straight for me. His tail was discernible only because it was pumping at its maximum, and he was bent almost double with visible delight. My heart gave a bound of pride and joy. He knew his master and was heading straight for him. He certainly did and was. He not only knew him, but knew what he wanted of him. He wanted my new Peal shoes, and he wanted them for exactly the purpose for which you think he wanted them. This act of infantile vandalism was greeted by my wife with great good humor. I did the

only thing I could do. I smiled. It wasn't much of a smile. It didn't have much conviction. But I managed and proceeded to Lesson One in making him a passable member of society.

On that score our troubles were soon over, but on that score only. As a demolisher of our lares and penates he was apparently out to set a record. An inordinately expensive bedspread, a pair of blankets, a corner of the living room rug, a red leather couch, the left front leg of a mahogany chair, a window shade and my wedding slippers followed each other in a monotonous and sustained parade of destruction.

Eventually, of course, his teeth came in, and we thought our worries were at an end. That's just how wrong you can be. It developed, as time passed, that we were possessed of a character whose personality was a mixture of Satan and Peter Pan, with overtones of John Barrymore in his most flamboyant moments.

A few items will illustrate the tenor of his growth to man's estate.

When Fringe was about two, we went to Connecticut to spend a week end with my boss, a horse and dog man of considerable stature himself. We asked if we might bring the dog. We were not only

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told we could, we were urged to bring him. It was his first experience in an automobile, and holding him in your lap from New York to Fairfield wasn't a bit more uncomfortable than riding sixty miles clutching a coiled spring that is determined to unwind. His behavior through dinner and the evening, however, was a thing of beauty. We doubted it would be a joy forever. We were right. About three o'clock in the morning our host and my boss decided to descend to his library and get a book to help lick an attack of insomnia.

Since it was his house and his book, he ambled unconcernedly toward the head of the stairs, an azure blue dressing gown swishing jauntily in his wake. Fringe's ideas of decorum were different. It was a warm night and our bedroom door was open. The sight of lights springing up, a bare leg emerging from a blue dressing gown, and his host attached to the other end of the

leg apparently struck Fringe as some sort of personal indignity. There is no other way to explain the frontal attack which followed.

I woke from a dreamless sleep to a mixed chorus of deep-throated, terrifying growls and a hail of imprecations from my employer who was backed into a corner

prepared, obviously, to sell his life or, at least, his legs, dearly. Fringe's tone made it clear he would have one or the other unless the boss got the hell back where he belonged. Calm was restored, and we all went back to bed. Some of us went to sleep. Fringe did. I didn't.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. It didn't stay that way. Fringe was up early. I

went downstairs and let him out. But he didn't stay out, which was a pity. Some thoughtful servant let him in again, and as I descended to breakfast the awful evidence of his compounded felony was spread before my eyes. At the foot of the stairs our

Continued on page 164



"Well, now, this is a coincidence—this morning he said he'd like to go to a movie!"

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A Dog's Best Friend

Continued from page 163

hostess had an old English umbrella rack. Its outstanding feature was a trough at the bottom, packed with real earth and growing real flowers. It wasn't doing that now because the earth and the flowers were strewn about the hall in horrid profusion. The criminal was nowhere in sight, but his identity was unmistakable. As I stood surveying the carnage, a small black face, its snout covered with rich Connecticut loam peered furtively around the door. I didn't say anything. There wasn't anything to say except maybe, "How soon can we get packed?" But there was something to do. I did it. I got down on my hands and knees and, bit by bit, piece by piece, tried to replace the divots in some semblance of their former glory. It didn't work very well. A lot of the soil seemed to have got lost and the flowers all leaned forward in a limp and bedraggled way. Even so, we might have got away with it if our hostess and her eight-year-old son had not appeared at this moment and junior, with Satanic accuracy, had not pointed out how odd Fringe looked with dirt smeared all over his nose.

Since he and I were both standing right over the damage, you didn't need to be a Hercule Poirot

to figure out who had done what to what. In the course of the day, somehow, one way and another our hosts made it clear that, as far as they were concerned, country dogs belonged in the country and city dogs in the city, and it was a lot better if everybody stuck to his own bailiwick. We didn't argue the point. We didn't even chastize Fringe. In some strange way we felt sorry for him; sorry in the way you feel sorry for Henry Aldrich.

When you add it all up, the result is the usual one. He had all the fun, managed to make himself the center of attraction and, in spite of his vagaries, emerged unscathed.

On a happier note is the book trick. Dorothy Parker must take the blame for this one.

She is a poodle lover, and in numerous street encounters with Fringe had made it clear she considered him a superlative character even among poodles. One evening when she'd been asked to dinner, it seemed only fair to have him acknowledge this adulation in some fitting way. So, in the course of the afternoon, we taught him the book trick. It consists of saying to him, "Fringe, get your favorite book." He then goes to the bookcase and with foot and fang plucks out Miss

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Parker's *Enough Rope*. The ring-master—my wife, naturally—then says, "Bring it here and we'll read." He squats down by her, she reads a verse and then says, "Now Fringe, turn the page," which he does with his paw. The trick was a hilarious success. But there was an aftermath. There always is. Fringe was so drunk with applause that all the innate ham in him rushed to the fore. He went on, by himself, getting "favorite books" all evening until half the library was on the floor. The success of this trick went to my head, too. I thought I had a performing dog. I taught him to fetch my hat when it was time for his evening walk. This was during the derby season. Everything went fine, until, after three nights of impressing each other, I found that in his enthusiasm, he had bitten right through the brim of my new Herbert Johnson. End of trick.

Now, at five, a degree of tranquillity has settled upon him. He sits for hours on a broad window sill which gives him an unobstructed view of 54th Street, rousing only to express violent disapproval of any other dog who sets foot on what is obviously his street.

Since he's six floors up, the disapproval is somewhat academic. I have also noted that this disapproval exists only when

six floors separate him and the offenders. When he meets them, he just rises above it all.

In the matter of his evening walks and his sleeping habits, however, all his initial perversity still flourishes.

His greatest enthusiasm is for his evening stroll, which takes place any time from nine to nine-thirty. A few minutes before nine he begins to eye me. I don't know whether he is possessed of a sort of kidney clock, but his timing is infallible. His glance says plainly that I know it's time to go, and why don't we get at it? His insistence mounts until he tugs at my trouser leg, if proper action is not forthcoming.

Once outside, however, there is a notable variation, depending upon the weather. We make our appointed rounds with reasonable dispatch during the spring and summer months, when it is pleasant to be out. I do not mean to imply that every post and hydrant on the beat, every accessible corner of every building is not inspected thoroughly and given adequate treatment. They are. But when the winds rise and the thermometer falls, Fringe immediately develops a passion for double the amount of preliminary sniffing and indulges in orgies of testing for balance and position to get the absolutely perfect trajectory.

Of late, another complication

Continued on page 166

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A Dog's Best Friend

Continued from page 165

has arisen. The front tires of parked cars have been added to the list of items which are fair targets. I haven't figured out a way to explain to him why a car owner might not look on this with unmixed delight, although I know from a few unhappy encounters that they don't. I try to direct him to cars without anyone in them; but in the dark it's hard to tell for certain. As a feeble form of protection I stand aloof during the ceremony, pretending I'm not really with him. This doesn't work very well. After every ministration, he lunges forward seeking the next objective. I spend half my time trying to tug him away from an all-weather tread before it's too late; the other half, preparing to cower under the righteous wrath of affronted owners of shiny Cadillacs.

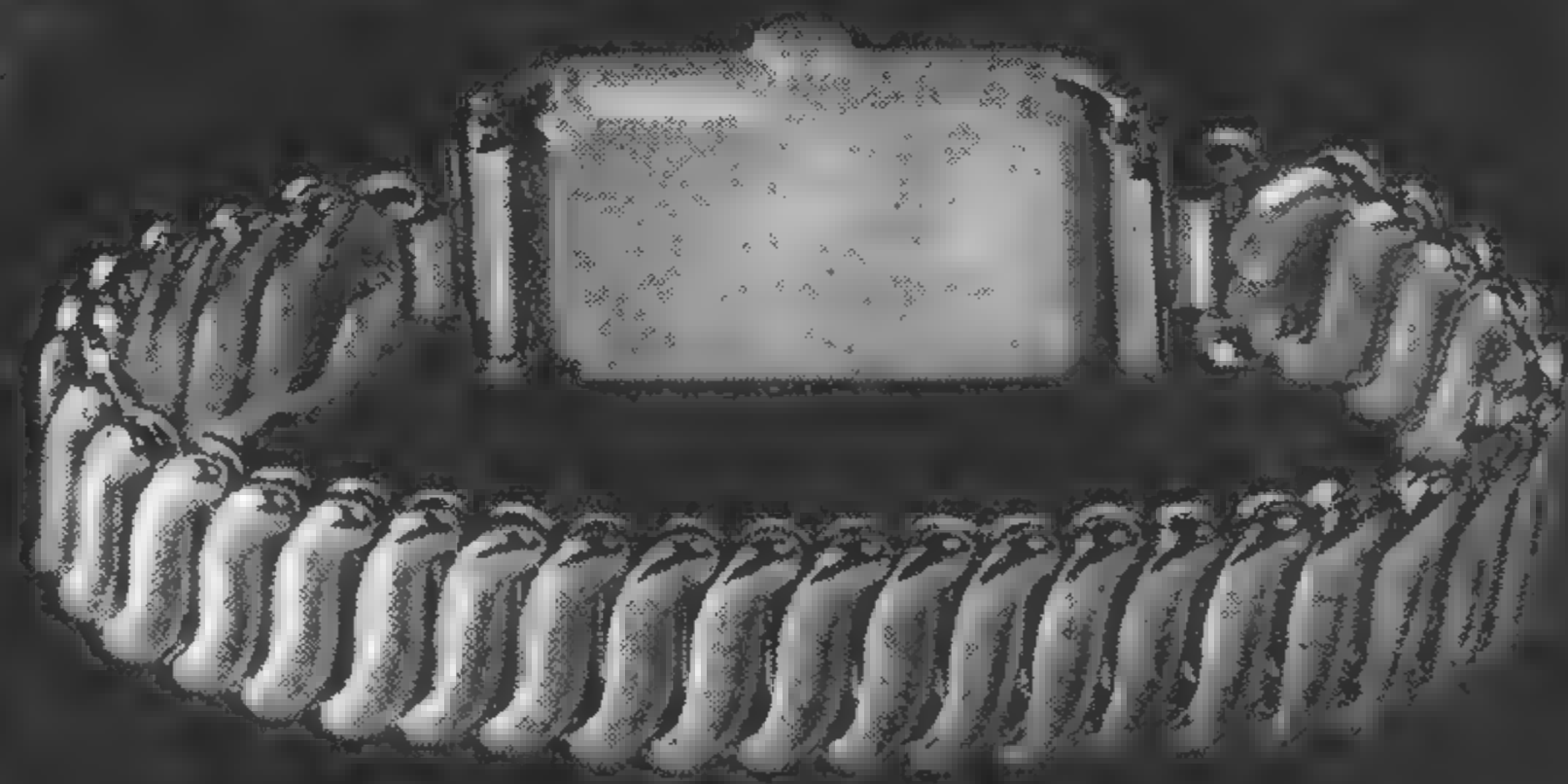
When we get home, another contest begins. It revolves around who is going to get to my bed first. He usually favors me by climbing onto my bed and composing himself for the night while I am getting undressed. By the time I have gone through all the nonsense human beings have to go through before they are ready to crawl into the sheets, he is fast asleep. And, of course, he is right in the middle of the bed. Where else? That's where it's softest and

most relaxing. I try to make room for myself without disturbing him. In order not to, I have developed the suppleness of a rubber man and the stealth of a commando. Almost always now I can get in without waking him. It's later that my troubles begin. Every once in a while I want to shift the position of the leg that is doubled back on itself. Or I may forget and actually lie down on my side, instead of crouching like a Jap in ambush. This, usually, is the end. He gets up, gives me a look of abysmal reproach, and stalks off to a bed he has in my wife's clothes closet. All too clearly, he is saying, "All right. I wanted to be chummy. But really, you're impossible." So far he has always relented and given me another chance. So far I've never managed a whole night from my fox-hole by the pillows without disturbing him. With any luck, I won't.

You may consider Fringe's didos extraordinary. I don't. Helen Hayes has a poodle named Turvey, whose great delight in life is to sneak up behind her just as she is about to go into her pool and push her with a very determined jab of a very cold nose. Turvey is also a passionate lover of turkey and no respecter of occasions. At two festive gath-

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erings, as the turkey was about to be served to a distinguished company, he sprang forward, separated the bird from the butler and bore the *pièce de résistance* off in triumph. Turvey now spends Thanksgiving below stairs.

We have another friend who occupied a house in Hollywood next to George Sanders. She owned a pointer, who turned out to be a Dalmatian, named Mose. Mr. Sanders had a vegetable garden of which he was very proud. He labored over it long and fondly. So did Mose. Mr. Sanders put things into the ground and Mose dug them out. After several discussions of these irreconcilable points of view, Mr. Sanders appeared with a suggestion. If Mose couldn't be dissuaded, perhaps he could be deterred. How about fitting him out with a pair of shoes? When last heard from, Mose was still shoeless.

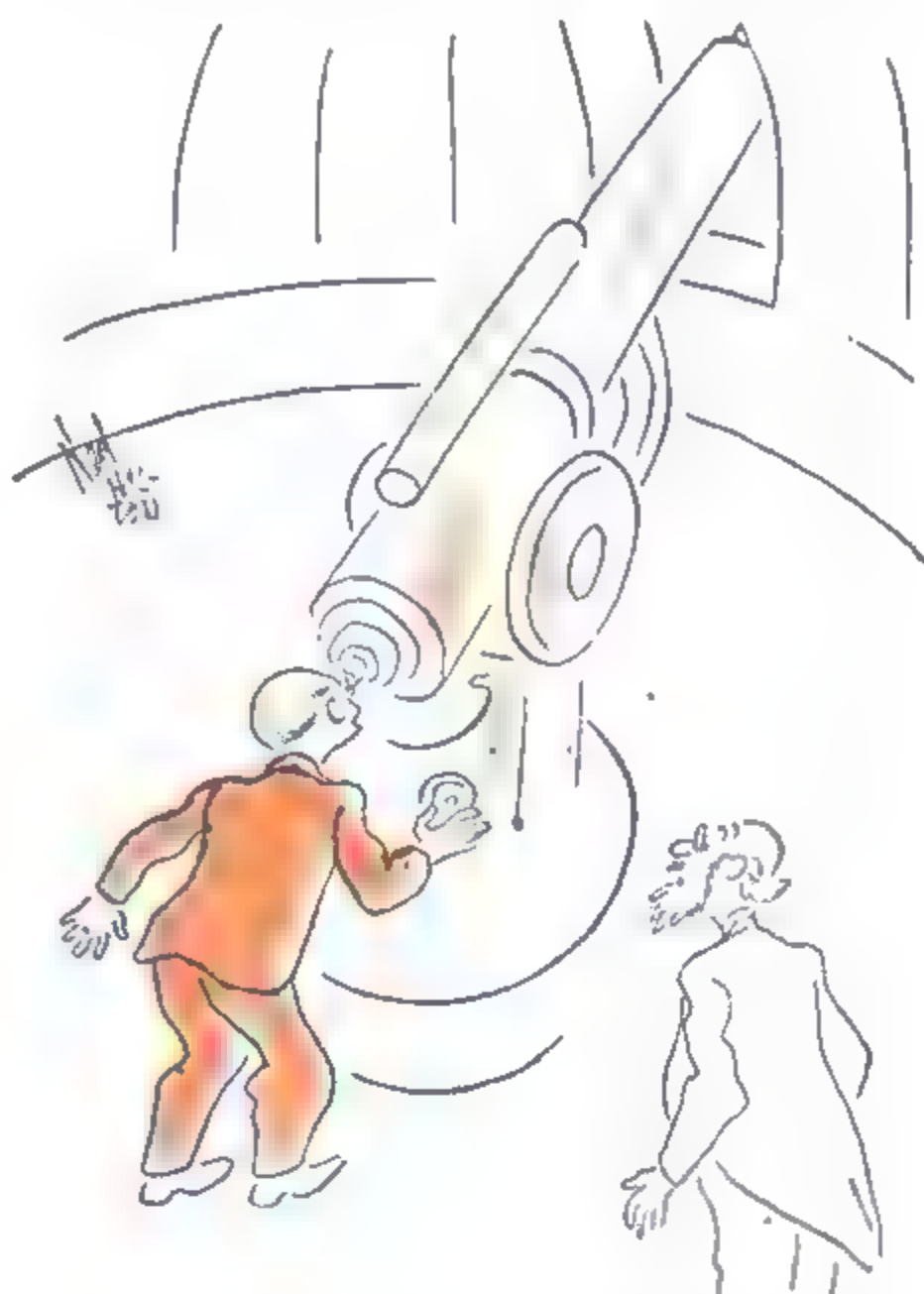
The supply of similar episodes is abundant. But they all add up to the same thing. Right from

puppyhood you feed them, pet them, pamper them, attend to their bodily comfort, join in their capers when they feel like capering, desist when they don't, and generally design your waking hours, and some of your sleeping ones, to fit their convenience. Everything from their diet to

their sex life is your responsibility. You do this year in and year out in the face of a self-centered egotism, an utter lack of any visible appreciation, a domination of your affection and attention that would be grounds for divorce or mayhem if another human being were doling it out to you. "A man's best friend is a dog," indeed! "A dog's best friend is a man" is one of life's great triumphs of understatement.

There is much more that can and should be said. But I won't say it. I can't. It's after nine. There's a tugging at my pant leg. It's past his time. I'm not going to be the kind of a stinker that keeps a dog waiting. ‡

Continued from page 37



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A Nose for Flaws

Continued from page 89

a man of his age and fancies have a gun."

"Ben's kin o' yours but I got to say 'tain't friendly, how he handled us," King said.

He went to the window, peered out under the hanging cloth and finally lifted it to stick out his bald head for a quick look around.

A rifle cracked. Jim staggered away. Blood oozed across his cheek. He shook his head and started back to the window, jerking up his shotgun.

King grabbed him and looked quickly at his face. "Jest grooved you. Don't go to that one."

Sam got up to see the direction of the shot. He cocked his head. Faintly he heard Ben Dunn's voice shouting angry remonstrances.

"Somebody's bein' stomped on for shootin' out o' turn," he said thoughtfully. "You see him, Jim?"

Jim shook his head, swabbing his cheek with a dish towel.

"Mighty interestin'," Sam said slowly.

Sam wandered around restlessly. He left the kitchen end of the house to enter the bedroom. His eyes swept along a row of pegs on which hung the brothers' surplus clothing. A pocket of a dungaree jacket was gaping wide open and something leather-colored was visible in it. Sam peered in more sharply. He saw it was a wallet.

"Mostly," Sam whispered to himself, "a man fishin' off a boat don't carry his wallet that careless."

The folds of the curtain protected him from being seen.

"It's fo' their benefit," Sam muttered, but his leathery cheeks blushed as he thrust out a hand and pinched the wallet. Quickly he opened it. A few bills, a driver's license. It bore the name of Ira Hall.

"Well!" Sam drew a breath of relief. He put the wallet back in the dungaree, and stepped out into the kitchen.

"Believe I can help y'all make Ben see sense if you'll talk this over with him," he said. "I figger I can guarantee Ben will take Jim along to jail, too, as 'cessory after the fact, follerin' this shootin' at the posse."

"Well, fine!" King said after a minute. "All this shootin's sort o' ridic'ulous. We're not resistin' the law; we're resistin' foolishness."

Through the slit under the covered window, Sam hailed:

"Ben! I'm comin' out. Y'all keep yo' fingers off those triggers!"

King opened the land door for him and Sam stepped out. He felt a little naked, and not because of his damp underwear—

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but no lead whizzed toward him. He walked through the coco palms toward the dirt road, occasionally stopping to pull a sandspur out of his bare feet.

Ben Dunn came out from behind the slanting bole of a palm. His black eyebrows hung over Sam like hurricane clouds.

"They quittin'?" he asked.

"Not them," Sam said. "They figger on hangin' together, or bein' 'lectrocuted together, if it comes to that. They ask you to come in. They're handling this polite an' formal."

Ben Dunn hesitated. Then he stood his rifle against the palm tree and straightened his tie. He didn't discard the revolver in his concealed shoulder holster.

"Posse, too," Sam said.

Dunn scowled again, but he whistled. Tom Chester showed up, moving gingerly. He chuckled at Sam's underwear.

"Round up the boys, includin' Benson, across the canal," Ben told them quietly. "We got to humor these damned old fools."

Side by side, he and Sam walked up the path to the house. The cloths over the windows were gone. The door was closed. Ben swore under his breath, but Sam knocked elaborately.

"Come in, Sheriff," Jim said distantly. "B'lieve that you have some business with us."

Ben Dunn's face was purple. "That's so," he said. Stiffly he shook both outstretched hands.

The men of the posse came straggling in. Being from that part of the country themselves, they understood the customs and left their guns behind.

"Sorry to heah about yo' Uncle Ira," King said politely to Bill Hall, and then turned to Pete

Bauer. "Hope you ran into them schoolin' kings yesterday, Pete," he said. "Some o' the boats got a thousand pounds."

Jim Shipley wrung Ad Merritt's hand. "Don't see you as often as we might, Mr. Merritt, but I did glimpse you lookin' over yo' development earlier today," he said. "Once you get some sand

Continued on page 170



"So you're the truant officer—well, Junior has been on the lam for over a month now!"

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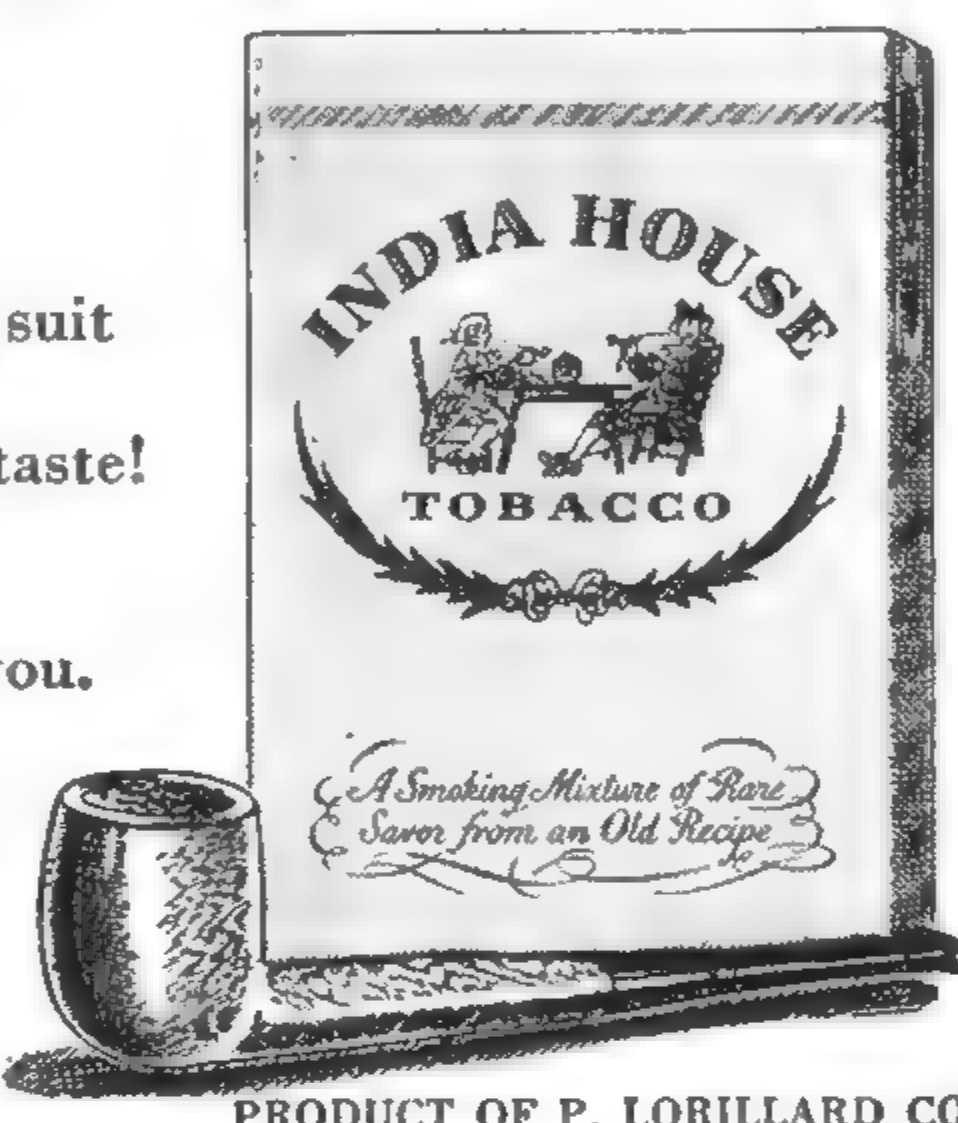
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PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD CO.

At all Good Tobacconists

A Nose for Flaws

Continued from page 169

shifted, you'll find some right pretty concrete roads underneath."

"It'll cost money," Ad Merritt said.

King Shipley, observing Dunn's impatience, turned to him, but Sam Robbins spoke first:

"The Shipleys are hopin', Ben, that you're charging 'em with hot murder, not schemin' to do it." King and Jim nodded agreement. "Bein' accused o' dishonesty or schemin'—"

"It's a straight killing," Ben Dunn said crisply. "Where'd we get a jury to convict them two of dishonesty?"

"It's the notion that anybody could accuse them of stealing, for instance—"

"Look!" Ben Dunn said roughly. "I'll swear here or in court that everybody in the county that knows the Shipleys knows they wouldn't steal a nickel if they were starving—"

He stopped, baffled. The Shipleys were politely motioning their guests to the kitchen side, where the coffee pot was boiling.

"How long do these monkey-shines go on before I make the pinch?" Ben snarled in Sam Robbins' ear.

Sam's hand was in his arm; Sam guided him to a spot beside the drawn-back curtain separating the

kitchen side of the house.

"Not long," Sam murmured. "But just turn yo' eyes to that crack between the curtain an' the wall."

"What for?"

"I might have whiffed a flaw."

Ben Dunn's eyes stabbed at Sam; then peered through the opening.

The men of the posse were crowding into the kitchen side, and King and Jim were busy at the stove with cups and cans.

"Some people know about money an' some know about men," Sam muttered to the sheriff.

"What d'ye mean?"

"There's only one man in this room that knows men, an' the Shipleys in p'ticular, po'ly enough to do what he done."

"Done what?"

"Tried to pin a motive for killing Ira on 'em that nobody would b'lieve. Keep lookin'."

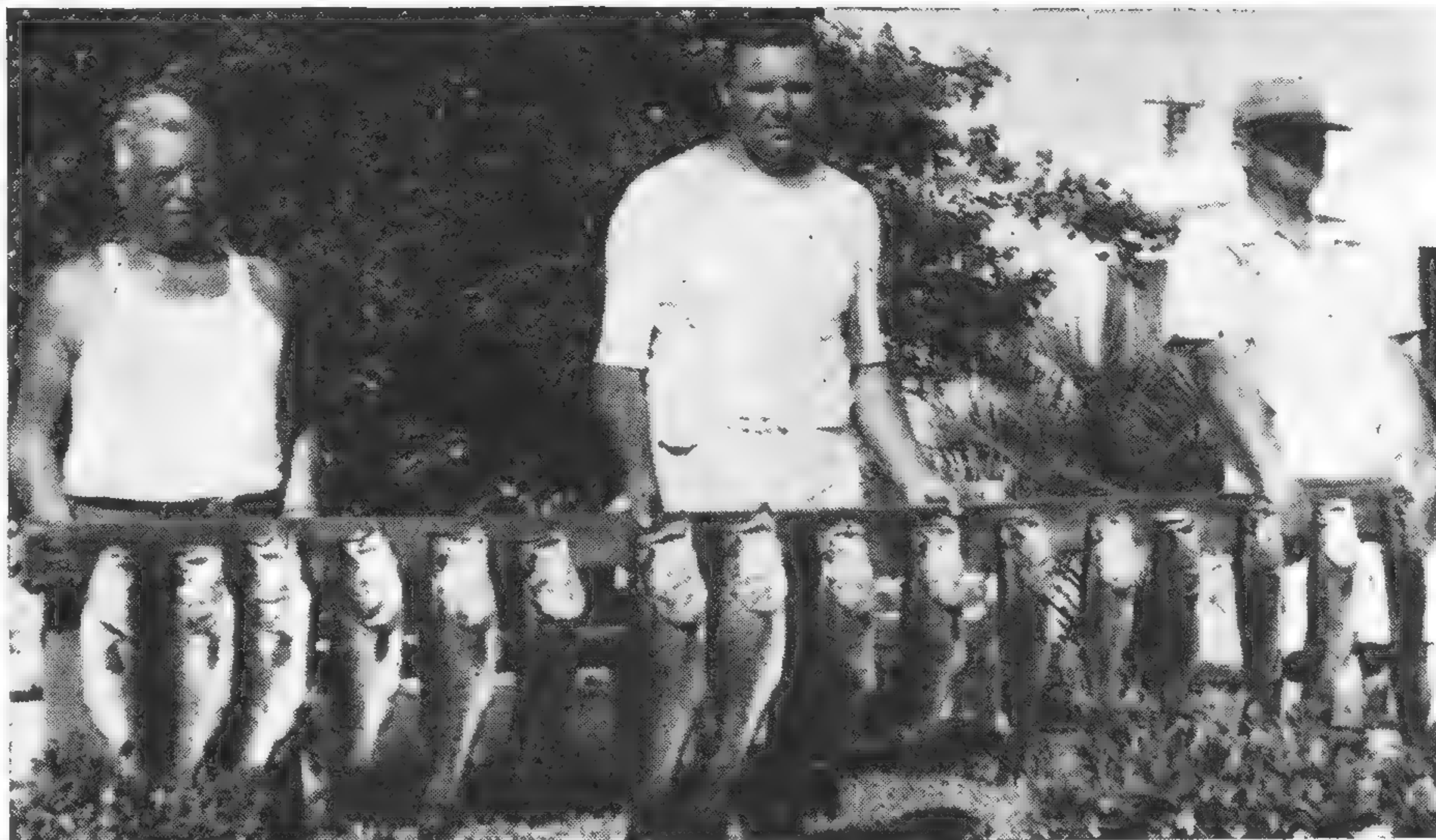
Ad Merritt, now alone, was sideling over to the dungaree coat. Swiftly he thrust his fingers into the pocket, plucked out Ira Hall's wallet and shoved it into his own right hip pocket. He shifted his holster to cover the bulge and moved quickly after the other men into the kitchen.

"Ad's just heard 'nough about Shipley honesty to know that cock won't fight," Sam said in Ben's

Hawaiian Wigglers Get Bass In Weeds

"Dear Fred:

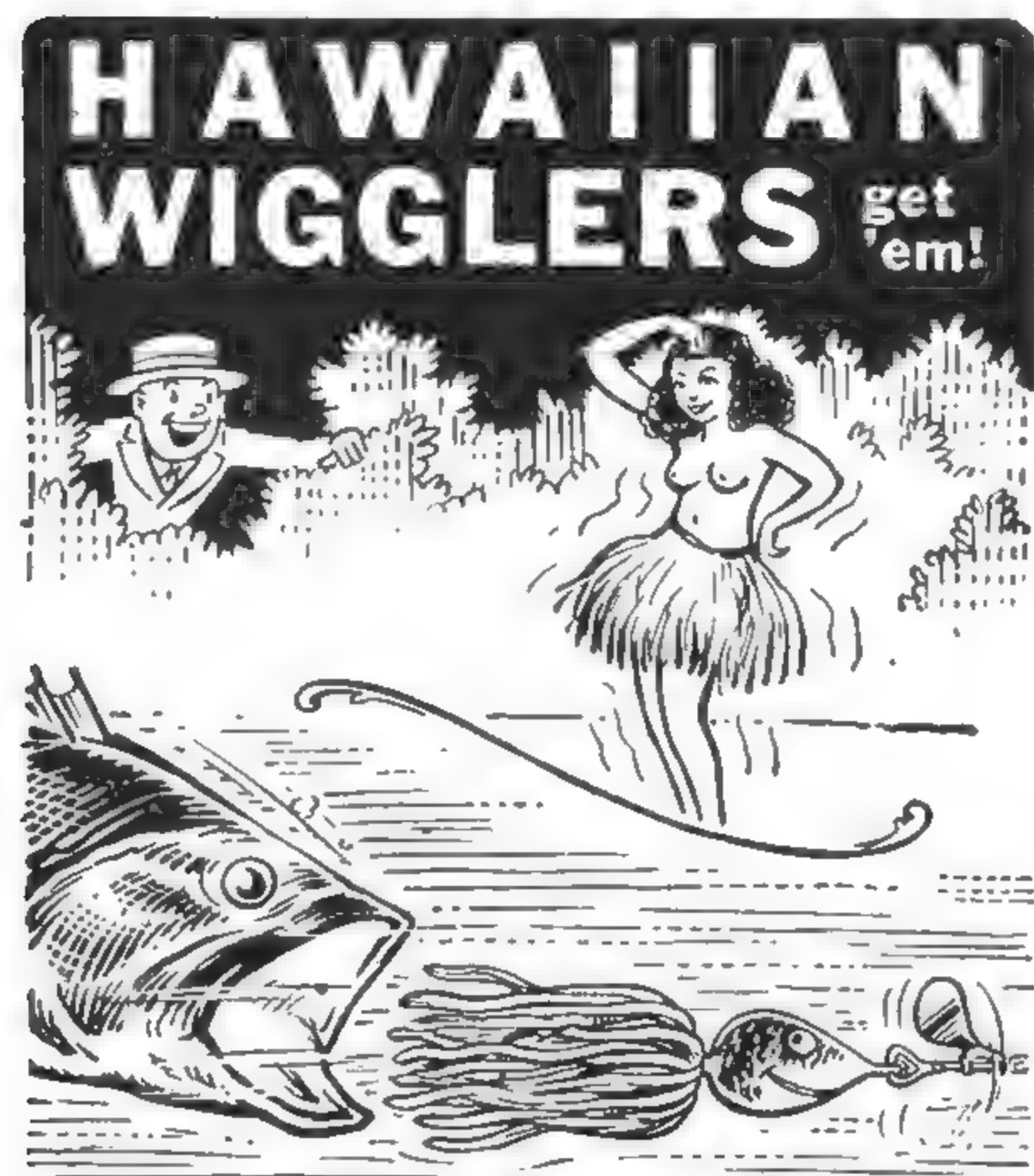
Am enclosing photo of one day's catch of 16 bass caught with No. 2 Hawaiian Wigglers by Mr. Conti, Peck and myself. These bass had a total weight of 68 lbs. We got most of them in the weeds and lily pads. Conti and Peck had never used your No. 2 Hawaiian Wiggler before. From now on they say they will never be without one in their tackle box."—Peter Anghilante, St. Louis, Mo.



Conti

Anghilante

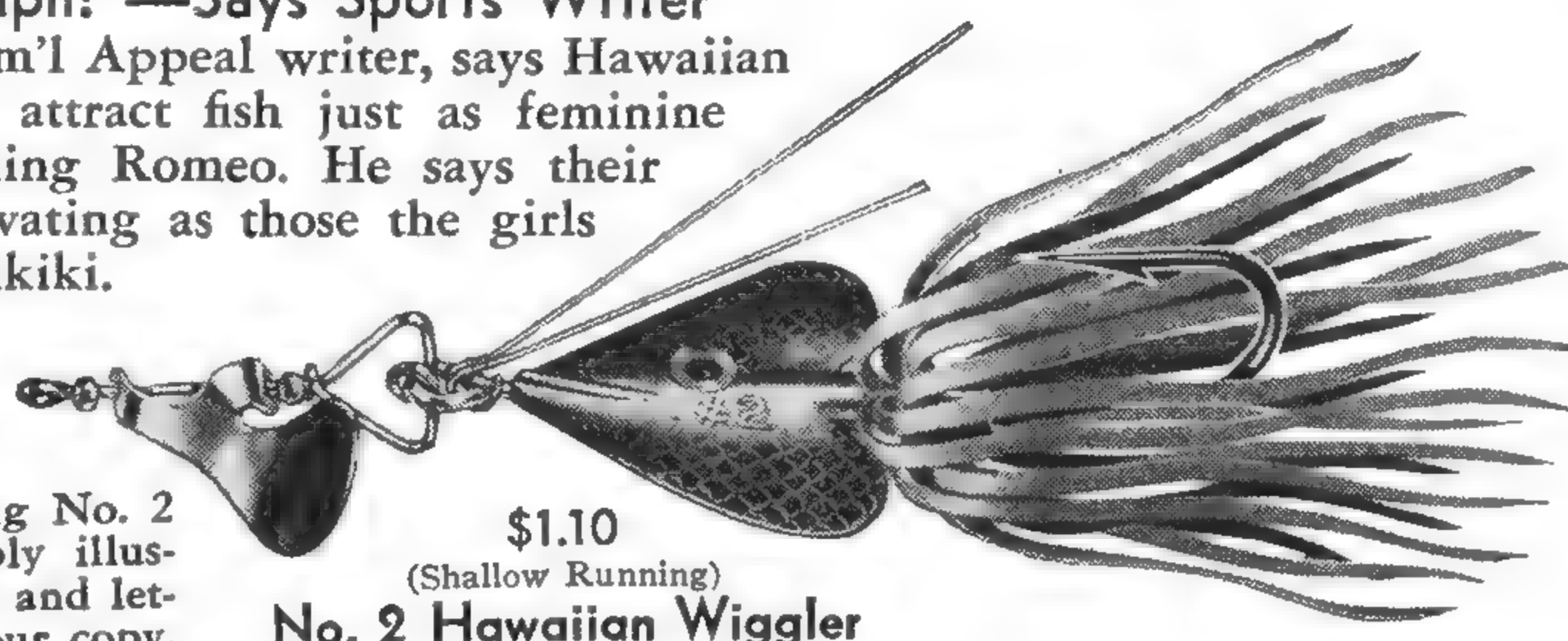
Peck



"Hawaiians Have Oomph!"—Says Sports Writer Frank Vestal, Memphis Com'l Appeal writer, says Hawaiian Wigglers have "oomph" to attract fish just as feminine "oomph" lays low the dashing Romeo. He says their quivering skirts are as captivating as those the girls are supposed to wear on Waikiki.

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ear. "He planted Ira's wallet an' now he's unplantin' it. What you going to do, Ben?"

Ben's dark brow was twisted up more than ever, in harrowing decision.

"Didn't you figger it was right queer, Ad Merritt joining up with your posse, all fitted out with a rifle an' a revolver?" Sam asked. "I know you didn't go to dep'tize him yo'self. A money man like that, a meat market man from town, deliberately mixin' in no business o' his! Could he ha' reckoned a dead Shipley or two would be even safer to hang it on than live ones?"

Ben Dunn chewed his lips.

"Was it Merritt that fired the shot that grazed Jim after you'd told the boys to quit firing?" Sam asked.

Ben Dunn strode out into the middle of the room. He planted his outthrust arm against Ad Merritt's chest and backed him hard against the wall.

He pinned him there with his right hand and with his left

ripped away Merritt's pocket. The wallet spilled out onto the floor.

Ben Dunn picked it up and shoved it under the cowering man's chin.

"Come on, you, talk!" he rasped, as he shook the wallet. "How'd you get Ira Hall's wallet?"

"I—I—I—"

Merritt shut his mouth suddenly and his face firmed up.

"So it was him?" said Tom Chester. "And just for a lousy pocketbook!"

"Not knowing as much about it as the sheriff heah," Sam said modestly but hastily, "I'd say stealin' the wallet was just to put the blame on somebody else. The killing was because Ira kept his

place right messy."

Everybody, including the sheriff, stared at him.

"Messy," Sam repeated, shaking his head. "All the piles of junk an' rusty wrecks an' garbage an' hogwallow beside the Federal highway—that's what got Ira killed. Also, it got his killer caught, because it was just too whiffy to be

Continued on page 172



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A Nose for Flaws

Continued from page 171

natural—but that won't help Ira much now."

Ben Dunn, trying to look wise, was groping for a little sense in this and getting none. Obliging, Sam went on:

"As the sheriff will tell y'all, bankers an' money-lendin' folks can't see lendin' money to back a high-class development when it's 'longside something as pow'ful bad as Ira's place." He looked at Ad Merritt. "Maybe Ira had worked that out in his haid, too."

Bill Hall gave a yelp. "Cripes, yes!" he said. "I never figured why Unk stunk up the place!"

Ad Merritt pulled himself together. "You understand, Sheriff, that you've got to prove this nonsense."

"Proof?" Sam asked. "Proof's no trouble to the sheriff, Ad, soon's he knows who done it. Count o' that noon shower there'll be stray footprints in the sand 'round Ira's place where you must ha' been hidin' an' watching Ira

and King wrestling for the hoe. And where you killed Ira there'll be a few footprints left underneath an' around parts you raked over. You had to leave King's tracks an' couldn't do a real job."

His mild eyes clung tenaciously to Ad Merritt's face. "Ira lived messy an' he died messy. Ira spattered a good bit. There'll be a coat missin' from yo' clothes, a coat plenty o' folks must ha' seen you wearing earlier today."

Ad's lips were working. Sam took a chance: "That coat, all spattered, will turn up under the sand somewhere's 'round yo' development, because there's

tracks that'll lead to it."

This was a hit. Sam saw that in Ad's flickering eyes.

"The sheriff figgers it that way because he knows you had to get rid of it fast. And Jim Shipley glimpsed you down toward this way, he says. Was that befo' you sneaked in to plant the pocket-book? Proof? Proof's no trouble,

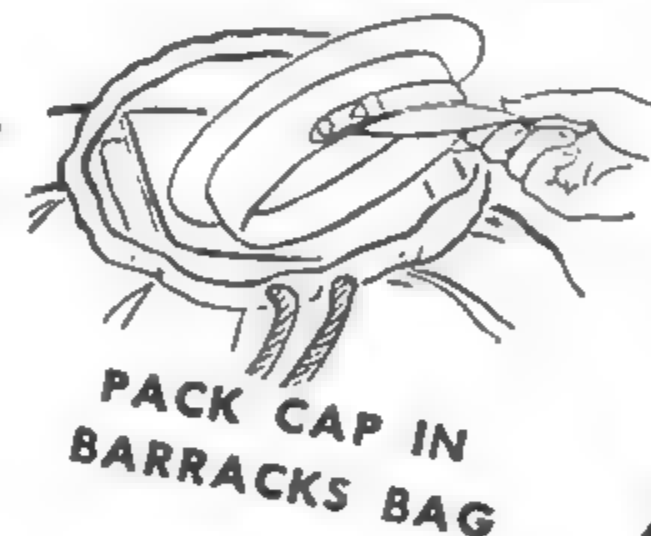
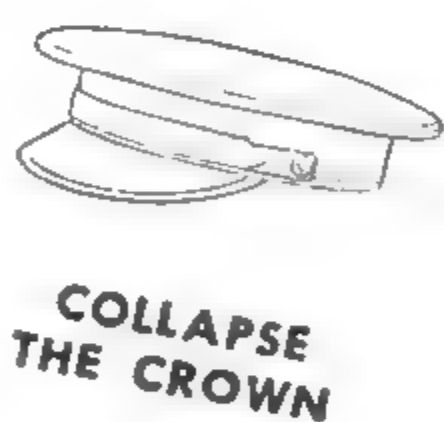


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Ad, when you got the guilty one."

Ad's face froze up tight. When he spoke his words were slow, careful.

"It was a fight," he said. "Ira Hall was trying to force me to pay ten thousand for his place, by keeping it that messy. When I refused to pay him that much money, he got violent and attacked me with the hoe. I took it from him and in self-protection hit him with it."

"I call it manslaughter," Ben Dunn said. "Self-protection don't stretch that far."

"Seems like it shouldn't stretch as far as hidin' a murdered man's wallet in a neighbor's pocket and then joining the posse tha's out to get him," Sam said. "Whether you got him or not, you had to make sure the sheriff would find the wallet."

Sam looked at Ad Merritt long and curiously, not at all as he was used to looking at folks. It was a moment before he spoke.

"Because the Shipley boys was po' it made sense to you that they'd kill a man fo' his wallet,"

he said. "But in that you was all alone and it did you up."

Jim Shipley shook his head and spoke to King.

"Felt it plumb to the marrer o' my bones that there'd be stealin' in this somewheres," he said distressedly.

"That's why the sheriff's goin' to 'pologize fo' pretendin' he thought you boys done it so's he could land Ad here," Sam said as he looked first at Ben and then at the Shipleys. "Why, shucks, boys, Ben knew all the time you weren't messed up in it."

"At least," he added slowly as Ben remained silent, "I b'lieve he told me he was goin' to 'pologize."

Ben Dunn's eyes poked Sam Robbins ungratefully. But then he squared them upon the Shipley boys and stuck out his hand.

"That's right," he said with a quiet smile. Then he added, "And I am apologizing. Bill me for all those shotgun shells you threw at the posse. That's county expenses." #

Continued from page 89



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PARKER Quink
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Quality of a Winner

Continued from page 54

relaxation is improving his timing and rhythm. The swimmers who have found a fly in the ointment of hard work are gone and only the workers remain. Our slender freshman is swimming more than any of them.

His first meet is scheduled for evening, and that afternoon he comes to the pool very nervous. I tell him to swim a half mile easy. Then I explain that his nervousness is nature's way of preparing him for hard effort. It should help him to beat his practice time of fifty-nine seconds for one hundred yards, and fifty-ninseconds is excellent for a beginner.

At the meet as his event approaches, he fidgets nervously. He hopes his teammates and his coach do not notice his uneasiness. Some of his teammates are losing their races and he hopes he can do better, now mostly because the coach has worked hard with his team. Loyalty is adding

strength to his determination.

The announcer calls out the four entries in the one-hundred-yard event. Our swimmer has Lane 2. His throat is dry and he swallows nervously. He dives in to get the feel of the water, and it calms him a little. His stroke actually feels light and easy and his legs feel relaxed. He crawls out of the pool and waits for the starter's command. Now Lane 2, his lane, stands out clearly before him. The audience and the rest of the pool fade into the background. The starter calls out, "Swimmers, take your marks." One aim dominates our swimmer's nervous mind.

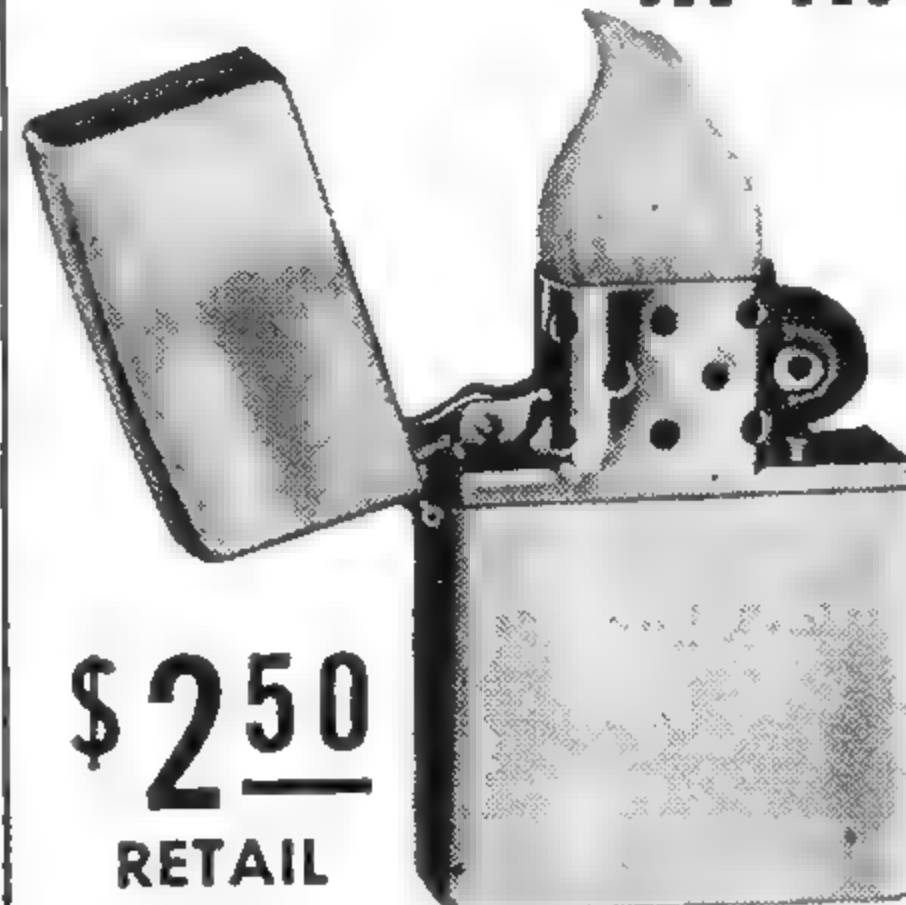
He will do what he was coached to do. The starter's gun cracks, and our swimmer gets a good leap down the pool. He swims easily and is alert for his turn. He hits it rightly and spins and drives off hard into his second length. He is concentrating on his own swimming and he



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doesn't know where his opponents are. At his second turn, he is halfway through his race. He spins and drives into his third length. He is tiring. His legs and arms begin to feel rubbery, but he is determined to hold his swimming form. His throat and chest begin to burn, but now the words of his coach come to his mind. "Every athlete gets tired—very tired—if he races to win. The ordinary athlete slows down when he's tired, and the great athlete speeds up." Our swimmer knows he is not a great athlete, but he wants to become one. He hits his third turn and drives off into his last length.

Now there are sharp pains in his thighs, and his arms and his shoulders ache. But he is fiercely determined to sprint right to the finish.

When he hits the finish he is dazed with fatigue. Now he looks for his opponents and sees that he has won the race. His head throbs and his throat and chest

burn, but he doesn't really mind. There was no place for self-sympathy in his race and there is no place for it now. He crawls out of the pool and walks to the bench, trying to conceal the numbness of his tired legs.

The announcer calls out the winner and the placers and the time—fifty-six and five-tenths seconds.

So our swimmer cut two and one-half seconds off his time and won the first race he was in.

How did he do it?

He won because the big talented swimmer who quit the squad preferred his blonde girlfriend to hard training.

He won because more experienced opponents had not trained as hard and had not driven themselves with quite as

strong a determination to win. They had less self-discipline, perseverance and loyalty as well as inspiration.

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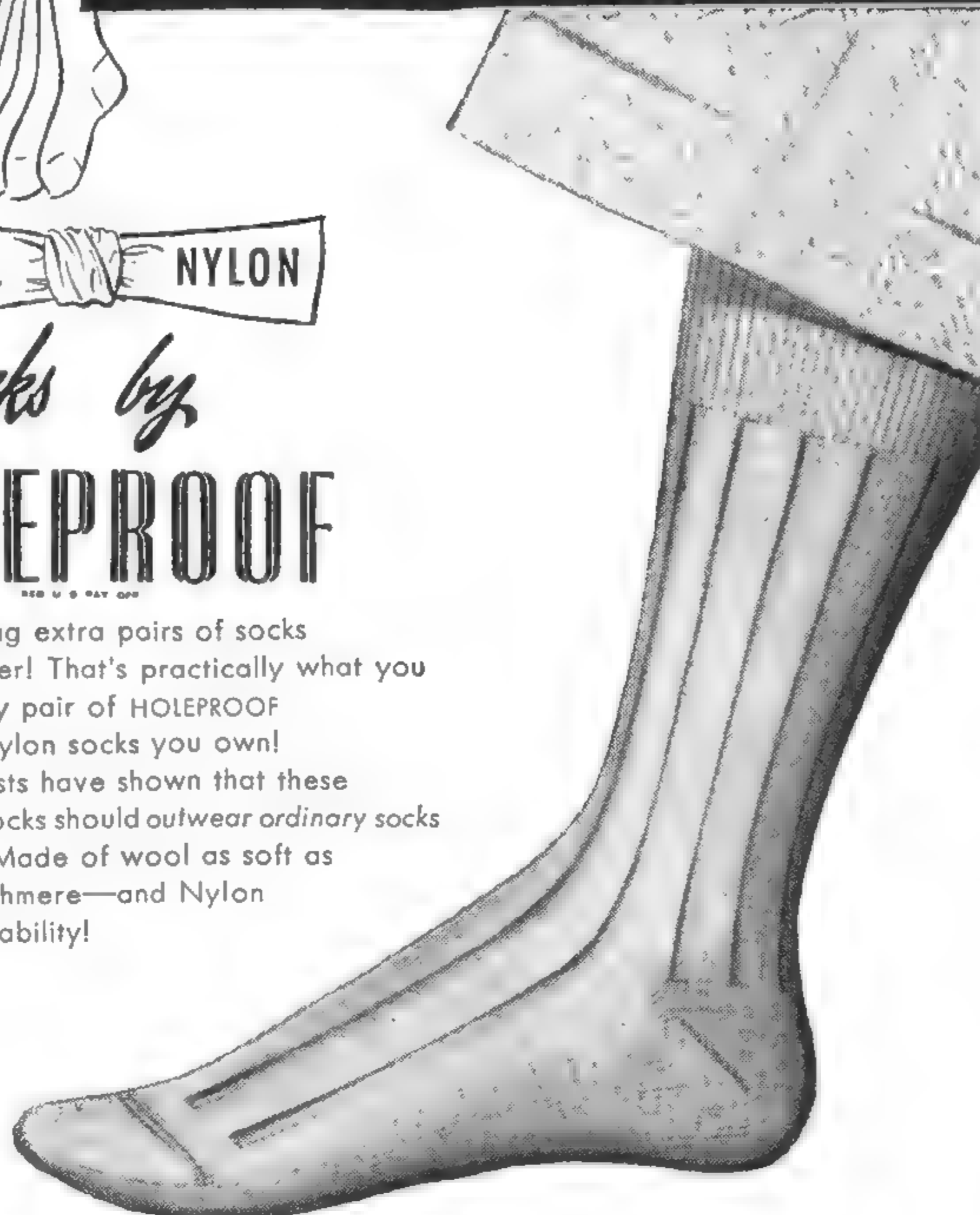


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Unsentimental Journey

Continued from page 51

of Cambridgeshire in England.

At Barrington the gardener at the old Norman church was tidying up among the tombstones.

"How old is it?" I asked, looking up at the square stone tower.

"Ar," he said.

"All right if I go in?"

"Ar," said the gardener.

It has the musty smell of churches all over the world. The benches are plain and hard and worn smooth. Memorial plaques in the walls and brasses in the floor are dated in the seventeenth century, and on one of the doorways is a list of the vicars of the parish, from A.D. 650 to date. There are forty-three vicars in the list, so some of the entries must have been scratched. It made me think of the stories on the society page: "Among those present were... and many others."

Down the road a piece, in Fowlmere, is the Chequers Inn (1675) and The Queen's Head, where a couple of American sergeants were knocking back some of Royston's Fine Ale. One of them was from Texas and the other from New Jersey. I had passed their camp.

It's a deserted camp now. The Nissen huts and the prefabricated shanties are empty, the gravel paths deep in fallen leaves. Most of my countrymen have gone home, but across a ploughed

field is their airdrome, still busy with arrivals and departures of big four-motored bombers wearing the circle of the RAF.

It is flat, monotonous country, like Kansas, but broken up into small fields of the unpleasant vegetables England seems to like so much—cabbage, beets, turnips, rutabaga, and here and there a little winter wheat. When I lived on a farm we used to hack down the Ailanthus trees as soon as they reared their ugly heads. Hereabouts the Ailanthus is used for decoration in cottage gardens. It is the only tree that has a properly-colored autumn leaf.

Italian prisoners work in the fields. It's easy to tell by looking at them that they're thriving on it, and to tell by hearing them call, "Cheer-o," that they've been here some time. Say what you will, the European has something on us when it comes to learning a foreign language. In Italy I learned to say "vino" and "quanto" and "dolice far niente," but the raggedest urchin in Naples was saying "chewn gum" the day after the first G.I. hit town.

One of the sergeants posted a letter outside The Queen's Head as they left. Mailboxes are "pillar boxes" here—red slots in the wall that have faded to pink through the winters. Every new

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I'd rather walk!"



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pillar box that is stuck up bears the insignia of the reigning monarch; all I've seen around here are marked "VR" which I take to mean Victoria Regina. That gives you the idea.

There was a man in the pub telling an interminable, pointless story to his pal. He wore a shapeless cap, and the stud in the neckband of his soiled, collarless shirt bobbed with his Adam's apple.

"Wot I like," he was saying, "is a nice bit o' pork with a nice bit o' rabbit. Not that you get much pork these days."

I choked down the last of the warm, flat beer (golden English ale, my foot!) and said to the barkeep I thought all the Americans had pulled out. He said there were a dozen left in the camp.

"Miss 'em?" I asked him.

"Ar," he said. "Good miss too, if you ask me." Something about our people obviously had upset him. Having heard me speak, he looked me over, but in a raincoat everybody looks alike.

"Jeeps," he said, and the word

was weighted with more disgust than one syllable ever was intended to convey.

It was a good three miles back to Foxton Hall, past the concrete tank obstacles that have not yet been removed; standing aside to let the huge, rattling tank-recovery vehicles splash past to whatever junk pile they are taking the Shermans and the Churchills that have served their purpose; past the Black Boy and the Royal Oak and the Sailor's Return—all looking more like respectable boarding houses than like Ye Olde Village Pub; home through the rain to good old Foxton Hall.

The man from Harley Street was dead right. This place is prac-

tically fresh-air-poor, and you could dredge up the quiet by the bucketful. Wodehouse, now, is something else again. As he himself suggests, his recommendations certainly are to be questioned. Next time I seek the comforts of civilization combined with the restfulness of solitude, I'll take the New York Public Library. #



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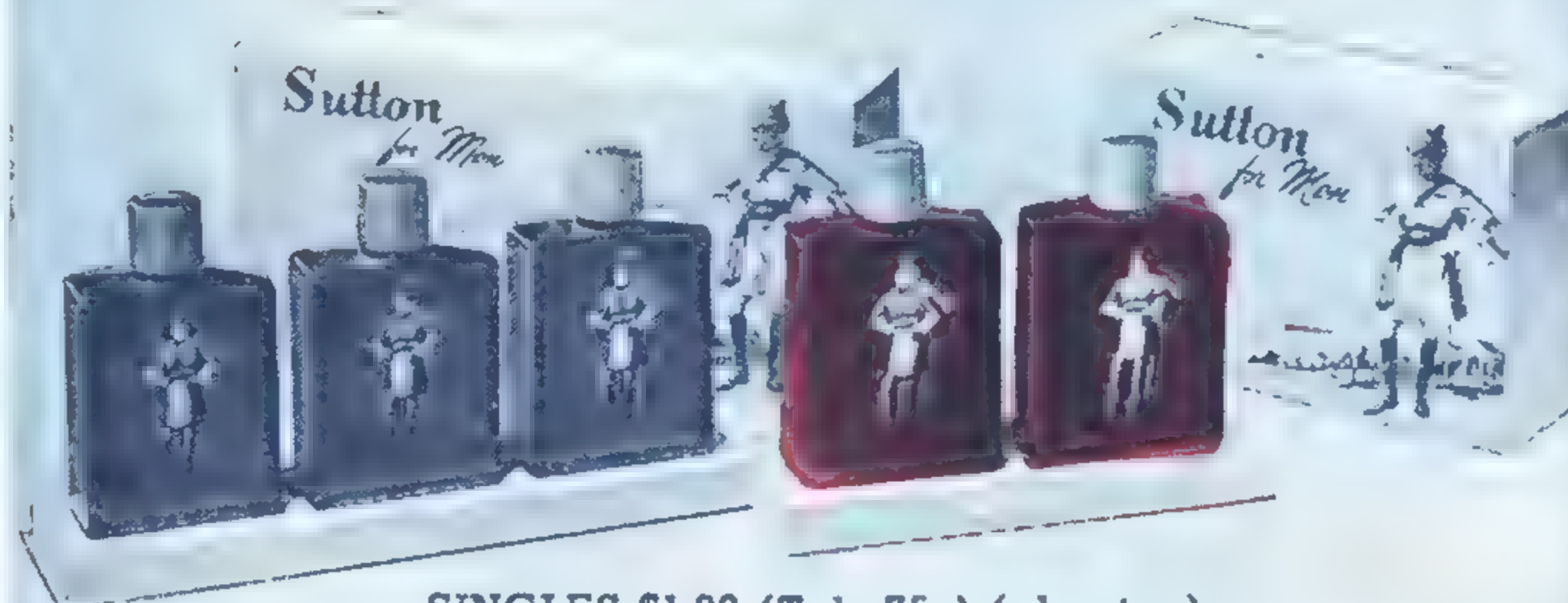


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DUTCH MASTERS

Austin Honey and the Buzzards

Continued from page 99

I'm dead, and it won't be long, I want you to take me up on yon hill by the river above my fish traps and bury me there right on the top of it, out in the field space. And I want you to put me in an open coffin, with the lid off. You hear me?"

"Yes, Austin, we hear you," they said.

"And you'll do what I say!" He made them put their hands on the Bible and swear to it.

"When you've done that," he went on, "and got me there in that open coffin, I want you to build some hard and fast brickwork up over me and around me—pen me in like. Jake there knows what I mean—the way he done Mr. Sexton's front yard wall. Leave cracks between the bricks, you understand me?"

"Yes," said Jake. "You want us to sort of dodge the bricks."

"Yeh, dodge them, that's what I mean," whispered Austin.

"What in the world you want that for?" said Marvin Whittaker, the blacksmith.

"No matter what I want it for," Austin coughed painfully and even angrily, "I want it. And I want the cracks between them bricks big enough so you can look through and see me there lying peaceful-like in my coffin."

"I believe his wits is a-wander-

ing," said old Phinny Barlow, the cow doctor.

"Wits!" wheezed Austin. "You fools, it's the first time in years I've had my wits." He beat the bed with his dying, angry fists.

Soon after that Austin died. And Jake and his friends, even as they had promised, performed the last sad rites for their dead friend. They set him in an open coffin on top of the hill. And a good, stout, interlaced structure of brick was built up over and around him.

The next morning when Jake Mebane looked up towards the hill he saw a single buzzard sitting on the brick mausoleum. And later in the day he noticed a second buzzard had arrived and joined the first, and a flock of them was slowly wheeling in the sky. The following morning there were quite a number of them wandering around on top of the hill. Some were sitting on the lattice-work and others were poking their heads in through the open spaces between the bricks.

But none of them could get at Austin. None at all. And there he lay serene in his open coffin, protected from their reach by the bricks. All day long more buzzards were arriving from every direction. And early in the morning of the third day, the people from the town could see the hill liter-

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ally black with the buzzards.

And then the fun really began. Too bad that Austin couldn't see it. A terrific struggle of buzzard muscle and brawn took place against bricks and concrete. Singly and in pairs and in a flock these great black birds would go after Austin. And then they began to fight among themselves for the privilege of another try at him. They beat their old wrinkled heads bloody against the bricks, they wore the feathers from their raw, bony shoulders. And day and night they kept at it. For a week or two the struggle went on, and all the while more buzzards were arriving on the scene.

In their way they were just as stubborn as Austin had been in his. And as the days went by, the buzzards drooped and sickened by the hundreds. Their frustration and disappointment brought them into nervous prostration and breakdowns. They began to die in droves. Also starvation and efforts at mutual cannibalism took toll of them where they carried on their ceaseless and

futile toil. All over the hill you could see them scattered like great bunches of black rags where they lay dead.

Some said there was no doubt of it at all—Austin soon would have cleaned the birds out of the State of North Carolina and had a final and complete revenge, if the wind hadn't changed. But it did, and began to blow down back towards the town. That was too much for decent folks, and when finally they could stand it no longer, the more hardy and self-respecting ones put wet cloths to their noses and went up to the top of the hill with shovels and mattocks. They raked away the great piles of dead buzzards, tore down the brickwork, closed up the coffin, dug a grave there and put Austin reverently and definitely in it.

And any time now you go along that road, they will point out to you the place where Austin Honey was buried long ago—him that had such a fight with the buzzards. And the name of that hill is Buzzard Hill. ##



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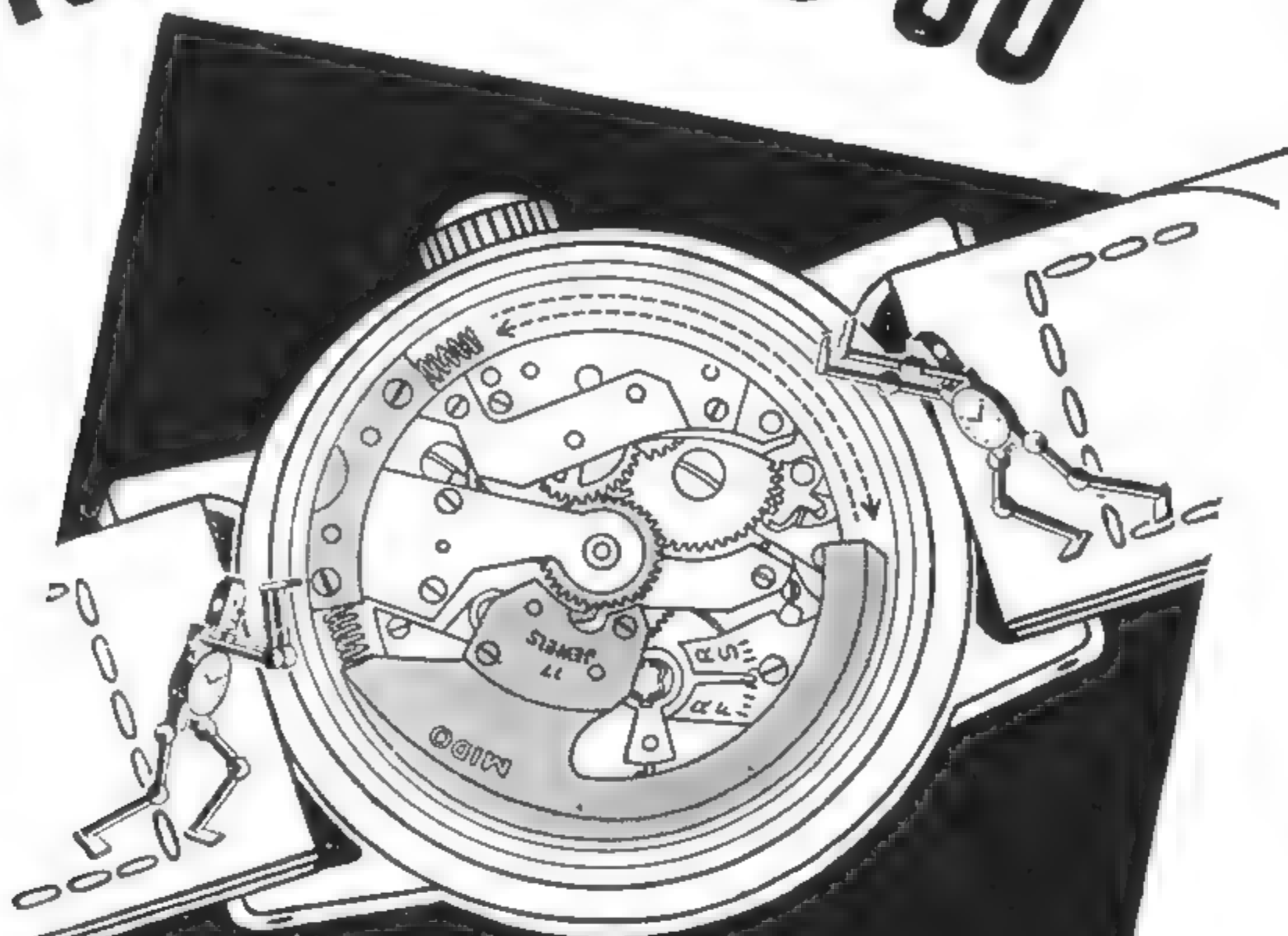
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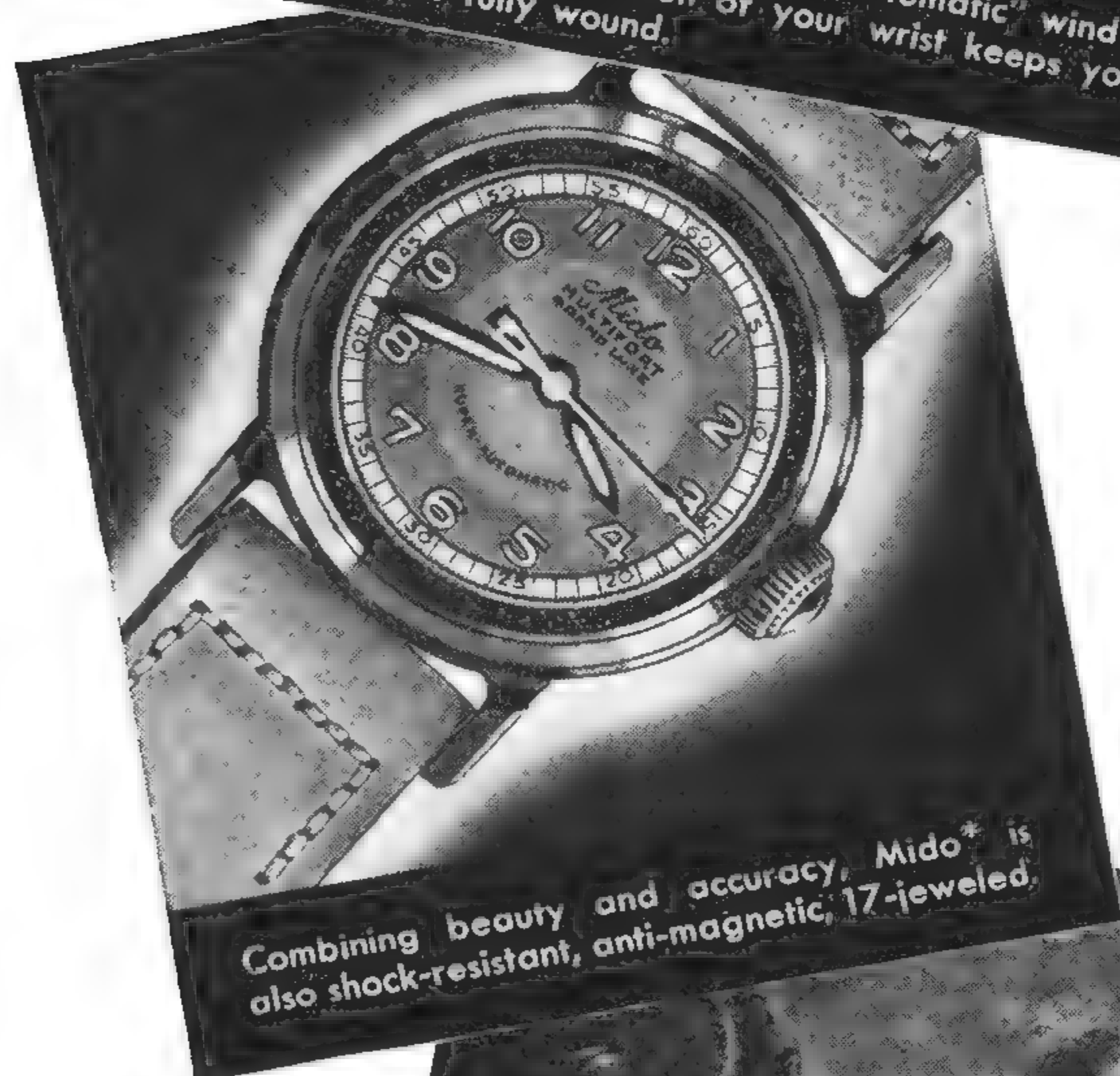
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Concerning Panic and Pixies

Continued from page 90

larity, vaguely similar to Don Quixote's comedy of heartbreak. Charles Laughton never has culled up such laughable horror as Greenstreet invokes when, having murdered because of greed, he plunges out into the traffic to bawl that the guilt is God's.

The Three Strangers combines three fine stories into one fine movie. Geologists have warned that one more embossed scroll or silver-plated loving cup may cause everything in California, south of Santa Barbara, to break off and slide into the ocean. If it were not for this, John Huston (the son of Walter) should receive some award for his script. He sold this yarn to Warner Brothers seven years ago. Shortly thereafter, he wrote the present screen play in collaboration with Howard Koch.

The Huston-Koch script was done with such novelty that the studio immediately called in other authors to rewrite it. This was repeated, during the years that followed, and the story grew steadily worse.

Then a strange thing happened. The producer, Wolfgang Reinhardt, went back to the Huston-Koch original. This amazed Hollywood. Earlier in his career, Mr. Reinhardt had been around during the filming of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, an epic that caused the operators of many Ouija boards to report that Shakespeare was insisting Bacon really must have written Shakespeare. This experience lodged itself in Mr. Reinhardt's memory. After years of fiddling with *The Three Strangers*, some inner voice told him it was safer to leave good writing alone. Warners should put that still, small voice under contract. It has given the studio a hit and a minor masterpiece.

Jean Negulesco's direction orchestrates this varied scenario into an almost flawless piece of movie technique. Negulesco comes from Romania, a small country whose natives soon learn to thrive upon congestion. Perhaps because of this, he displays sure-handed talent in combining three plots, and makes each of the parallel stories in *The Three Strangers* break the pace of the one ahead of it. Greenstreet's heavy comedy counterpoints the feverish intensity of Fitzgerald. Lorre throws a wryly soothing note on both. Even the flat characterization of Miss Fitzgerald's husband is done with deliberate artistry. If he aroused much sympathy, his story would compete with Lorre's.

Negulesco is no plot builder, but he is a superb milker of human values in scenes. Transient expressions on his actors' faces give emotional enrichment the author never thought of. He underscores important story points with a minimum of footage, as when



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Greenstreet phones his broker and casually opens a law book to a chapter dealing with the penalties for fraud. One apprehensive close-up tells the audience all it needs to know in order to understand a long ensuing sequence. By shooting a Chinese idol from slightly different camera angles and with subtly altered lightings, Negulesco makes you wonder if Kwan Yin hasn't—ever so slightly—opened her eyes. It's a picture that will open Hollywood's eyes.

Kwan Yin had nothing to do with M-G-M's *The Harvey Girls*. Queen Mab was the deity presiding. Eastern readers may be surprised to learn that a Harvey Girl is not a female dipsomaniac, accompanied by an invisible rabbit. Out in God's country, she's a waitress working in a Fred Harvey railroad restaurant. These young women headed west, during the eighties, with a platter of corn beef hash in one hand and the Ten Commandments in the other. They were one of the most attractive civilizing influences in western America. Fred hired nice girls and he paid them enough to keep them nice. I've met ranchers who, in their younger days, rode thirty miles through blizzards for the taste of a decent meal and the sight of a decent woman. Sometimes this hunger for wholesomeness forced them to dramatic decisions. A man's heart was really tugging when he left his cattle to the mercy of weather and wolves for a look at the woman who stood behind the roast beef. Here was even better nostalgic material than Sally Benson's stories of the 1904 World's Fair. Everyone expected producer Arthur Freed to use it in creating a greater sentimental success than his phenomenal *Meet Me In St. Louis*.

But, for some reason, the entire production gets aboard the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and departs from human experience. One hit song is about all the picture has to offer. Freed's work has undergone an amazing and alarming change of character. Instead of his usual sure-fire handling of simple human verities, he lets this film strike a smart-aleck attitude and ridicule its subject. The result is something new in movie history—the first western to be anti-masculine. The Zane Grey country never has seemed so zany. Even the Santa Fe screams "Woo-woo!" as it streaks toward the lavender sunset. I know Mr. Freed well enough to know he could not have fathered this concept. But he certainly listened to some questionable advice.

Even such rugged characters as Preston Foster, the villain, and John Hodiak, the hero, seem to be huddling together in the "two shots" as though seeking mutual security. Nothing is forgotten in the effort to make virile Hodiak ridiculous. He is made to fall down in the midst of love scenes. I mean literally. The other westerners, who dance with the girls

Continued on page 182

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Concerning Panic and Pixies

Continued from page 181

during the party sequence, look as though they'd been trapped on a scavenger hunt. Ray Bolger repeats some familiar dancing, and his funny-paper hick is probably the mildest caricature in the picture. A spectator has no way of placing the guilt—but someone involved in the making of *The Harvey Girls* had a penetrating hatred for the male sex.

And it takes a man to really compliment a woman. The girls in *The Harvey Girls* look like sexless manikins. An endless litter of petticoats, corset covers, negligees, toques and peplums clutters the screen, but you'll look in vain for one expression of sincere or understanding femininity. I've seen more womanly charm—and even glamor—behind the counters than there is in this whole condescending picture. The musical numbers are sung with the elaborate deadpanning used by night club mimes to indicate bored elegance. Virginia O'Brien seems to invite the admiration of the audience for the iron will that restrains her from laughing at her own antics. With a very weak will, the average spectator will find he can do the trick himself. Miss Garland, who began her career as a sweetly simple child actress, has waited until after her second marriage to achieve adolescence. In this, her performance is even sillier than her role requires. Every facial movement is done with the show-off nonchalance of a fifth grader riding without the handle bars. The plot concerns a long drawn-out struggle between the waitresses and the tough sirens from the neighborhood dance hall—a conflict containing equal proportions of *hors d'oeuvres* and *hors de combat*. The big emotional moment comes when Miss Garland, the leader of the hash slingers, appeals to Angela Lansbury, the captain of the frail sisterhood, for permission to become a prostitute. This odd request is motivated by true love, Miss Garland having misjudged Mr. Hodiak's tastes in *l'amour* for the moment. But the Harvey system has never served corn like that.

Let's hope that this all is a mistake and that tomorrow will not be a neuter day.

As though to make this wish come true, Clark Gable swaggers back to the screen in another of Metro's new offerings, *Adventure*. In this opus, which seems bound to be the most controversial picture of the season, Clark gets tangled up in mysticism when Thomas Mitchell loses his immortal soul on Powell Street in San Francisco. Despite the precious aspects of this situation, Gable's return to the movies is about the most masculine event to occur since the invention of the Adam's apple. Gable hits the screen with the impact of a live

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bull in a glass menagerie. We meet him as the hard-hitting bosun of a freighter. Mitchell is a half-cracked, half-poetic member of his crew.

Feeling that books may soothe Tom's spiritual itchings, Gable takes him to the public library where Miss Garson, a reference room pundit, comforts the bewildered fellow with a flow of psychoanalytical jargon that informs him he never had a soul. Gable becomes disgusted with both of them, and he voices his displeasure with a few hundred hastily chosen words.

From the ensuing clash of philosophies, a love story develops that has more guts than sachet. With it, producer Sam Zimbalist has provided Metro with a picture cut to the expert pattern of the late Irving Thalberg. This formula made Metro the most prosperous of all film factories and caused Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and Harlow to become stars of legendary drawing power. Thalberg always combined a sex duel with enough thematic importance to give the shipping clerks and stenographers in his audience something to talk about during their noon hours for the next couple of weeks. With this recipe, he literally kept the theatres open and the insolvent public movie conscious during the box-office dog days of 1932-33.

In spite of the clamor of a loud-voiced opposition, I believe Zimbalist has successfully repeated this. *Adventure* starts out by antagonizing the ladies—and any picture that does this had better be good. Jesse Lasky once told me that all successful movies could be called *Her Sacrifice*. But this one dares to be original. It tells love's old sweet story from the man's point of view. Mr. Gable is the first actor to play opposite Miss Garson without seeming to be in a bank asking for a loan. Gable is something more than the conventional stage stallion. The wolf he plays has little fidelity, but considerable tenderness. He looks for something more than compliance in a woman. He really cares for Lina Romy, the girl who waits for him in a South American port. The name of another girl, tattooed on his arm, fills him with appreciative recollections of a companion who was more than a "hot number." But these girls, being weak, couldn't hold him. He understood and liked them—but refused to be tied down.

The story reveals the impact of this aggressive extrovert upon the librarian-heroine who has shielded herself from life's give and take by seeking refuge in an ivory tower of books. James M. Cain once wrote that the only interesting love story is a fight. And he was right. Any audience, including schoolgirls, soon tires of two unmenaced people in a hammock. The librarian is no shallow woman to be dazzled by brawny shoulders and narrow hips. But she is both antagonized and fas-

Continued on page 184



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Concerning Panic and Pixies

Continued from page 183

inated by the brash qualities of the seaman's mind.

Every Hollywood writer, at some time, gives out with this stage direction: "They stand facing each other—trembling with emotion." But he never does it more than once. The players, conscious of their own limitations, always greet it with hoots and catcalls. Love is not the intoxication that gives most actors the shakes. However, the line can be vitalized if the performers are competent enough. We see this when Gable, having stirred Garson out of her protective mental sanctuary into an awareness of her womanhood, proceeds to torture her by blatantly necking her girl friend, Joan Blondell. Finally, when self-respect can take no more of it, Garson turns on him with half-articulate fury. They face each other, sweating and ugly—both rocked simultaneously by passion and antagonism.

It isn't pretty, but for those who can take strong emotion, it resembles the lightning-lit love scenes of the classic drama.

Miss Garson gives herself—without simpering or bargaining, because emotion allows her no choice. Marriage is not a condition of her surrender. She holds a man by being important to him. A hundred butlers have quailed at Miss Garson's arched eyebrows. But with Rhett Butler she uses tactics more direct. She throws rocks at him. Most plots concerning an aggressive man and a noble woman end with the deflated scoundrel crawling home to beg a Gene Stratton Porter forgiveness. But this story was not conceived to provide the greatest goo for the greatest number. At the finish, neither man nor woman has surrendered. But both have extended their egos to include the other.

Philip Merivale, portraying a superannuated Spaniard, endorses this conclusion rather nicely when he says, "I have been married almost a hundred years. My wife and I fight quite often, and each morning we meet with the expectancy and interest of strangers." Such a philosophy of equality may have a limited appeal to wives who consider their husbands elephants, to be managed by such bull-hook phrases as, "You might show a little consideration," or, "You men don't realize." Honesty as the secret weapon in woman's arsenal may strike some female veterans as too drastic a novelty. When *Adventure* was previewed for the national magazines, the M-G-M parking lot rang with the outcries of the critics' little helpers, all urging their husbands to pan the picture. A few of the men, prompted to foolhardiness by Gable's virility, were still holding out when I left.

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to see *Adventure*, just as they thronged to see Jean Harlow—even though they resented her menace. In the battle of the sexes, women always have had the best intelligence service. They're smart enough to analyze the methods of the enemy.

Adventure also has the courage to risk being too sophisticated for the self-proclaimed sophisticates. Zimbalist breaks with the stock screen thought patterns of the past twenty years. Gable's outbursts against the mystical Mitchell and the Freudian Miss Garson make an interesting note on the parallel between medieval soul searching and modern psychoanalysis. Both are preoccupied with something that can't be seen and each tends to turn reality wrong side out. For the glory of God, the men of the Dark Ages rejected the best of God's works. They were afraid to love a landscape for fear that it might be pagan or their wives for fear that it might be lust. To keep from taking pride in his good works, a charitable man mortified his flesh with a hair shirt. Then he worried over whether he was being proud of the shirt.

Our enlightened age has achieved something similar to this. We hold a new mirror up to nature, but, like all mirrors, it sometimes insists that our right hand is our left. Thus we explain all boors by saying they are timid. And no man dares lead a pure life for fear that some Book of the Month Club diagnostician will proclaim him a secret voluptuary. At the writers' tables in Hollywood, brain doctors, without diploma, offhandedly deliver verdicts that would have been considered presumptuous by the Inquisition. Stenographers, who would have trouble directing you to the post office, issue road maps charting the labyrinth of the brain. It has become unfashionable to be caught without a complex.

The great and wise Sigmund Freud sought to cure neurosis when he gave the world psychoanalysis. He no more intended to popularize mental disorder than Louis Pasteur intended to make anthrax the vogue when he experimented on sheep. But the sheep behaved less sheeplike than the human beings. For this we can blame the fiction makers. They found a prop for their plots in the works of Freud and Jung. It was these hacks, and not their masters, who convinced the more socially acceptable morons that, unless they had limping brains, they had no minds at all.

It is the element of self-discipline that the dramatists ignore. If their characters made sensible use of the knowledge Freud has given us, most plays would be over before the curtain rose. An informed person can diagnose the symptoms of a neurotic disorder in himself and in his children about as easily as he can identify the first signs of a cold. If the symptoms are romanticized they'll never be cured. Girls have died

Continued on page 186

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Concerning Panic and Pixies

Continued from page 185

of tuberculosis because they became vain over appearing wan. The works of the psychoanalysts can be as useful as the medicine chest. But to make them a favorite preoccupation is as idiotic as to discard your shoes in order to show off your arch supporters. The war has left psychiatrists with enough real problems. Those with sniffles should try doctoring themselves.

Gable voices a number of such thoughts in *Adventure*. He sees man as the center of his orbit; the master, and not the servant, of his knowledge. The clamorous opposition which this has provoked in critical ranks indicates that we may have reached that disconcerting *fin du cercle* where the Liberals of one generation start acting like the Tories of the next. Men, who have insisted on free speech, take one look at it and start hollering for the thought police. Those who regarded *A Medal for Benny* as mental trail blazing may find *Adventure* particularly infuriating. These gentlemen should realize that intellectual pioneering no longer consists of rehashing prejudices which were current when Sinclair Lewis wrote *Babbitt* in 1922. The national thinking may get a salutary stirring up by this movie extolling the importance of the individual.

After all, twenty-two million, eighteen thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven people voted for Tom Dewey at the last election and, except for one soggy biography of Eddie Rickenbacker, the poor devils have had no movie to comfort them since Shirley Temple sold British Imperialism to the Afghans in *Wee Willie Winkie* way back in 1937. It was about time the opposition got the floor for a few minutes. As Thurman Arnold reminded us so brilliantly a short time ago, democracy has no place for a monopoly of opinion. It profits by an open market in expression.

But in the swapping with the Leftist theatre, *Adventure* sometimes gets stuck with some shopworn proletarian techniques. Occasionally it takes on the tone of a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial read aloud in the voice of Clifford Odets. Gable refers to his quest for some unattainable "It," until you wonder if he'd be satisfied with one of Clara Bow's old phone numbers. And "the Tree" (of knowledge) is mentioned with a frequency that might seem a little overdone in the forestry service on Arbor Day.

I know I'm sticking my neck out on this picture. A man who sprouts opinions like bananas should be wary lest he break his neck upon the skin of one of them. Nevertheless, I'm willing to bet Hedda Hopper a hat that *Adventure* is one of the ten top movie money-makers of 1946. ##

Continued from page 90

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"Portrait of a Texan"

Continued from page 60

and disappear into the Sierra Madres in Mexico to hunt and fish and listen to the tales of his Mexican cronies. He will range northward into Wyoming for a visit or a bear hunt with his friends Marcus Snyder, the cowman, and Bob Yellowtail of the Crows. He is a shrewd judge of Western art.

All this adds up to an unconventional sort of professor, and that is why many of his colleagues are inclined to smile when his scholarship is mentioned. And he, in turn, delights in baiting what he calls the "academicians," who judge a man by the number of degrees he holds.

Dobie's roots in Texas are deep and strong. He was born September 26, 1888, on a small ranch in Live Oak County, Texas, which lies in that vast semi-arid region between San Antonio and the Mexican border. The first schoolhouse in that part of the country was built on the Dobie ranch, and the teacher lived at the Dobie home when Frank was a small boy.

Frank cannot remember when he learned to ride a horse. He caught coyotes and raised orphan birds and animals. He rode calves for sport.

It was here that Dobie first became acquainted with the Mexicans, learned their language and became their friend.

When Dobie was sixteen, his parents sent him to the town of Alice for further schooling. He lived with his maternal grandparents. From his grandfather young Dobie heard tales of catching mustangs, trailing horses to Kansas, buying cattle, and fighting the Yankees.

In 1906, when Frank was eighteen, he went to Southwestern University, at Georgetown. As a student, he did well enough. He recalls that the main thing he got out of Southwestern was a love for poetry and a better insight into literature.

Although homesick for the brush country, he found certain consolations in Georgetown. The first Saturday of each month was horse trading day, and the town would be crowded with people who talked horses. And sometimes the peerless and incredibly homely Booger Red (Tom Privett of San Angelo) would come to town with his famous bronco riding show.

After leaving Southwestern, Dobie tried being a reporter on a newspaper in San Antonio. Then he became a teacher, thinking he could better enjoy poetry that way.

Then he went to New York for two years, attended Columbia University, and went to all the plays he could see. In 1914, he went to the University of Texas as an instructor in English. He was not altogether happy, and sometimes he suspected that a love of literature and an ability

Continued on page 188

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Portrait of a Texan

Continued from page 187

to impart that feeling to others actually might be a handicap to a young man who did not care about the degree of doctor of philosophy.

In 1916 Dobie married Miss Bertha McKee, whom he had met at Southwestern. He gives this small, dark, birdlike woman with the trilling voice much credit for helping him in the years when he was "practicing writing." In 1917, Dobie joined the Field Artillery and served in France as a first lieutenant. He believes the study of mathematics in the Field Artillery put more fiber in his mind than any experience in his entire life.

After the war he returned to Austin, taught another year, became sick of the atmosphere, and quit to go to work for his uncle, a cattle operator. Soon he was bossing a big ranch in LaSalle County. But those were bad years for the cattle business, and sometimes Frank was unable to draw his salary. One day, while listening to a Mexican tell a ghost story, he had a thought that changed the whole current of his life—he would collect stories.

He resumed teaching in the University of Texas and became the leading figure in the Texas Folk-Lore Society. He reached out all over the Southwest for tales—all sorts of tales. His writing became more and more successful.

At length he was given the task, rather vague at first, of teaching a course called Life and Literature of the Southwest. Now he could talk his heart out, range all over the map in his disquisitions, and still have plenty of time for collecting stories from whatever obscure source they might spring.

In the course of these highly productive years Dobie, in addition to his teaching and writing, found time for many things: he would retrace the steps in the career of Ben Lilly, the bear hunter who left his home in Louisiana to shoot a hawk—and never came back; he would sit for hours on the porch of a little house on the outskirts of Lampasas and listen to the foggy memories of the aged Alonzo Mitchell, last survivor of the Horrell-Higgins feud. He made a study of the road runner, or paisano bird, or chaparral cock, and published his findings in a delightful booklet. This is one of his finest pieces of work; here the reader may see the naturalist, the careful reporter, and the eloquent seeker for truth.

But not all of Dobie's time was passed in the search for quaint persons and strange tales. He became the adversary of all who would distort and prettify the history of pioneers. In 1936, the year of the Texas Centennial, out of 6,000,000 dollars allotted by the state and federal governments for various projects in Texas, 100,000



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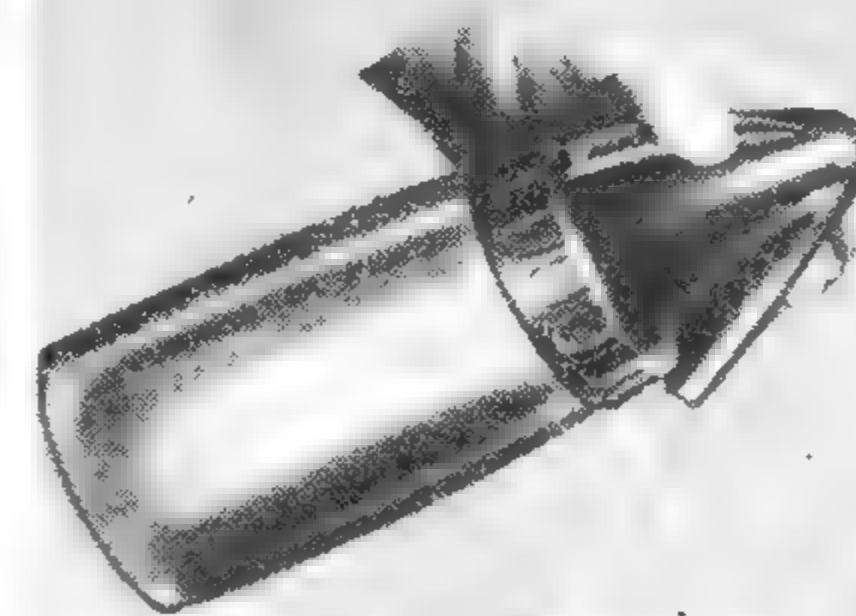
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dollars was set aside for a sculptured monument in honor of the men who died at the Alamo. Pompeo Coppini of New York was selected as the sculptor. When the monument was finally shown, Dobie flew into a bitter rage. He said: "The very idea of a monument to the Alamo, right beside the Alamo, borders on the act of lighting a candle to illumine the sun." He denounced the marble statues of Davy Crockett, William B. Travis, James Bowie and James B. Bonham, the famous defenders of the Alamo.

He had no use for the various symbolical figures. Of the figure representing The Spirit of Texas, he said: "She is as demure as a little mouse, as modest as a chick in an unpipped egg. She is dumb but not beautiful." In an epic fury, he wrote:

"And she is supposed to represent Texas! The Texas that Stephen F. Austin was father of while his colonists planted corn with a stick and, eating the meat of mustang horses, fought Indians on a creek that, because of the Indians, they named Cannibal Creek. The Texas that burly, managing, hating, hated and devotion-inspired Sam Houston led at San Jacinto. The Texas of the Comanches, of Brazos bottoms worked by slaves, of a waterless empire of thorned brush hidden in by the mighty horned Texas cattle, of cowboys, of the vast Staked Plains, of Gulf Coast storms, of Trinity River floods, of the Cross Timbers far in the north, of pine forests where lumber mills were to come, of seas of bluebonnets and oceans of green mesquite leaves, of Galveston Bay with the sun rising over it, of millions of bellowing buffalo bulls, of the Pecos River with Horsehead Crossing on it and Apache-infested Guadalupe Mountains beyond, of Bigfoot Wallace and Strap Buckner, Ben Milam and Paint Caldwell, Iron Jacket and Sam Maverick, of hummingbirds flying around prickly pear flowers and the coyote's long, lone cry on the wind from the south in April, of northerners in January and whirlwinds in August, of droughts and die-ups and ageology waiting for oil wells that could gush out enough black oil to fill up Caddo Lake, where the wisteria festoons cypress trees, of the Guadalupe River running out of cedar hills, of Bandera Pass, the Frio Canyon and Mustang Island, of the missions along the San Antonio River and of log cabins hidden by old Caney, of Brit Bailey's Prairie, where Brit was buried standing up and facing west, of elm leaves in the fall and mesquite grass in the summer. The Republic of Texas, whose men came to call themselves Longhorns—an empire in vastness, compounded of starkness, toughness, loveliness, richness, bleakness and lushness."

This demoniacal cry was futile in a sense, for the offending statue still stands beside the battered, grey stone Alamo.

Of recent years, Dobie has be-

Continued on page 190

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Portrait of a Texan

Continued from page 189

come increasingly bitter in his philippics. Some of his enemies say he is inclined to see a fascist under every mesquite bush. He once said that, notwithstanding all its wealth and resources, "Texas has not yet produced a poet, artist, thinker, humanitarian or statesman to be ranked as a great American." Possibly his statement was a little too broad. Alluding again to the wealth of Texas, he has reminded the people that a tutor in the University of Texas, with a family, draws only 1,350 dollars a year. He has deplored the low standing of the Texas educational system: "In too many towns and cities of Texas the school superintendent is a small-time politician with a big cigar and a big handshake, afraid of big taxpayers and afraid of any teacher with ideas."

Dobie has accused those in control of the state institutions of learning as being actively hostile to liberal ideas, though he has admitted that, at least until recently, the University of Texas was the freest of them all. He fears corporation dominance of Texas affairs, and in particular he suspects the oil interests. He has grumbled because Texas has no state income tax.

When the ex-Kansan, "Pappy" W. Lee O'Daniel, was running for the United States Senate, Dobie threw himself into the fight with all his energies, supporting former Governor Dan Moody in the first primary. He wrote much, made a few speeches, and was in frequent conference with those who were doing their best to stop Pappy. Alas, that best was not quite good enough, and O'Daniel squeezed through to victory.

A year later, mulling over the matter, Dobie said of this campaign:

"Last year the fighting Texans elected to the United States Senate the most isolationist reactionary they have ever sent to Washington. The rich voted for him because they could depend upon him to fight Roosevelt and throw monkey wrenches into the New Deal. The poor voted for him because he had passed the biscuits—though they forgot that he had tried to pass a sales tax, for which the oil millionaires loved him. The people in between the rich and the poor voted for him because, as they said, 'He's such a good man.' He always advertised where he would go to church, and he joined a church as soon as he was elected governor."

If he buckled down to the job, Dobie as a pamphleteer might remind many persons of Tom Paine, one of his particular heroes. No one should get the idea, however, that here is a wild man or a revolutionist. Far from it. His political and economic philosophy may still be somewhat unformed and fluid, but he is certainly a moderate. It is not his ideas (they are not markedly unusual) which

What do you know about-



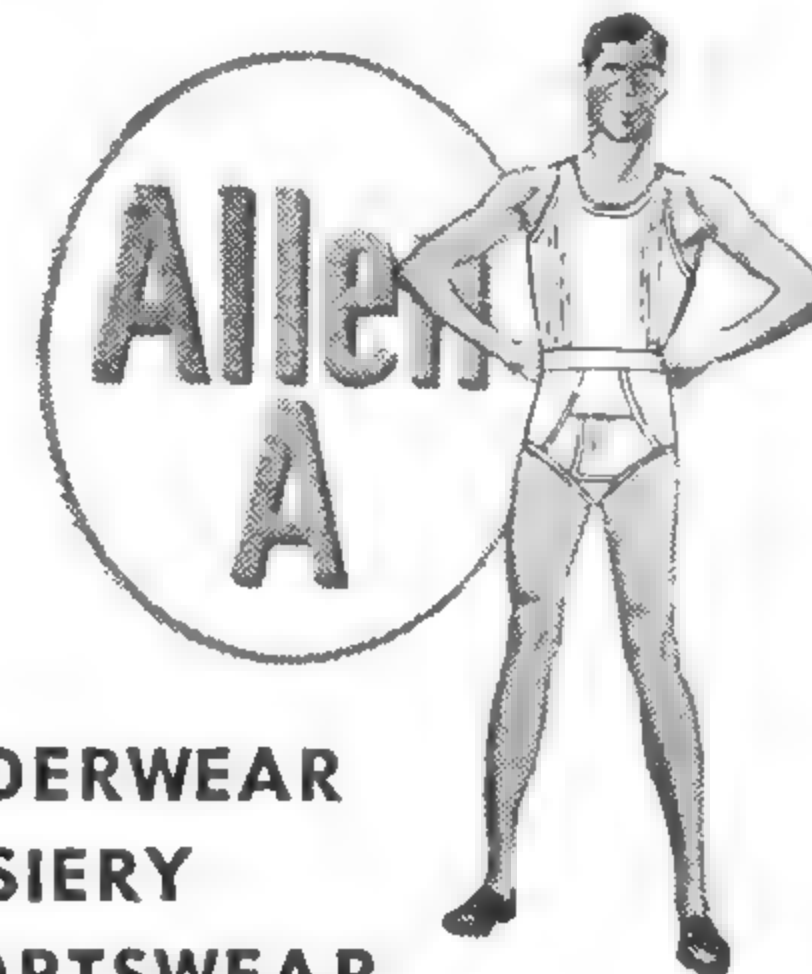
A Captain K...?

Kidd. Deep inside, this man wasn't a murderous pirate at all. Just happened he was inside some murderous, scratchy 17th century underwear. Made him irritable.

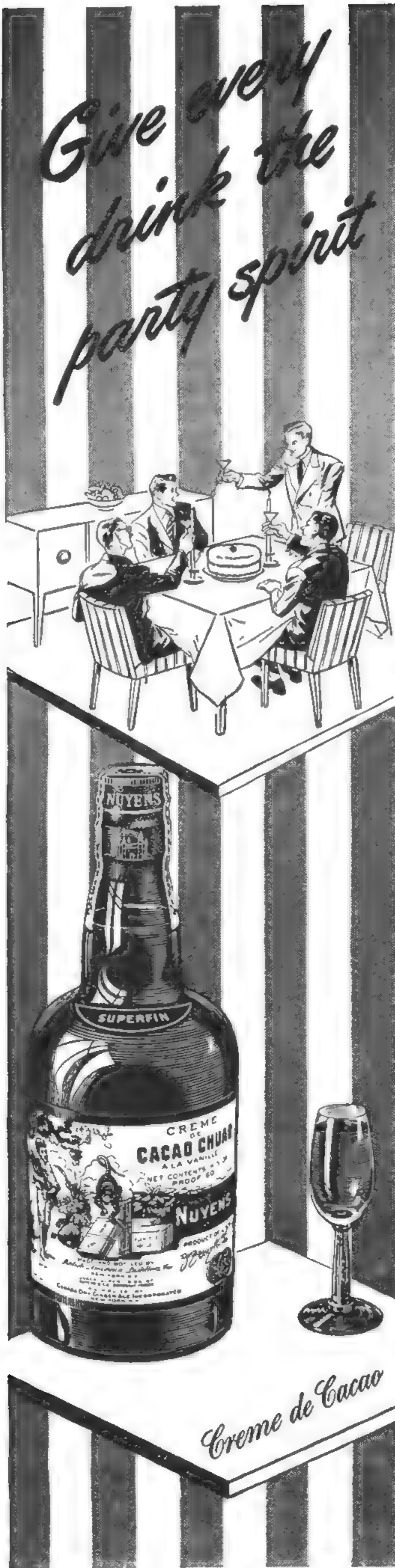


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frighten the Pharisees and the Bourbons, but his courageous habit of speaking the blunt truth in burning phrases, his contempt for predatory ignorance, and his fundamental respect for civilization.

In the course of his year in England he found much to admire: the English traditions, the people's lack of hysteria, and the surprisingly large number of persons, including young persons, who had formed the habit of thinking.

For saying all this, he has been called excessively pro-British by his enemies, some of whom have accused him of having been "taken in" by the clever sons and daughters of perfidious old Albion.

Late in the Summer of 1945 Dobie received another summons to England, this time to teach in one of the schools set up for American servicemen. The University of Texas extended his leave, and again he flew to England. I think he was glad to go again, and a bit relieved.

One evening, the week before he went back to England, he and I sat for a long time in his backyard on Waller Creek. Dobie was not talking much, but he said this:

"I still think that any civilization that's individual comes out of cultivating the culture natural to a people. I have grown so sick of jingoistic provincialism, the most ignorant isolationism, that I never expect to advocate anything purely Texas again."

I cannot predict his course. He is not as agile as he used to be, but he comes of a hardy and long-lived people.

Whatever he does, he is sure to remain the scourge of pipsqueaks, a spur to the backward, and a cocklebur under the tails of the slothful.

One may be sure that in whatever company he may be, in whatever joust he may choose to engage, and whether he is right or wrong, the people will know that a man has been among those present. He has come out of his rich experience a full-grown person who, though plagued by the uncertainties that afflict us all, is afraid neither to laugh nor to fight.

I have known him a long time. Such words as dignity and courage and simplicity and civilization are bent to many whims. He knows what they mean. Is there anything fantastic about Dobie reading Keats beside a fire of mesquite embers after a meal of beans and barbecued goat, with his pipe sagging in his out-thrust jaw, and the wail of the coyote coming over the prairie with its faint sadness and idiotic challenge?

Forgive me, my friends of the Wall Street gulches and the literary teas, but I see nothing wrong with it. What I am driving at is this: the gentleman has all the earmarks of the real thing. ‡

Continued from page 60

distinctly masculine
decidedly correct



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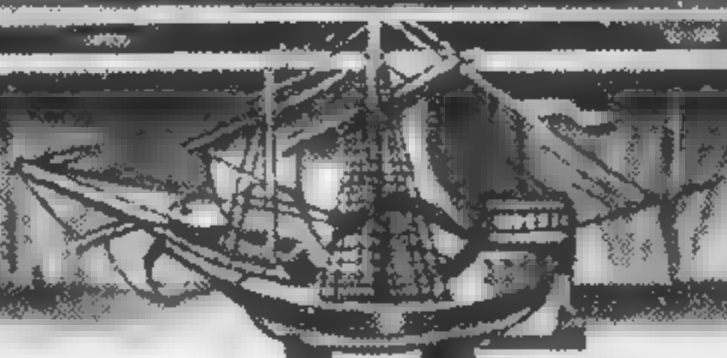
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I Give You Jack Paar

Continued from page 75

do. He did not use the pipe as a prop, as another comic might handle a cigar, or a fiddle, or a cane. He just came out smoking, and all of a sudden the impression on the New Caledonian shore was that MOB 107 was his private parlor and we'd all been invited over to do some talking and have some laughs. And the laughs started coming pretty fast.

"Good evening," he said. "It's nice to be here tonight among friends. Friendship is a wonderful thing, or in the words of that great Chinese philosopher, Leo Durocher, 'Gloinkle on the fleedistass,' which means, 'I don't know whether I would rather have a commission or be a second lieutenant.'"

Corn? Perhaps. But corn is where you plant it, and it ain't corn if it makes wounded men laugh. This show in New Caledonia tonight—this is the first time any of these enlisted men assembled at MOB 107 have heard such a remark made about officers while officers are present—and the laughter is like an explosion. I suppose a good deal of it is caused by out-and-out shock. A sergeant taking a crack at the officers? It's hard to believe, at first. A kid with a leg in splints turns to a kid with one hand. "Jeez, Joey—you hear that?" Joey says, "Holy—I never..." and he slaps his good hand on his thigh and leans forward. Paar continues in a very matter-of-fact voice.

"You know a second looie is just a dressed-up corporal who wishes he was as important as the first sergeant."

Paar's face, of course, is imperturbable. It's a good-looking baby face, and the rest of it is not in the least amused by what the mouth is saying. I suppose that also accounts for some of the laughter. He goes on and on, like that pesky brook in somebody's poem.

"I understand there are absolutely no officers present this evening. Pay no attention to those boys in the fifth row... they happen to be a convention of Air Raid Wardens."

The officers in the fifth row take that one a little self-consciously, but the men in all the other rows are howling. Oh brother—is this good! I ask you to remember the one overwhelming fact about all this: One of the most serious of all offenses is to insult an officer. Keep that in mind.

"The reason I like to have these heart-to-heart talks with the troops is that I want the officers to realize that we're all in the same boat... only I'm tired of doing all the rowing."

Now I realize that Jack's stuff is not exactly sensational when it's set down this way in print. It's not funny unless you've been

*"There Is
Something
Better in
SHAVING..."*



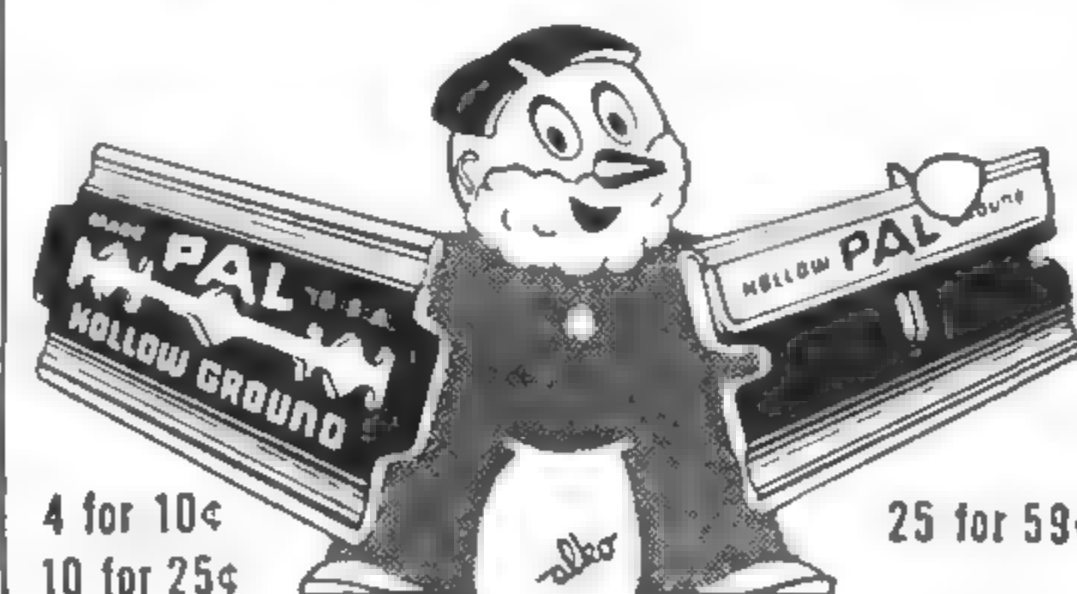
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an enlisted man overseas for a couple of years, and you're sick and tired, and you're sitting in an improvised theatre hearing him deliver his own lines. But then, I'm not putting this stuff down because I expect you to laugh your head off. I just want to give you some small sense of the guy's irreverence.

"Soon our day will come, men. Someday we'll all go home and be free again. We'll join the American Legion and carry on the great and noble traditions of the American Legion. We'll goose old ladies and throw toilet paper out of hotel windows..."

"Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine... there isn't a thing he wouldn't do for me that I wouldn't do for him. And that's the way it's been for the past five years—we haven't done a damn thing for each other... I suppose I shouldn't talk about officers so much. Some try, a few are sincere—and—what the hell—there's a few who know what they're doing."

And thus it goes, on and on, a steady rhythmic flow from the baby face—jawing at the same thing with every sentence: Officers, Officers, Officers. He chops them down, tears them apart, chews them up fine. Of course the enlisted men are tickled to death, but the wonder of it is that after a while the officers laugh, too. They sit there and take it, and laugh. Paar is funny, and Paar is likable, and therefore it's impossible to get mad at him, and I know now why he became a demigod among the men he entertained in the Pacific.

He is one of the few G.I.s who spoke out the gripes and groans the men themselves could never express. He did it with humor, and he did it with finesse. "Don't forget," he told me, "I don't go out there to make 'em sore. I go out to make 'em laugh. There's no rule or regulation that says a general can't be as lonely and unhappy as a pfe. I like to make the general laugh, too, even if he has to laugh at himself." Sometimes he got into trouble for laying it on too thickly. Sometimes they made him take out some of the lines, and sometimes he had to apologize, but he persisted and he managed to get away with most of it. When he got up there in front of a bunch of grimy Joes and let himself go, he was suddenly a kind of White Hope. He was Sad Sack suddenly become a Sacred Cow with the special privilege of kicking the general in the pants. In his way, I suppose, he was every unknown soldier's wish fulfillment.

I've been getting letters from Jack over the months since I saw him in New Caledonia, and I've been piecing his story together.

He's twenty-eight years old. Before the war he'd been a radio announcer in Cleveland and Buffalo. Then came greetings from Uncle Sam, and Paar had to put down the mike and put on a uni-

Continued on page 194

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WUNDER WHY he doesn't do something about it. He'd have really nice hair! Dry Scalp makes it so dull and lifeless... and almost impossible to comb. My... loose dandruff, too. Somebody ought to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Wonder if I dare..."

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keep Dry Scalp away



SAME MAN, SAME HAIR... but look! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Five drops a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. Loose dandruff and that tight, itchy feeling disappear. Your hair is easy to comb, and it keeps that natural, just-combed look. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

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Victory BondsBrewed and Bottled by BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY
Burlington, Wisconsin**I Give You
Jack Paar**

Continued from page 193

form. He told me about the beginning of the whole thing in one of his letters. "One hour after I had my uniform on, I was asked to say a few words about the Army at an officers' club. So I got up and told them that the club reminded me of 'a big tent show with rules.' That got around, and the next thing I knew I was being sent to Washington with two colonels to be toastmaster at a banquet for three generals. Me—a private telling those guys off! It was all very American, basically. And sweet and clean, I think. I got a lot of laughs and it went well, and so I was sent all around the East in little Army units to entertain the troops. Then I was attached to the 28th Special Service outfit. It's an infantry company, technically. We'd train all day and give shows at night. Our mission was morale in the field."

The 28th was composed of a band led by Sergeant Vince Lisi of New York. It had a couple of singers named Mike Strange and Harold Crawford, and an old-timer named Al Helwig who'd been a clown with Ringling Brothers. The men in the band had all come out of big-name bands. Three of them were from Louis Prima's old bunch.

The 28th sailed from New York through the Panama Canal to Guadalcanal. The trip took forty-two days, one of the longest troop transport trips on record, and, according to survivors, one of the most harrowing. Jack has written me about that, too. "The food was impossible . . . two meals a day after waiting in line for hours, water up to our ankles, then we had to stand up to eat. The officers' meals were served at a table, three times a day, pies, cakes, et cetera. Actually, I went around begging for food like a bum. One day a Jap submarine, so they said, took a shot at us. Morale was low, the men were hungry and frightened, and I was a little moody myself. They asked me to do a show that night for the men. I got up in a lifeboat, took a microphone, and my opening line was: 'Your attention, please, the captain has asked me to tell you that there was a Jap submarine after us this afternoon. Unfortunately, the Navy gunners drove the sub off—unfortunately because that sub was trying to bring us food.'

"After that," Jack swears, "the food was better . . . and some of the decent officers used to steal food from their third meal and bring it out on deck to the men."

They got to Guadalcanal. The 28th really went to work, and then it started—the Paar legend I mean. There was the band, a really first-rate band, playing hot jazz tunes. There was the singing of Crawford and Strange, and the juggling and clowning of Al Helwig. And weaving in and out of

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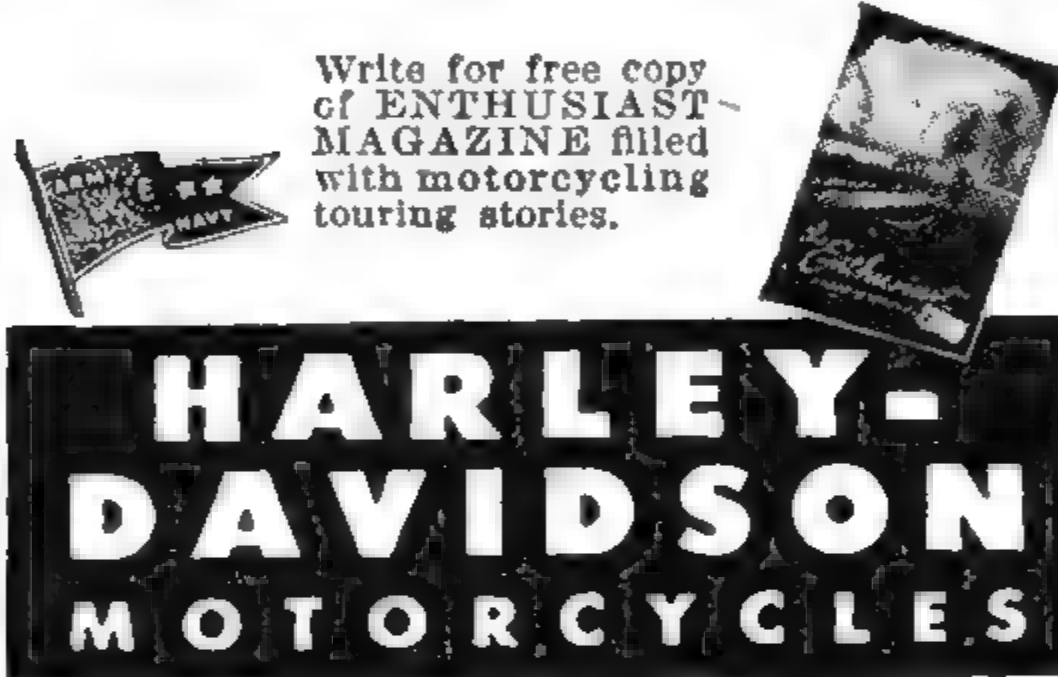
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all this was Paar playing Peck's Bad Boy, making cracks out loud that every enlisted man had dreamed of making. The legend of the 28th was built on good music, good singing, good clowning, and Jack Paar's nerve.

To a lieutenant who kept talking out loud all during one of the shows, Jack turned and said, "Lieutenant, a man with your I.Q. should have a low voice, too." Once he turned to the colonel in charge of the base and told him the unit was going to award him "the Purple Skronk," because he had had athlete's foot before Pearl Harbor. Another time he opened a show by addressing himself directly to the commanding officer; "My dear sir," he said, "and you are none of the three." They made him take that one out, so he changed it. "On behalf of the admiral," he said, "and I wish I was half of the admiral..." For some reason, they let that go by.

He kept his hooks out for the Base Command men who used to sit way back from the front lines. "The only way you'll ever get the Purple Heart," he told them, "is if you get caught between two desks coming together." To a noisy captain in a Base Command he said, "You want to be quiet or I'll take your shovel away and you won't have any fun at the beach tomorrow."

Once he pointed to an Army colonel down in the front row and said, "I understand the colonel here shaves with a straight razor. He likes to live dangerously."

He'd look up at the officers' seats and say, "I see the Scout Master section is full tonight."

There was a time when three girls from a USO troupe joined the 28th. The result was something akin to riot. The officers would line up outside the dressing rooms six deep after the show and howl for dates. Jack got up before one of these shows and said, "I don't mind you officers coming back to see the girls. I don't even mind you rushing back, but would you kindly refrain from tripping the enlisted men?" It worked.

His gall was absolutely monumental. To the officers he'd say, "Should any of you be offended by my remarks tonight, and complain to the general, may I give you a friendly tip? General Barnett is an old, old friend of mine. You will only be embarrassed, possibly broken."

The show went on and on, getting warmed up. It went all through the Solomons for twenty months. It touched at places the geography books neglect, but the sand ticks and the heat certainly do not, and Paar made the men laugh. They covered a circuit that made the old Chautauqua look like a trunk line, not Memphis to St. Jo—but Lingga to Suva, Munda down to New Cal. Jack called it "Fungus Vaudeville." They made one-day and one-night stands, giving one, two, three shows a day. They played in hospitals, on the air, on ships, on the beaches, and once they gave

Continued on page 196

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I Give You Jack Paar

Continued from page 195

an impromptu show in a plane over the Fiji Islands. They played to New Zealanders, Australians and all the American services. The show was clean. Jack was in charge of the unit and he laid his credo down at the very beginning.

"I dislike bedroom scenes, burlesque bits, spitting water routines, and I forbid 'men dressed as women' acts. Everybody does them and they stink. We present straight entertainment, with no garbage improvisation or corn—I hope." They followed and preceded stars like Benny, Hope and Jack Carson, and the reviews in the Army papers gave them the edge over everything that had ever played out there. The 28th got a Unit Citation, and a Meritorious Service award, and they played to over a million men.

Paar wrote all his own stuff. The USO boys would try to convulse the men with remarks about rationing and streetcars and horse races—then they'd look perturbed when the laughter wasn't exactly uproarious. Jack explained that one to me. "You know, we don't have streetcars or horse racing in the Solomon Islands. All we have is officers and homesickness, so that's what I talk about." That was why his little troupe could follow the biggest Hollywood stars the USO had to send, and lay them in the aisles where the glamor boys and girls laid eggs. He spoke the lingo. He was one of them. He said all the things they wanted to say, and the 28th successfully completed its mission: it bolstered the morale in the field.

It's over now. The 28th has been broken up. The men are waiting to come home. Jack's letters these days have a plaintive wail. "When I left the United States the bobby-soxers were swooning over Singing Sam, and Daniel Boone was working for I. J. Fox. But I just figured up my points and I guess I'll be home right after the Japanese corporals."

I hope he gets back sooner than that because I have a hunch that Jack is going to do pretty well in the land of the free. He's got more style than any six m.c.'s I can name offhand. He's been out there for two years getting himself washed in the blood and adding edge and temper to his humor, the kind of touch he never could have developed back home in Buffalo. He's got all that on the ball, but best of all he talks a language ten million other men have learned to talk in the past five years. And if some smart producer doesn't heed my words, and grab him off in a hurry, I think I'll take a piece of the guy myself and do some managing on my own. If he gives me only a fair shake, say two per cent, I still figure to make a million. ##

Continued from page 75



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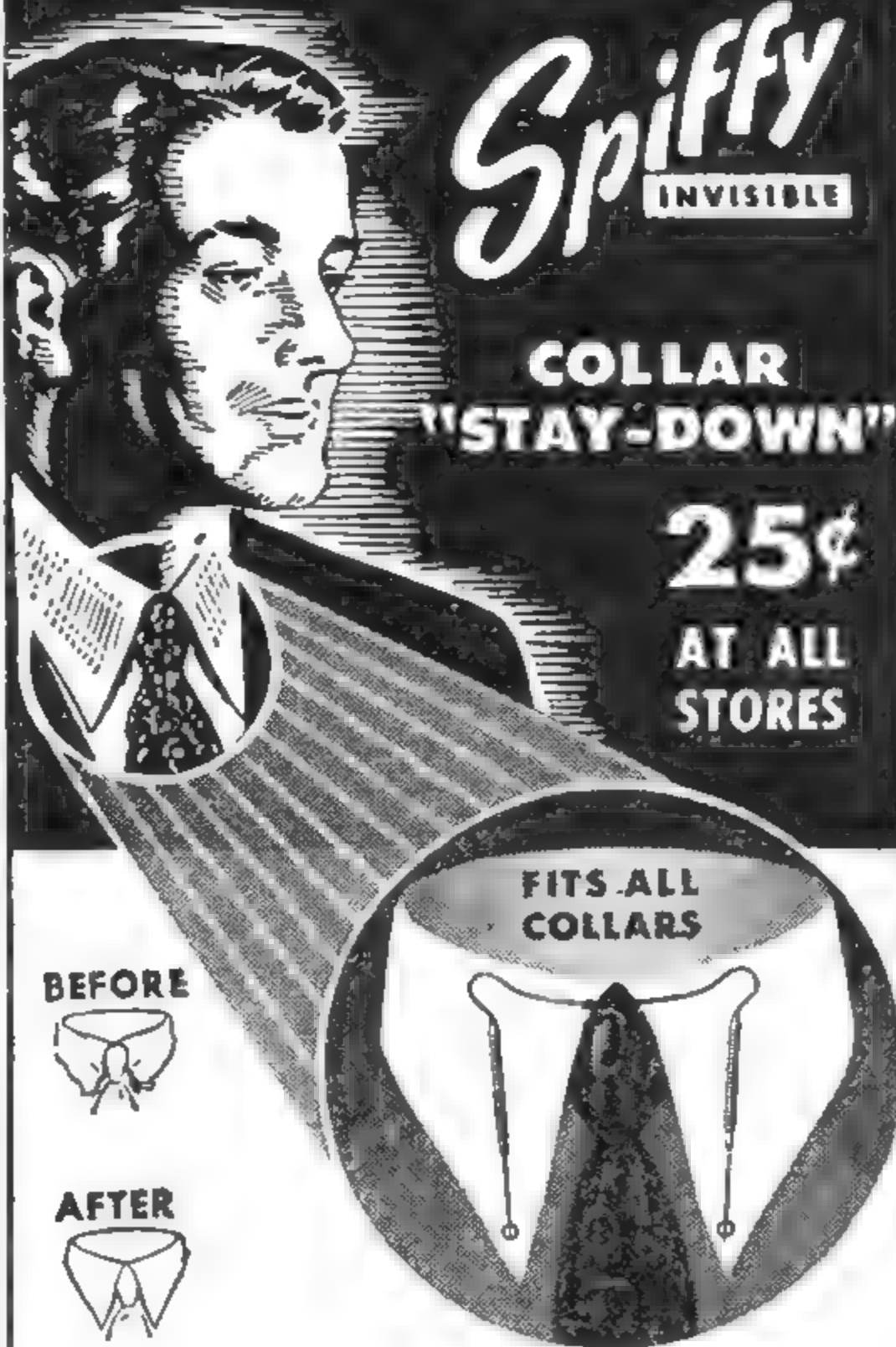
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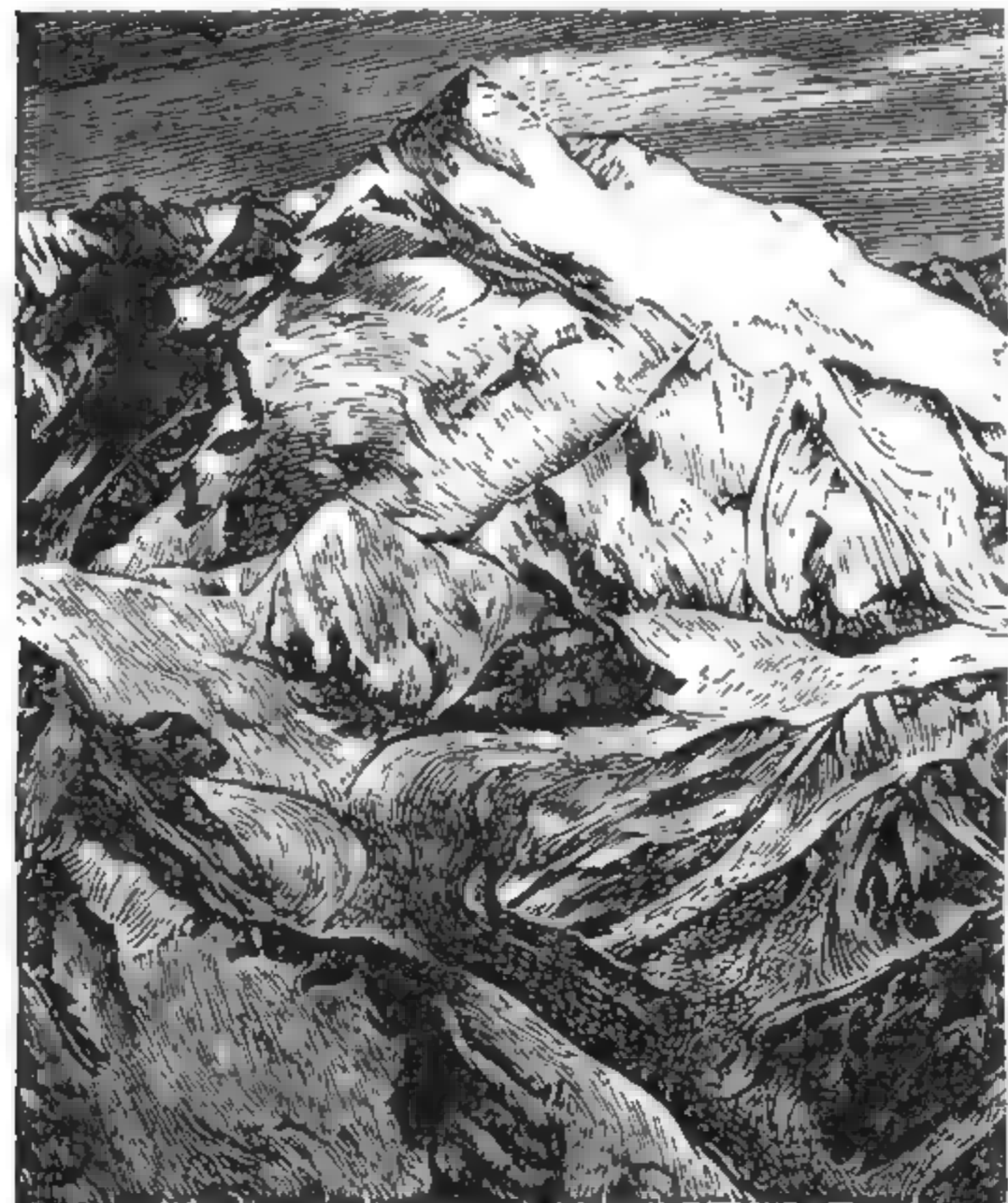
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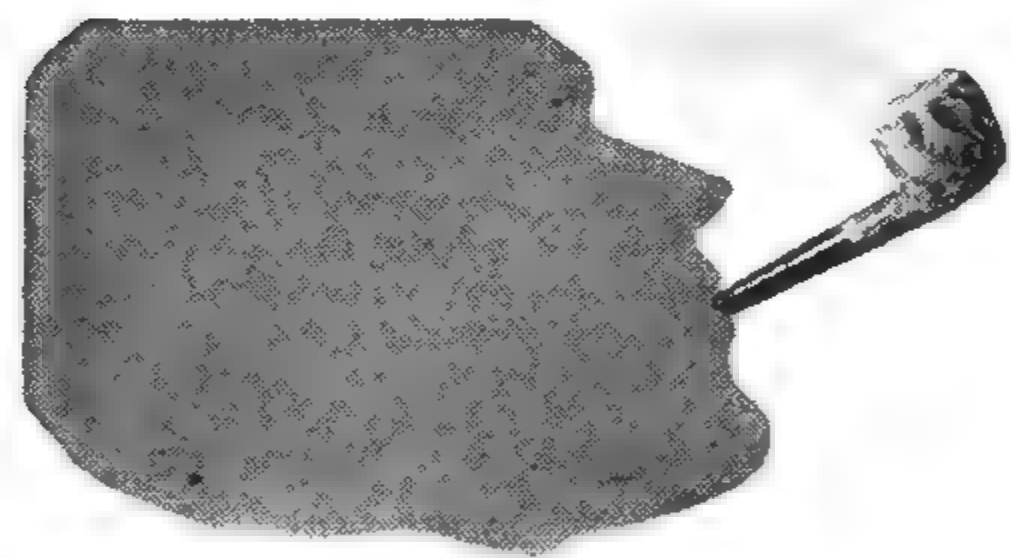
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Painter with a Punch

Continued from page 84

like of which will never be seen again. Prohibition, speakeasies, raffish night clubs, gangsters, bum liquor, money to burn, million-dollar prizefights. The Big Street was a welter of thugs, pimps, chorus cuties, night club stars, bootleggers, beer barons, and the queer atmosphere of warmth and excitement that hangs about rascals. And through it all, the rip-roaring, fight-for-fun guy, Mickey Walker was a two-time champion, and if you could just get a stenotypist behind a screen and let Mickey talk about his experiences and adventures in those days when he was battling, drinking and loving al-fresco, you would have the damndest best book you ever read about an era and the wacks who lived through it.

There is for instance the story of the great love that sprang up between Mickey Walker and Harry Greb. It has been written before and better by Quent Reynolds, but I am going to tell it again because I love it.

Mickey Walker actually thought he could lick Greb, the greatest middleweight that ever drew on a glove. But then Mickey thought he could whip Jack Dempsey if ever given the chance. So in 1925 they fixed up a fifteen-round match for charity between Greb and Walker at one of the ball parks in New York. I broadcast that match. Greb gave Walker an unholy shellacking. There were those at the ringside who claimed to have heard Walker beg Greb in the, for him, tortured and rocky fifteenth round, "Don't knock me out, Harry," and Greb didn't or couldn't. Maybe that was where Mickey's affection began.

Anyway, it was one whale of a fight, and some seventy-five thousand people were crammed into the ball yard to see it. Well, afterwards, Mike had a date with a blonde in Billy Lalliff's tavern on 48th Street, where the sporting crowd congregated, and Kearns was chaperoning her at the rendezvous until Walker could get his face somewhat reassembled after the surgical job performed by Harry Greb's unorthodox punches.

So it is going on towards one o'clock when Mickey marches into the tavern, and somebody at the famous corner table on the left says, "Hi there, Mickey!" Walker has to slew his head all the way around on his neck to see who it is, on account of his left eye being closed tighter than a bank vault after five o'clock, and who should it be but Harry Greb accompanied by four broads, that number being one under par for Harry.

Greb says, "Hi, Mickey. Sit down and have a beer," which Mickey does. They have never met before this, and two hours

Continued on page 198



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Painter with a Punch

Continued from page 197

before they were trying to kill one another in the ring before seventy-five thousand folks, and Mickey told me that they really meant kill. It was that kind of a fight.

Whereupon they proceed to discover one another in one of those odd crushes that fighting men can get on one another. Love burgeoned, just like between a couple of kids. They never mention the fight, but everything else goes on the agenda, things they have in common, friends, necktie colors, favorite saloons and barkeeps, dolls, places, things, experiences, for hours. They have seventeen bottles of ale apiece and still don't run out of conversation or the thrill of discovering one another.

The four babes in the meantime have left, figuring their services will no longer be required, Kearns and Mickey's doll have blown, it is four o'clock in the morning, the tavern is empty except for the two prizefighters, the lights are being put out, and the waiter has been coughing for twenty minutes at their elbows.

So then they are out in the street on a warm July morning, tight as ticks and happy as summer larks and in need of some place to carry on the delightful conversation. Mickey suggests Billy Duffy's Silver Slipper, so they get in a cab and repair thither, disembarking at the joint arm in arm in the presence of the doorman, the cab driver, a weary policeman and a passerby.

And for the first time, Mickey thinks of the fight, looks at his new pal and says, "You wouldn't lick me tonight except you stuck your thumb in my eye," to which Greb replies sweetly, "Why you little Irish bastard, I could lick you with no arms," and begins to remove his coat, at which Mickey hauls off and pastes him one on the kisser that lifts Greb clean off his feet and halfway back into the cab. It doesn't drop him though, and he comes out fighting, after he gets his arms untangled from his coat.

And there they stand, those two glorious idiots, and for four nighthawks and for nothing, put on the second edition of the half-million dollar Greb-Walker fight on the pavement outside Billy Duffy's Silver Slipper. The policeman watches himself about thirty-five thousand dollars worth of it before he breaks it up, stuffs them into separate cabs and instructs the drivers to go in opposite directions.

The night, however, is not yet over. Back in his hotel, Mickey suddenly bethinks himself of the doll with whom he had a date and Kearns who was chaperoning her, only now he begins to worry that Kearns is doing more than chaperoning, and so he starts to call up all the traps that he knows are open all night to see if he can

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locate Kearns, the doll or his peace of mind, and the third or fourth one he calls, the guy at the other end says:

"Nah, Kearns ain't around, but wait a minute, there's a friend of yours here wants to talk to you."

Sure. It's Greb again, and they fall to abusing one another over the telephone and boasting what they will do to one another the next time they meet, until they start laughing and Greb says, "Ah, forget it Mickey. Come on down here. There's a couple of babes wanna meet you."

So Mickey climbs into another cab and goes down to the joint and he and Harry shake hands, and they never fought again, because they loved one another and it stuck. They just agreed they would never fight one another for any kind of money. Mickey turned down 100,000 dollars for a return match with Greb.

Those were times. Or you ought to get Mickey to tell you about the time he knocked out Tommy Milligan in London, and took his first drink of hard liquor, and got roaring drunk and stayed that way for five days. And how he wanted to go to Ireland to see the old folks and the Ould Sod, and Kearns ordered Good Time Charley Friedman to buy the tickets for Ireland, which Friedman did except that he had met a French doll on the boat coming over to England who gave him her address, so he bought tickets across the Channel to France instead. And Mickey, who had no way of telling which way he was going, made a speech at Calais to what he thought were his relatives when the boat docked and was in Paris for three days under the impression he was in Dublin, and nobody dared tell him, and even when they did he wasn't convinced, because when he heard the natives speaking French he thought it was Gaelic.

Roaring, riotous golden days with money to burn, and money was something Walker never cared about. It was fighting he loved. He told me so in the quiet, dark, old house in Cranford. He said he never regretted being a fighter and if he had his life to live over, he'd be a fighter again. He loved that spotlight and the roar of the big crowd and the thrill of toe-to-toe battle with every eye focused on him.

Every man alive, of his own weight or over, was a challenge to him. A violent extrovert, the excitement of testing himself against another was meat, drink and life to him. Sure, he said he used to be scared when he climbed into the ring, but he liked being scared that way. And then only his opponent and the referee and himself were beneath the arc lights, and out in the blackness behind the glowing cigarette butts the crowd waiting to scream its acclaim to him, and he would size the other guy up with a glance while the arbiter mumbled the instructions, and then the bell

Continued on page 200



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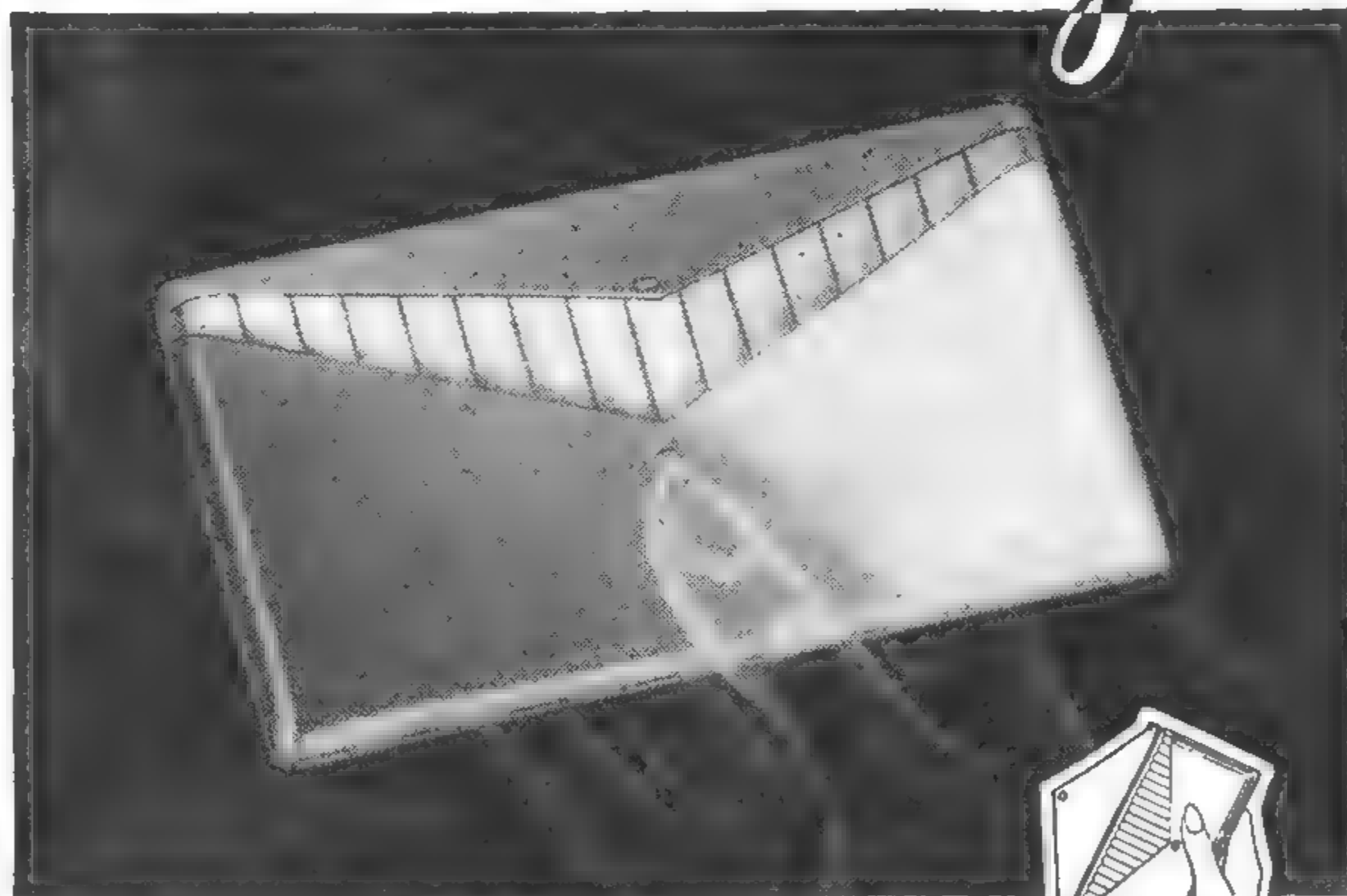
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Painter with a Punch

Continued from page 199

would release all those pent-up things inside him, and the real fun would begin.

The love of the game, the center spot, the adulation that came with being champion, the pure delight in fighting, kept Mickey in the ring fighting heavyweights after his day was done. In 1932 Max Schmeling knocked him out in eight rounds. From then on, he lost almost as many as he won. On December 3, 1935, Eric Seelig, a mediocre heavyweight, knocked Walker out in the seventh round and Mickey hung up his gloves for the last time and, with a great emptiness in his being and a hurt in his heart withdrew from the spotlight into the shadows of the ex-great, ex-fighter, ex-champion.

A couple of years later he went on the wagon and stayed there. He was married to a sweet girl, Clara, a blonde beauty who once had been a textile designer and had worked in monochrome water colors, but who gave it up when she became Mickey's wife. Looking after a restless man, whose life work was done at the age of thirty-four, was a full-time job. And there was a baby. And I guess Mike was slowly going nuts not knowing what to do with himself.

He had a joint in Elizabeth he had bought with money salvaged from what remained of his ring earnings, a combination saloon and night club ironically named "Mickey Walker's Salon." Occasionally his name would make the news when the old truculences welled up again and he would punch the liver out of some big, tough, fresh loogan, but it didn't happen often enough to keep him happy.

And people were beginning to forget the Toy Bulldog, the Elizabeth Terror, Mickey Walker. Time became an unbearable load upon his hands.

And so one day four or five years ago, Mickey and Clara went to a movie together and the picture was George Sanders in *The Moon and Sixpence*, Somerset Maugham's novel based on the life of the French modernist Gauguin, who dropped everything at middle age and went to the South Seas to paint. And if you don't think it odd that Mickey's current canvas, *Victoria Beach in Africa*, should remind you of Gauguin, I do.

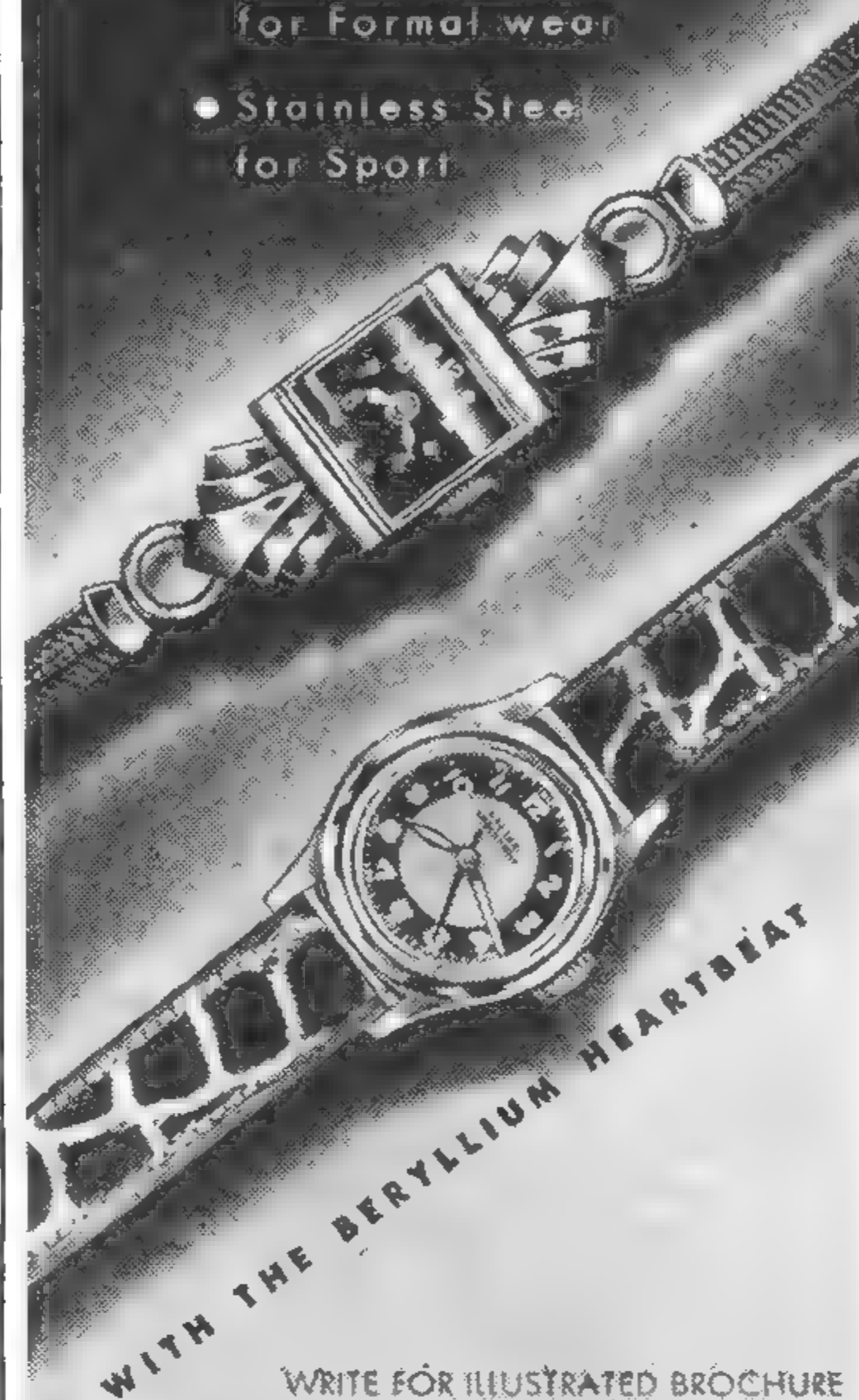
Mike didn't cut and run to the South Seas, though later he did go all over the world with the U.S.O., but he looked at the picture in silence and brooding. It had made a tremendous impression on him. The next day he went into an art supply store in Elizabeth and said, "Gimme an outfit—to paint in oils. You pick out what I'm gonna need."

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knife, charcoal and other supplies. And Mickey went home, set up his easel in a small study adjoining the living room of the rambling house, and began to paint.

His first effort, a reproduction of a red house, crude, primitive, almost childlike, hangs over a mantel in his home. And yet it is a picture, complete and valid. He just cannot help making pictures, because he is that "Thing" known as an artist, an observer and an interpreter of life, this wild, pugnacious, exuberant socker of men. No one is going to laugh him off, because he's got what it takes to get things down on canvas so that other people will see what he has seen. But he has more even than that. He is an artist literally who packs a punch, a man with physical strength, guts and all the drive, courage and gameness in the world, the traits that drove him on to two world championships. There is no creative profession that cannot use those same traits rechanneled to furnish the spark plug and urge to create and carry out the creations come hell or high water.

Something happened to Mickey that first day he touched brush to canvas, something maybe that saved him from—well, anything, boredom, backsliding, misery and melancholia. He had found a new challenge, something that dared him to fight, that stood up to him and jeered at him to come and see who was the better man. And he knew this wasn't going to be an easy one to whip.

His wife was able to help him at first with his drawing and his ideas, but she had never worked in oils and Mickey soon knew that, as in the ring, he was going to have to depend upon himself.

When he was boxing, Mickey was not above learning the tricks of the trade from some veteran teacher of the game. And after he had been painting some six months, he decided he needed lessons in this strange new racket where the only real opponent was himself.

He had ideas but he didn't know how to execute them. He needed weapons just as in his early days he had had to practice and master the delivery of the jab, the hook, the cross, the uppercut, and learn to block, feint, side step and counterpunch.

I like, too, the story that grew out of his deciding to take lessons. It seems that when Mickey was a kid around Keighryhead and there were battles galore in the neighborhood and with the borderline folk, there was a boy by the name of Maxwell Simpson with whom Mickey had a fine fight until the inevitable old lady came along and broke it up; and Mr. Simpson also remembers a rousing gang fight that took place in a barn in which both he and Mickey were involved along with a bunch of others, and over nothing in particular. But Mickey records that there was great disappointment in the neighborhood when the

Continued on page 202



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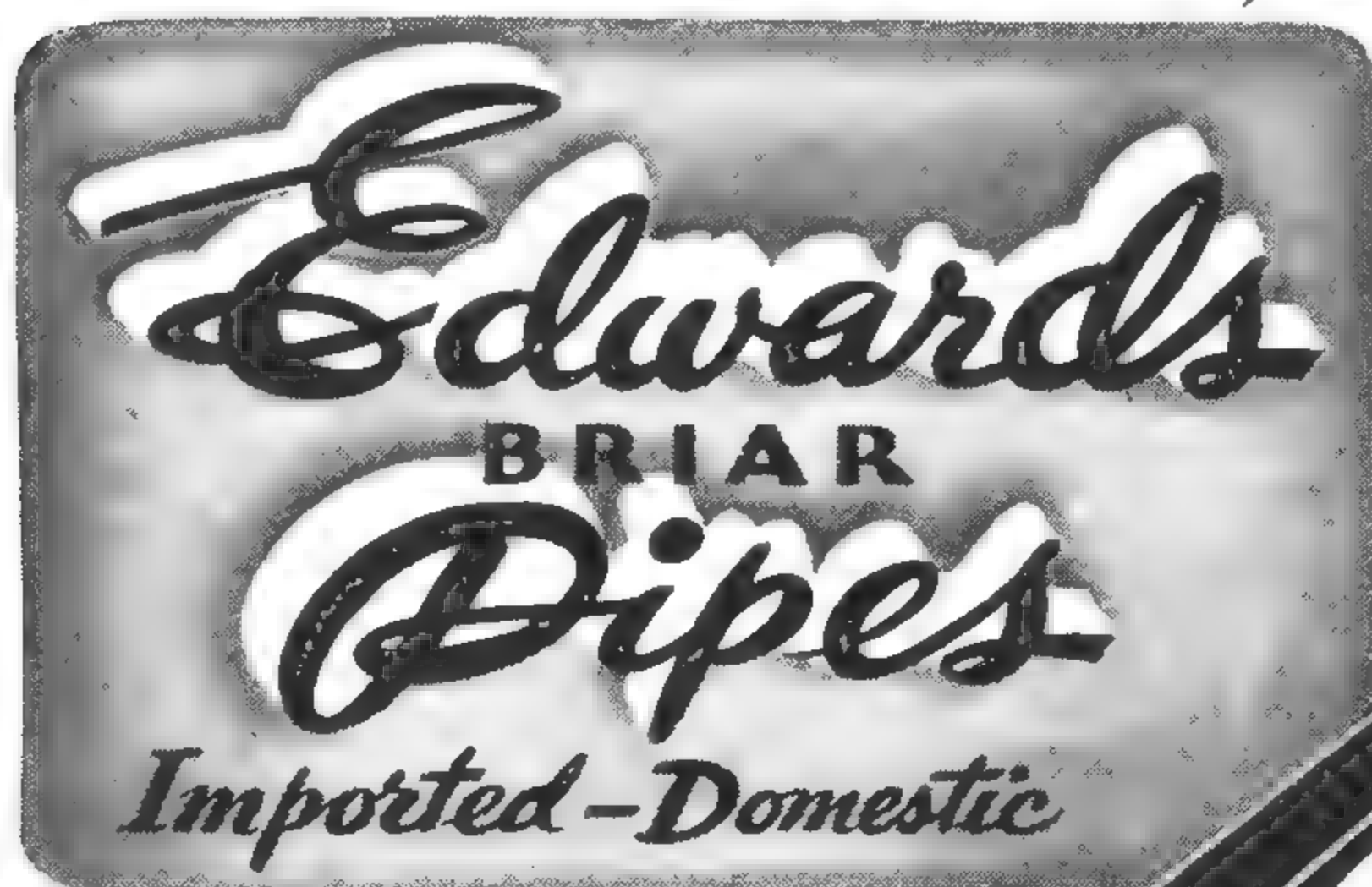
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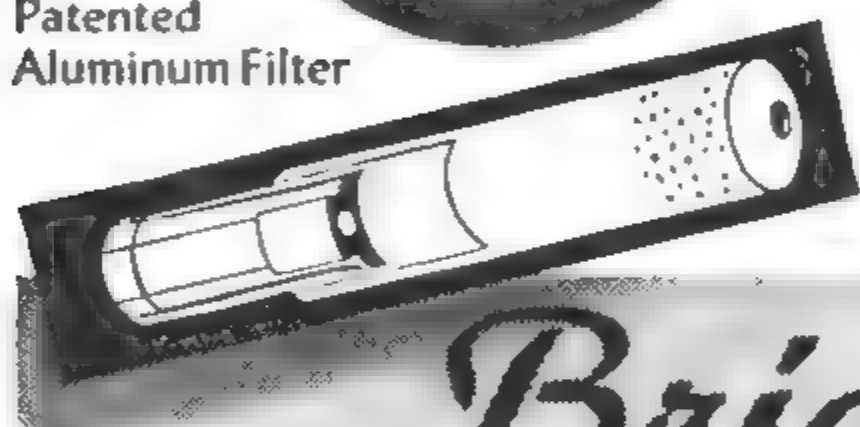
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Painter with a Punch

Continued from page 201

Simpson kid showed signs of artistic talent, because it was a sure thing to spoil a pretty capable fighter which was Keighryhead's only measure of a man. And when Simpson actually departed for Paris to study art, the neighborhood's worst fears were realized and he was practically read out of the party.

During all his fighting years, Mickey used to like to have nice pictures hanging in his home, but art in quotes like this, "ART," never had any meaning for him. He said that he went to art galleries in London and Paris and just wandered through rubber-necking without feeling anything or even seeing much.

Anyway, when he felt he needed a teacher, whom did he look up but his old boyhood friend, or quarreling mate, or neighborhood kid, Maxwell Simpson, long since returned from Paris and now an established painter and teacher in Elizabeth. Simpson asked to see some of Mickey's work, so Walker took him a picture he had painted of boats at night on the Shrewsbury River in Jersey.

Simpson looked the work over and said, "How long do you say you have been painting?"

"Six months."

"I don't believe it."

"Honest. But you see, I didn't know what to do here, and in this spot..."

"Look," said the honest Mr. Simpson, "all right, I believe you. But go home. Don't take lessons from anyone. You don't need any. Just paint. When you get into trouble suffer it out. You'll come up with the answers."

Unbelieving, Mickey worked for a while in Simpson's studio, was helped by his criticism and then went home to fight it out by himself and learn by doing it.

Now, I do not propose to discuss Mickey's work as Art with a capital A, since I have no background for such a discussion. I do know that there are a number of his canvases that I would enjoy living with and having in my home: *Main Street, Victoria Beach in Africa, December Masquerade, The Hay Field, or Street Merchant of Iraq.*

And I also know that I feel the same power, guts and punch in his canvases that he had in the ring. He isn't afraid. He never was. He has no inhibitions. He isn't afraid to try things, he isn't afraid of color. He uses color like he used to use a left hook. Whenever he threw a left hook at a guy it was with intent to knock his head off. He paints from life, or from photographs, or from imagination, or just from feeling of how a thing ought to be. If something is missing from a picture, he'll put it in by instinct, because something tells him it belongs there.

His observation is acute, as

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sharp as it was in the ring, where, as Mickey told me, for him to study his opponent across the ring while waiting for the bell to ring, the only time he ever looked at him, was sufficient to give him a complete picture of what the other fellow's style would be like, whether he would be aggressive, and how to fight him.

His ambition gives him no rest. He got to the top in the prize-ring. He must, he MUST reach the top in this new profession. As he said, when speaking of his fighting days, "The pay-off was fame." That's what it was he really loved.

There is at forty-five, enough fight and energy left in the man to move mountains. Clara, his wife, once told me that when he gets going on a painting he works twelve and fourteen hours a day without stopping for meals and with nothing but coffee to sustain him. It is a kind of a battle fever that grips him and there is battle blaze in his eyes just as there was when he came up off his stool in the old days to answer the call of the bell.

He knows that he is far from accomplishing what he wants to, that each canvas leaves him with some sense of frustration, and then the urge is upon him to join the fight again and try something different and more difficult. He woos the gentle muse like a cave-man, propping her up with left jabs and eternally on the alert for the spot to let fly the right and flatten her. But he knows that unlike the ring this is a warfare from which he need never retire, and there is satisfaction in this.

Somehow I think that the handsome Clara who once dabbled in water colors is a little baffled by this fighting eagle of an artist that has somehow hatched out from under her wing, but certainly it has made life easier for her, because as Mickey says she used to have to live his wild, crazy life, in and out of night clubs, and now suddenly he has taken over hers. And it is Mickey who is trying to rekindle his wife's interest in painting and give her the courage to try to work in oils.

And that's about the story, except for the last two years Mickey has been away and has traveled nearly twice around the world entertaining troops with his fine, broad, honest tales of his days in the ring, and he is a champion at that too, a splendid natural entertainer and the G.I.s love him. From this trip he brought back sketches from Africa, Europe, South America, the Pacific. A third of his paintings in his recent exhibition were based on those sketches.

Frankly, if I were that elusive party known as "Fame," I should be shivering in my shoes a little. Because Mickey Walker, who in the days when I knew him and wrote about him never stopped punching until either he or the other party dropped, is on the warpath again. And that's what he is after. ##

Continued from page 84



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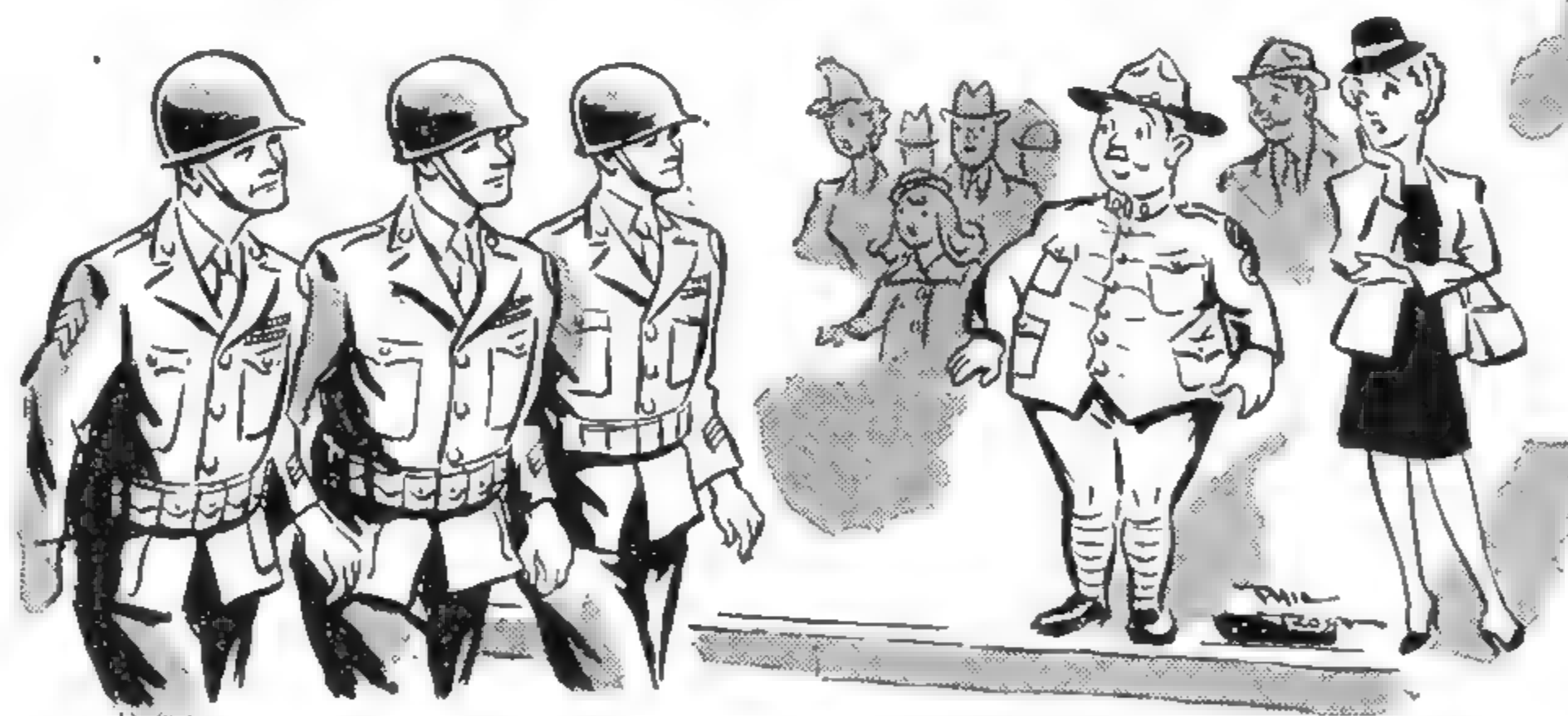
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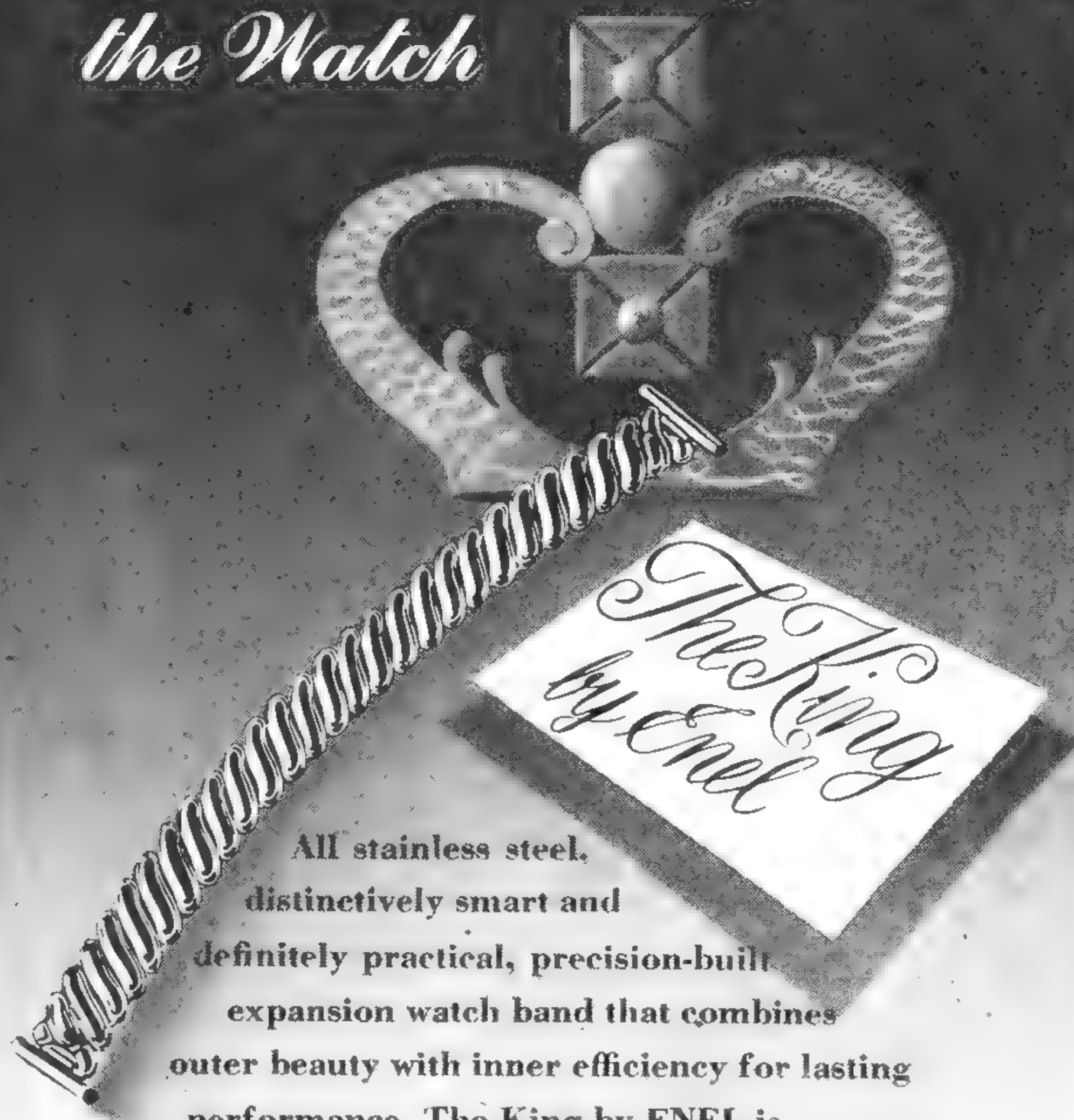
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Amelia Earhart

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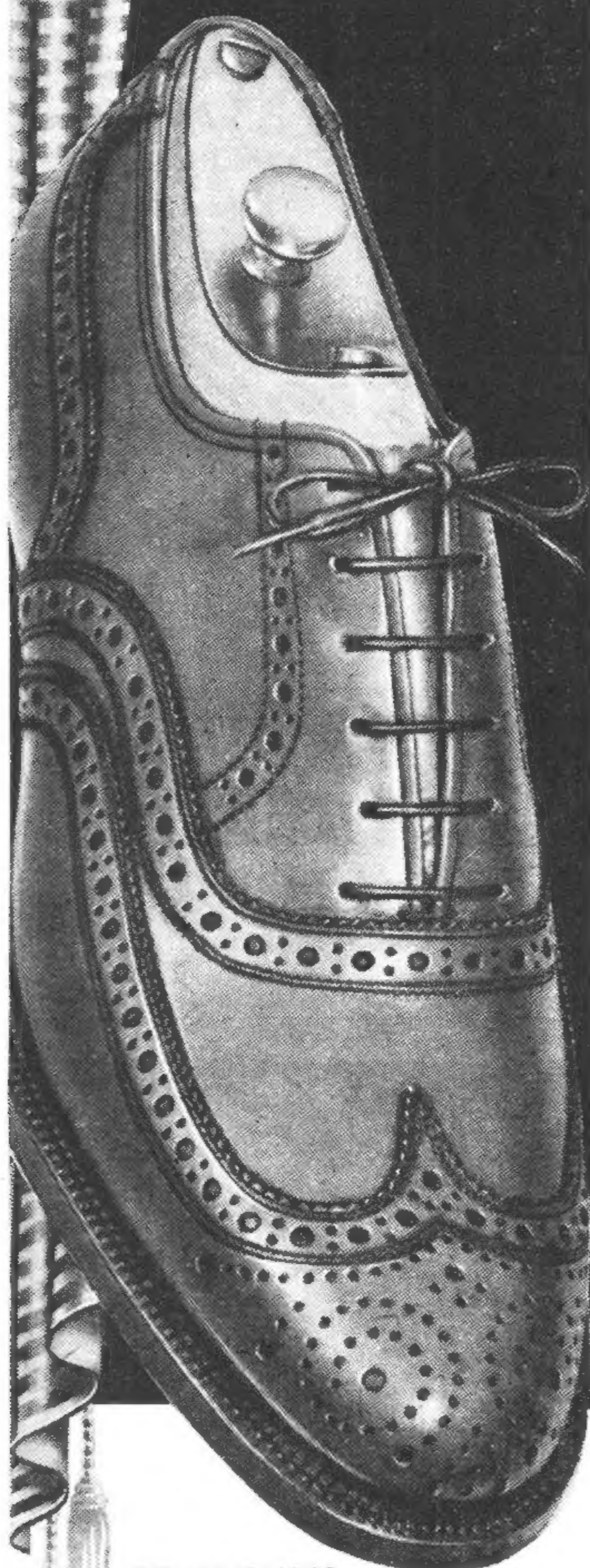
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